

UNIV. OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS

AND

MODERN INSTANCES.

k,

、
11



John Leech .

J. Saddler .

THE HOUSE WITHOUT HOPE .

London : Hnrst & Blackett .



Haliburton, Thomas Chandler
...

SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS

AND

MODERN INSTANCES ;

OR,

WHAT HE SAID, DID, OR INVENTED.

" Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia" Juv.

" The proper study of mankind is man."—Pope.



27/13
5/6/93.
L

LONDON :
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

PS

8415

A4S4

1859

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON & BUNGAY.

PREFACE

TO

THE NEW EDITION.

THE Publishers of this Work having informed me that a new Edition is required, I avail myself of the opportunity to thank the public, and the press of this country, for the very kind and flattering reception with which they have honoured it. No one but an author himself knows with how much regret, and paternal anxiety, he finally takes leave of a book that has, for any length of time, occupied and solaced his leisure hours. The separation occasions a blank, not unlike that caused by the departure of an old friend, who has bidden us adieu for ever. As we can never hope to enjoy his companionship again, so we look anxiously forward to hear of his progress and prosperity, and the reception he meets with in the world. My books being the productions of an unknown man, residing in a distant and secluded part of the empire, have had to make their way without introduction, and without friends or patrons;—but this I cannot regard otherwise than as a fortunate circumstance, because their deficiencies and defects have been overlooked or pardoned in the generous hospitality ever extended to strangers, as well as in consideration of the manifest object of them all.

PREFACE.

The original design in writing the sketches known as the "Sayings and Doings of the Clock-maker," which has never since been lost sight of, was to awaken Nova Scotians to the vast resources and capabilities of their native land, to stimulate their energy and enterprise, to strengthen the bond of union between the colonies and the parent State, and by occasional reference to the institutions and governments of other countries, to induce them to form a just estimate and place a proper value on their own. That I have succeeded in effecting much good for those for whom they were designed, I have had the most gratifying proofs. To effect my object, it was necessary to appeal to the mass of the people; I have, therefore, written in a colloquial style, and called in the aid of a humorous itinerant American (Mr Slick), to propound, in his own peculiar way, the moral lessons I was desirous of enforcing. That this humour and these worldly maxims should have been so favourably received and so much approved, on this side of the Atlantic (notwithstanding their local application), is indeed to me a source of very great pleasure, and calls for my most warm and grateful acknowledgments.

THE AUTHOR.

VII

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY LETTER	1
I. CHAT WITH THE PRESIDENT	9
II. STEALING A SPEECH	21
III. EVERYTHING IN GENERAL AND NOTHING IN PARTICULAR	30
IV. THE BLACK HAWK ; OR, LIFE IN A FORE-AND-AFTER ..	42
V. OLD BLOWHARD	56
VI. THE WIDOW'S SON	64
VII. THE LANGUAGE OF MACKEREL	73
VIII. THE BEST-NATURED MAN IN THE WORLD	80
IX. THE BAIT-BOX	90
X. THE WATER-GLASS ; OR, A DAY-DREAM OF LIFE	95
XI. OLD SARSAPARILLA PILLS	104
XII. THE HOUSE THAT HOPE BUILT	115
XIII. THE HOUSE WITHOUT HOPE	127
XIV. AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE	141
XV. CHAT IN A CALM	150
XVI. THE SABLE ISLAND GHOST	159
XVII. THE WITCH OF ESKISOONY	171
XXVIII. JERICHO BEYOND JORDAN	190
XIX. THREE TRUTHS FOR ONE LIE	207
XX. AUNT THANKFUL AND HER ROOM	224
XXI. A SINGLE IDEA	236
XXII. AN EXTENSIVE PLAN OF REFORM	248
XXIII. GOOSE VAN DAM	255
XXIV. A HOT DAY	269
XXV. OUR COLONIES AND SAILORS	281
XXVI. A PIC-NIC AT LA HAIVE	295
XXVII. A NARROW ESCAPE	311

111

SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS

AND

MODERN INSTANCES.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

MY DEAR SQUIRE,

SINCE I parted with you I have led a sort of wanderin', ramblin' life, browsin' here to-day, and there to-morrow, amusin' myself arter my old way, studyin' human natur', gettin' a wrinkle on the horn myself for some that I give others, and doin' a little bit of business by the way to pay charges, and cover the ribs of my bank book; not to say that I need it much either, for habit has more to do with business now with me than necessity. *The bread of idleness in a gineral way is apt to be stale, and sometimes I consait it is a little grain sour.*

Latterly I have been pretty much to Slickville, having bought the old humstead from father's heirs, and added to it considerable in buildins and land, and begin to think sometimes of marryin'. The fact is, it ain't easy to settle down arter itineratin' all over the world so many years as I have done without a petticoat critter of one's own for company; but before I ventur' on that partnership consarn I must make another tour in the provinces, for atween you and me, I reckon they raise handsomer and stronger ladies than we do in Connecticut, although we do crack for everlastin' about beatin' all the world in our "geese, galls, and onions."

Oh dear, when I think of them are trips I had with you, Squire, it makes me feel kind of good all over; but there will be amusement enough left for another tour, you may depend.

Fun has no limits. It is like the human race and face; there is a family likeness among all the species, but they all differ. New combinations produce new varieties. Humour puts me in mind of the kaleidoscope, or pattern-makers' box; give it a shake up, and there is a new figure every time—that is, if the box aint empty. If it is, you can neither shake anything in or out of it, as many a schoolmaster knows to his cost. But a man who has an eye for fun sees it in everythin'—verily, even the demure Quaker catches and enjoys it.

The worst of it is, it is hard to remember it long; for the mind is like a slate—one thing gets rub'd out for another. The only way is to enter it down at the foot of the day's work; so I guess I'll keep a journal, and send it to you. It would make a new book for you, such as "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," or "Sam Slick in Sarch of a Wife," or some such name.

There is a work called "The Horse," and another called "The Cow," and "The Dog," and so on; why shouldn't there be one on "The Galls?" They are about the most difficult to choose and to manage of any created critter, and yet there ain't any dependable directions about pickin' and choosin' of them. Is it any wonder then so many fellows get taken in when they go for to swap hearts with them? Besides, any one can find a gentleman that keeps a livery-stable to get him a horse to order; but who can say, "This is the gall for your money?"

No, Sir, it is a business that must be done by yourself, and no one else. I guess this will be the last of my rambles, and I hope to see you while I am spyin' into the wigwams in your diggins. I must say I feel kinder lonely here sometimes, tho' I ain't an idle man nother, and can turn my hand to anythin' amost; but still there is days when there is nothin' that just suits to go at to fill up the gap, and them's the times we want a friend and companion. I have spent some wet spells and everlastin' long winter evenins lately in overhaulin' my papers, completin' of them, and finishin' up the reckonin' of many a pleasant, and some considerable boisterous days passed in different locations since we last parted. I have an idee you would like to see them, and have packed them all up; and if I don't meet with you, I guess I'll give them to a careful hand who will deliver them safe along with my sayins and doins on this trip.

I haven't methodized them yet; they are promiscuous, like my trunk. When I put my hand in for a stock, in a general way, I am as like to pull out a pair of stockins as not, and when I fish for stockins, I am pretty sure to haul up a pocket-handkercher. Still they are all there, and they are just as well that way as any other, for there ain't what you call a connected thread to them. Some of them that's wrote out fair was notched down at the time, and others are related from memory. I am most afeard sometime, tho' I hadn't ought to be, that you'll think there is a bit of brag here and there, and now and then a bit of bunkum, and that some things are made out of whole cloth altogether. It's nateral for others to think so, Squire; and who cares what the plague they *do* think? But you ought to know and be better sarti-fied, I reckon, than to get into a wrong pew that way. I shouldn't wonder a morsel, if you publish them, that folks will say my talk and correspondence with great statesmen to England and sich big bugs, was the onlikeliest thing in the world.

Well, so it is, but it is a nateral truth for all that. Facts are stranger than fiction, for things happen sometimes that never entered into the mind of man to imagine or invent. You know what my position was as *attaché* to our embassy at the court of St James Victoria, and that I was *chargé* when ambassador went to Oxford and made that splendiferous speech to the old dons, to advise them to turn Unitarians, and made a tour of the country, and spoke like a ten-horse steam-engine on agriculture, at the protection dinners; and it was ginnerally allowed that his was the best orations on the subject ever heard, tho' it's well known to home he couldn't tell a field of oats from a field of peas, nor mangels from turnips, if he was to be stoined to death with the old Greek books at the college, and buried under the entire heap of rubbish. And you know that I was head of the Legation also, when he was absent in France a-sowin' some republican seed, which don't seem to suit that climate.

I told him afore he went, that our great nation was the only place in the world where it would ripen and bear fruit. Republics, Squire, like some apples, thrive only in certain places. Now, you can't eat a Newtown pippin that's raised in England, and blue-noses have winter fruit to Nova Scotia that keeps all the year round, that we can't make nothin' of at Rhode Island. Theory and practice is two different things.

But he was a collegian, and they know more about the dead than the livin', a plaguy sight; but that is neither here nor there.

Well, rank is no obstacle in our way, tho' it would be in yourn (for we claim to be equal with the proudest peer in the realm), and then the book you published under my name did the rest for me. It is no wonder then I was on those terms of intimacy with the uppercrust people to London (and bashfulness rubs off in America long before the beard comes; in short, we ain't much troubled with it at no time, that's a fact). Now, that will explain matters to you. As for other people, if they get on a wrong track they will find it out when they reach the eend of it, and a night spent in the woods will cool their consait.

No, I wouldn't sort the articles, only select them. Where the story is too long, clip a bit off; where it wants point, pass it over; but whatever you do, don't add to them, for I am responsible, and not you; and if I have got some praise in my time, I have got my share of abuse too, I can tell you. *Somehow or another, folks can't bear to hear the truth, when it just convenes to their own case; but when it hits their neighbours, oh! then there is no eend to their cheerin', pattin' you on the back, and stuboyin' you on.*

Father was very fond of doggin' other folks' cattle out of his fields, but when neighbour Dearborn set his bull-tarrier on ourn, the old gentleman got quite huffy, and said it was very disrespectful. What old Colonel Crocket said to me was the rail motto for an author as well as a statesman: "First be sure you are right, Sam," said he, "and *then* go ahead like Statiee." Them that you don't select or approbate put carefully away. They will serve to recall old times to my mind, and I must say I like to think of the past sometimes. Travellin' is always pleasant to me, because I take the world as I find it. A feller who goes through life with a caveson in one hand and a plaguy long whalebone whip in the other, a halter, breakin' of every sinner he meets, gets more hoists than thanks in a ginerall way, I can tell you. My rule is to let every one skin his own foxes. It ain't worth while to be ryled if you can help it, especially at things you can't alter or cure. Grumblin' and groulin' along the road, findin' fault with this and scoldin' at that, is a poor way to travel. It makes a toil of a pleasure.

Now, an Englishman goes through the journey of life

like a bear with a sore head, as cross as Old Scratch himself. The roads are bad, the hosses bad, the inns bad, and the bill extortionate. He can't eat homemade bread, the eggs ain't poached right, the ham is hard, and he hates pork as bad as a Jew. The veal is staggerin' bob, and the mutton rank or poor, the tea is nothin' but chopped hay and water; cotton sheets, tho' they be white and clean, are only fit for summer horse-cloths; he can't stand a taller candle—the smell py-sins him. A wood-fire puts his eyes out, roasts one side of him while the other is raw and cold. Even the galls ain't pretty; if they blush when he stares at them, he sais it is a bad sign—they know too much; and if they don't, he sais they are forrard and impedent; but he goes right off into a fit at seein' me turn an egg out into a wine-glass. When I see him in one o' them are tantrums, a twitchin' of his face and a jerkin' about of his limbs arter that fashion, like one possessed by St Vitus' dance, I call for my horse, and say to the gentleman that keeps the inn, "Friend," says I, "get some help and hold the poor misfortunate stranger's head, arms, and legs down so he can't hurt himself; clap a piece of wood across his mouth to keep him from a-bitin' of his tongue, give him a large dose of spirits of terperntine, and put him to bed. That's all that can be done for him, for he is incurable. Good mornin'," and I makes tracks. Such a critter as that returns home commonly with no more knowledge and manners than when he sets out. *The imagination has a shadow as well as the body, that keeps just a little ahead of you, or follows close behind your heels, it don't do to let it frighten you.* Blue-nose is nearly as bad and ugly in his ways as John Bull.

One of them said to me onct down to Nova Scotia,—

"Oh, Mr Slick, ain't it dreadful journeyin' here in the spring. There is nothin' but veal, veal, veal for everlastinly to eat here.—I am actilly starved to death."

Sais I, "Friend, so was I at first; I eat of so many calves one spring, I was actilly ashamed to look a cow in the face for six months; but at last I found there was more ways of dressin' veal than one, and more things to be had to eat if you know'd what to ask for. Folks always give me the best they have, and when that's the case I always say, them that ain't content with the best that can be got had better go without, for there is no compulsion in it. *Grumblin' spiles the relish and hurts the digestion.* Tell you what, friend,—

the bee, though he finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles; and why shouldn't other tourists do the same? That's the way to shorten the road, lessen the toil, and make travellin' pleasant."

"Cheap talkin', Mr Slick," said he, "but I ain't used to it; and if I onct reach my comfortable home, catch me leavin' it again for such an outlandish place as this. I am half-frozen to death with the cold."

"Well," says I (for I knew more of him than he dreamed of), "it is cold, that's a fact; and it's lucky for you you have a comfortable home—tho' I have known many a man's house made too hot for him sometimes afore now. For my part, I'de as leaf travel as stay home with a scoldin' wife, cryin' children, and a smoky chimney."

If you'd a seed the puzeled look he gave to my innocent face, 'twould have done you good. It was as much as to say: "Confound them random shots. I vow you hit me that time, tho' you didn't take aim." Them's the sort of fellows that make the greatest fuss at hotels always. *If travellers have to put up with a goodeal sometimes, so have innkeepers too, that's a fact.*

A nigger now is a pattern man. He sings bits of songs, or plays on the Jew's-harp, or whistles all the way, throws stones at the birds, mocks the squirrel's chirrupin' out of fright at his black face; and when the little dogs rush out o' the houses and bark at him as he passes along, he stops, bow-wows at them, and chases them home again, and then roars out a larfin' till the woods fairly ring with his merry yagh, yagh, yagh.

At night, the way he tucks in his supper is a caution to a boa-constrictor, for it would give him the dispepsy.

Free quarters are pleasant things for them who hante got nothin' to pay with, so next day he oversleeps himself on purpose, and instead of findin' fault with his accommodation, finds fault with his own feet, and pretends for to limp, and the children won't let him go. Afore dinner, says he: "Missis, lend me the axe, please, till I chop you up a lovely lot of fire-wood, and split enough kindlin' stuff to heat the oven for a week;" and the way he makes chips fly ain't no matter.

Then he turns to and piles it up in the porch snug, and fetches in a great big back log the chimney-place will hardly hold—large enough amost for an ox to pull.

“Missis, let me draw you a bucket of water. Dem are beautiful little hands o’ yourn is too soft for de well-pole. Come, young masters, sposen you comes along wid me and see Juba carry a full bucket on his head and nebber spill a drop, tho’ poor Juba’s feet berry tender now from travellin’ on dem are prepostilous hard roads.”

I guess he ain’t asked to stay another day and ain’t told he is welcome! Oh! of course not! Then he has been a great traveller, havin’ onct made a trip to Jamaica, and has wonderful stories to tell that beat British officers’ tiger hunts all to rags. The cocoa-nuts were so big there, he was obliged to wear an iron skillit on his pate for fear they might fall from the trees and split it open; and one day the monkeys caught him asleep, slipt off the pot, and stole it to cook their victuals in. True as rates, masters, and not a word of regraggeration in it, I do assure you.

That was the boy to find a welcome. The youngsters actilly cried when he went away, gave him a handful of cents, and walked two miles on the road with him to hear his stories of sharks and whales.

There is another advantage of this temper, that even niggers don’t know; you can larn as you travel. I larned more from talk in London than ever I did in books in my life, and noted it better. For example—as they say in cypherin’ books—I sit alongside of a larned man at some grand dinner; now larned men in a ginerall way are all as stupid as owls, they keep a devil of a thinkin’, but they don’t talk. So I stirs up old Heroglyphic with a long pole; for it’s after dark lights is lit, and it’s time for owls to wake up and gaze.

“I have been tryin’ to read that are book on Ninevah,” said I.

“Oh!” sais he, “what do you think of it?”

“It wants the pickaxe and crowbar,” sais I.

“Pickaxe and crowbar!” sais he, for that made him turn half round, and open his eyes and stare.

Only surprise a man, Squire, and he can’t help listenin’.

“I call it a hard case,” said I. “The author has spent amost a mortal long time in diggin’ up these curiosities that have been onder ground Lord knows how many centuries, and now he has gone right off, and buried them all again in a book, as hard to get into as the old vaults.”

“Exactly,” said he; “you have just hit it—very well expressed, and very graphically—that is the principal defect in the book.”

“P'raps, Sir,” said I, “you would be kind enough to sumtotalise for me the amount of his discoveries in a few words too, for I won't bore you,” said I.

Well in ten minutes you have the whole; and if you want an explanation, he is just the boy to give it. It's just the same now in a log-hut. The settler, poor lonely, honest, simple critter, hain't no book larnin', but he is acquainted with some things you ain't, that's a fact. I never met a man yet that couldn't give me a wrinkle, from a captain of one of our men-of-war in the Mediterranean, that I heard tell Lady B—— the way to peel onions without tinglin' her eyes was to hold a pin between her teeth, down to Sinful Joy the nigger at the three mile plains, who gave me the wonderful cure for jaundice I boast so much of.

At every turn there is somethin' to observe and remember, which, old tho' it be, is new to you—some impliment, some machine, some strange culture of curious plants, and things put to uses you never dreamed of, is turnin' up all the time. It was in Persia I larned the art of stupifyin' fish, and makin' them float on the surface, without hurtin' them for food; and the first chance I get, I will try it in the mackerel fishery. It was at a Quaker's in Genesee I first met with the little windmill for sawing my fire-wood I have to Slickville, and in South America I larned to pysen an arrow that killed deer instantly without affectin' the venison, and in France the way to hatch fish-spawn, and on the Rhone the wonderful but simple and cheap plan of the Romans of buildin' houses of loam superior to bricks. It was by travellin' I picked up that valuable collection of receipts I showed you onct.

But the greatest advantage of all of this intineration is, you can look back with pleasure on travel. You forget the little ups and downs, and crosses and losses, and bumps and thumps, and brambles and scrambles by the way; but memory has it all sketched out in landscapes like, rail handsome for you, that imagination has helped to put in gilt frames. And tho' the forrest in them paintins contains rocks, underbrush, and boggy spots, where you slumped about, broke down, or lost your way, you see nothin' in the back-

ground but a mass of wavin' wood, or in the foreground but green fields, windin' roads, and smooth rivers. Time has mellowed the pictur'.

Yes, I can and do often stop short, turn round, shade the sun off my eyes with my hands, and look back at my travels over this unevarsel world with pleasure. But if it was all barren, all dark, all hardship, and all privation, as some grumblin' fools find it, what in natur' would life be? Why, it wouldn't be endurable; it'd give pain, and not pleasure. You'd be afraid to look back because it would awaken unpleasant recollections, and you'd be skeered to look forred; for if the world don't please you when young, it can't, in the natur' of things, when you are old, that's a fact. That's my philosophy, at least, and so it is Black Juba's also.

My plan is this: *I seek the sunny side of life always, unless the weather is too hot, and then I go to the shade. The changes in the temperature make me enjoy both.*

And now, havin' written you this epistle, I shall turn round to the fire, light my cigar, put my feet up on the mantel-piece, and enjoy a smoke, and think of old times. Hoping to hear soon from you,

I remain, dear Sir,
Your faithful friend,
SAM SLICK.

CHAPTER I.

CHAT WITH THE PRESIDENT.

BEFORE leaving the States for the lower provinces I went up to Washington, to meet some old friends assembled there, that I had known to England, as well as to see the President, who wanted me to accept the office of a commissioner, and to report privately to him on the fisheries on the shores of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. I dined quietly with him one day, a discussing the latter subject, and its importance to our coasting and interior trade, when he pressed the office on me in rael aernest.

"We don't work for nothin', you know, Mr Slick," sais he, "things ain't fixed up right, when you only find paper,

quills, and tape; there must be somethin' to keep the pen agoin' besides fingers and ink. You will be paid liberally, as it becomes our great nation, for your services; and what do you say to my placin' a naval schooner at your disposal to make your tour in, and to protect our fishermen? Wouldn't that more comport with dignity, and be goin' the whole figure, and doin' the thing genteel?"

"Thank you, Sir," sais I, "a national vessel would spile all, it would make folks scary about talkin' to me; and as our citizens are breakin' the treaty all the time we mustn't sanction it like, openly and officially, but just wink at it, and pass on, as if we didn't see it or know it. None are so blind as those that won't see, and nothin' is so easy as to hood-wink them that's too inquisitive. Oh, dear! how often, President, I have larfed ready to die, at the way I made a custom-house officer at Bangor wink. I smuggled—no, I won't say that, for I'd scorn to smuggle, it's a low thing; but I imported several times British goods to that city from Nova Scotia, but forgot to enter them regular, and when Bigelow Pineo, the officer, came to search (a very pious, conscientious man he was too, an elder among the elect, and an awful large seven-foot down-easter; they used to call him Big Pineo), 'Brother Pineo,' sais I, 'verily I'm glad to see you; how is the-good lady to hum, and the little Bigs, eh? None of 'em, I guess, will ever make the man their father is, as Widow Atwater said to me, when she first sot eyes on you: Laws me, Mr Slick, who is that noble-lookin' man? he is the handsomest I ever saw in all my born days. My!! what a fine man!"

"'Friend Slick,' he would say, with an inward chuckle, like a half-grunt and a half-cough (Christian men never larf), 'thee ain't improved, I see, by being among the heathen colonists, that live away down where the sun riseth. What in natur' hast thee got in all these trunks?'

"'Smuggled goods,' sais I, 'of course.'

"'Oh yes!' sais he; 'and if they were, thee wouldst fetch them here to be seized, of course! How soft thee is!'

"And then he gave another chuckle at that bright idea of hisn, that made his chest heave again. 'But,' sais I, 'look for yourself, brother, and sarch well. Here's my spectacles,' and I took out a pair of tortoise-shell ones, that had the glasses slipt out, and two gold eagles slipt in.

"'What in the world are these?' sais he.

“ ‘Magnifiers,’ sais I. ‘Put them on, and nothin’ will escape you ; and if you can’t see through them at first, practise will soon make you perfect. Accept ’em for my sake, for they are curiosities, that’s a fact. The benighted colonists wear them, when the sun shines, to keep it from hurtin’ their eyes. But come, that’s a good man, put the chalk mark on my traps right off, for I want to be a movin’.’

“Well, he put the spectacles in his pocket ; and as he stooped down to chalk the trunks, sais he : ‘Verily thee is different from other men, in all thee doeth ; seein’ I can take no fees, thee hast adopted this mode to obviate a hard law. If these trunks contained smuggled goods, of a sartainty thee wouldst not fetch them here, so I will mark them.’

“No, President, we must wink, or put on solid gold spectacles, like Bigelow Pineo, and look without seein’. I would prefer going down in one of our coastin’ vessels, careless-like, slippin’ into this harbour, and dodgin’ into that, and while the captain is tradin’ here and tradin’ there pick up all the information I want. If we had them fisheries, they would be worth more to us than California.”

“I think so too,” sais he. “I had no idea of their immense extent until lately. I actilly saw a barrel of Nova Scotia mackerel the other day, with the Halifax brand on it, away up to the Rocky Mountain. Fact, I assure you. However, consider yourself on pay from this time, six dollars per day for wages, and six dollars more for travellin’ expenses ; and if you have to charter a vessel, draw for the amount.”

“President,” sais I, “that’s what I call handsum now. But as I shall be gone for a considerable spell, for I want a trip of pleasure as well as business, I will take care there is no extra charge.”

“Well, Uncle Sam, Sir,” said he, “is able and willin’ to pay for all ; and your report will carry great weight with it, for it is well known you have spent a great deal of time in the provinces, and know the people better than any of our citizens do. To-morrow you will receive your commission, and letters accreditin’ you to our consuls, and to the governors of the different colonies.”

When this affair was settled, sais he, “Mr Slick, did you know Lord Horton, him that’s Lord Aylsford now, when you was to England ?”

“Knowed him well,” sais I.

“Is he as smart a man as folks say?”

“Guess he is all that, and more too,” sais I, “he is a whole team and a horse to spare—that man. He was among the last persons I visited when I was leavin’ the embassy; the last man I heard speak in the Commons, and the last I supped with to London. A night or two afore I left town, I went down to the House of Commons. I don’t often go there. It’s stupid work, and more than half the time routine business, while the other half of it is a re-hash of old speeches. Twice laid dishes I can stand, salt fish and corn beef twice laid I sometimes consait is as good as when first cooked; but old speeches served over and over again go against the appetite. However, having nothin’ above common to do, and hearin’ there was to be a bit of a flare-up, down I goes, and who should be speakin’ but Horton, him they now call Aylsford. What the plague they change the name for that way, I don’t know. If they want to promote a man to a higher degree, such as baron (and Lord knows some of their heads are barren enough) to be an earl, and an earl to be a marquis, and so on, well and good—but the name ought to be kept, for the change well only bothers folks.

“Who in the world would suppose now that Lord Donald was the same man as the great Lord Cochrane—the greatest naval hero, next to Nelson, England ever had. It’s an actual fact, I knew him a whole year afore I found it out, and only then by accident; for, like all brave men, he never talks of his everlastin’ battles. But this is neither here nor there; the English have a way of their own, and it is no use talkin’ to them, obstinate they are, and obstinate they will be to the end of the chapter.”

“Exactly,” said the President, “that’s my idea to a T, when Lord Amphlitt was out here some years ago, I knowed him. General Ichabod Shegog came to me one day, and sais he, ‘There’s an English lord to the *Treemont*; would you like to go and have a look at him?’

“‘Well, I would,’ sais I, ‘that is a fact, for I never see one in my life; but how shall we rig up?’

“‘Why,’ sais he, ‘I guess I’ll go in a general’s uniform, and you had better go full fig as a grand master mason, for the dress is splendid.’

“And we did so; the lord was gracious and affable, and a considerable smart man, I tell you. He seemed a good deal struck with our appearance, and I thought he felt a

little mean, seein' that he warn't dressed for company, for he had nothin' on but a common frock coat, plaid trowsers, and buff waistcoat, coloured neckcloth, and great thick-soled shoes, and short gaiters. I guess he had to sail pretty close to the wind, for they do tell me the nobility are all over head and ears in debt to England. Heavens and airth how the General raved when he came out.

" 'What,' sais he, 'that little fellow a lord? have they no better timber to Britain to make one out of than that undersized, half-starved looking critter? Well, I vow I never want to see another lord, 'til I see the Lord Jehovah.'

" But Shegog warn't much of a man of the world, and, what's wuss, he is so chock full of conceit, he never will be. The lord was short, there's no doubt of that, but he could not help it, for he would have growed more, I do suppose, if he could. Lord Amhlitt was not a bad name for the poor critter—was it? a small book is called a pamphlet, and he was one-eighth smaller than that; but a *small house, after all, well filled, is better than an empty palace.*

" Now who the plague would have guessed that Lord Amhlitt is the same as Lord Scilly? If it warn't for the Scilly Light on the chart, I should never recollect his name, 'til the end of time ran out. But go on."

" Well, as I was sayin', Horton had the floor, and if he didn't talk it into em, it's a pity. He's a pretty speaker, the best I've heard in England by a long chalk, and the best proof that what he said hit hard was, you might have heard a pin fall. It's a different kind of speakin' from what our great guns use, and I ain't quite sure I don't like it better. There is less oration and more business in it, it's all to the point, or good guards and blows well planted. He was at a rival lord, and he sartainly did make the little man look small enough, you may depend.

" Well, the next day we had a grand dinner at the ambassador's. Diplomatsists, statesmen, and the gracious knows who all, were there. Well, among them was Lord Horton; but I couldn't get a chat with him then, for dinner was served as soon as he arrived, but I managed it in the evenin'.

" Lord Dunk Peterborough, or some such name, sat alongside of me, and took to praisin' our great nation at a great pace. It fairly took me in at first, I didn't see his drift; it was to draw me out, and set me a boastin' and a braggin' I do suppose. And I fell into the trap before I knowed it.

“Arter trottin’ me round a bit, sais he, ‘Your minister is a worthy representative of your glorious country. He is a scholar and a gentleman. One of his predecessors did nothing but compare. If you showed him a pack of hounds, they were nothing to what hundreds had in Virginia and the southern States. If a fine tree, it was a mere walking stick to an American one. If a winning race-horse, he had half a dozen that would, as he expressed it, walk away from him like nothing; and so on. Well, there was another who could talk of nothing but satinettes, coarse cotton, the slave trade, and what he used to call New England domestics. It is refreshing to find your nation so well represented.’

“All this was said as civil as you please, you could not fault his manner a bit; still I can’t say I quite liked it. I knew there was some truth in it; but how little or how much I couldn’t tell, not bein’ much of a scholar. Thinks I to myself, I’m a man more used to givin’ than takin’ pokes, and never could keep ’em long without returnin’ them with interest. So go on, I’ll see what you are about, and then I rather guess I can take my part with you.

“Sais he, ‘I’m told his Latin is very pure.’

“‘It’s generally allowed there can’t be no better,’ sais I, ‘there is nobody to Cambridge—our Cambridge I mean—that can hold a candle to him.’

“‘It’s fully equal,’ sais he, ‘to the generality of the monastic Latin of the middle ages.’

“I was adrift here: I didn’t like the expression of his eye—it looked quizzical; and I must say when larned subjects come on the carpet, I do feel a little grain streaked, for fear I shall have to confess ignorance, or have to talk and make a fool of myself. Thinks I to myself, if his Latin is good, why didn’t he say it was as good as what the Latins spoke or wrote, and not stop half-way at what Minister used, I am sure, to call the dark ages? However, I’ll look quizzical too, and put my best foot out.

“‘As good as that of the middle ages?’ sais I; ‘why, that’s not sayin’ much for it either. Ain’t he a middle-aged man himself? and hasn’t he been at it all his life?’

“‘Well, Slick,’ sais he, ‘that’s uncommon good; that’s one of the best things I have heard for a long time, and said so innocently too, as if you really meant it. Capital, by Jove! Come, I like that amazingly.’

Thinks I to myself, it’s more than I do then; for I

didn't understand you, and I don't know the meanin' of what I said myself. But I'll pay you off bimeby, Master Dunk—see if I don't.

“Sais he, lowerin' his voice, confidential-like, ‘What a pity it is that he is a Unitarian!’

“Now, thinks I, my boy, I've got you off *dead* languages in upon *livin'* subjects, I'll play with you as a cat does with a mouse.

“‘He wouldn't be an honest man, if he warn't,’ sais I; ‘he'd be beneath contempt.’

“‘Well,’ sais he, ‘I never argue about religion, and will therefore not pursue the subject further; but it creates a great prejudice here.’

“‘Religion,’ sais I, ‘my good friend,’ lookin' all amazed, ‘why, what in natur' has religion to do with it? It has neither art nor part in it.’

“‘Exactly,’ said he, ‘that's the very point. People here think a Unitarian little better than an infidel.’

“‘Then you might,’ sais I, ‘just as well say a Tory was an infidel, or a Whig, or a Protectionist, or a Free Trader, or anybody else; there would be just as much sense in it. I believe in my heart the English will never understand us.’

“‘Pray, may I ask,’ said he, ‘what you call a Unitarian?’

“‘Sartainly,’ sais I; ‘for when folks go to argue, they ought first to know what they are talkin' about; to define their terms, and see they understand each other. I'll tell you in a few words what a Unitarian is.’

“Just then Minister speaks up (and it's a curious thing, talk of the devil, and he is sure to heave in sight directly), ‘Pass the wine, Mr Slick, I'll help myself.’ ‘And push it on, your Excellency,’ sais I; ‘but I never pass wine—it ain't considered lucky in Slickville.’ This made a laugh and a devarsjon, and I continues: ‘You see, my Lord, our general Government is a federal one, exercisin' sartain powers delegated to it by the separate States, which, with this exception, are independent sovereignties. Every State is a unit, and those units form a whole; but the rights of the separate States are as sacred as the rights of the Government to Washington; and good patriots everywhere stand by their own units, and are called Unitarians; while some are for strengthenin' the general Government, at the expense of the individual sovereignty, and these are called Federalists; and that's the long and the short of the matter. And what on

airth religion has to do with these nicknames, I don't know.'

"Sais he, 'I never knew that before; I thought Unitarians were a religious sect, being another name for Socinians, and I am very glad to hear this explanation.'

"Thinks I, I hope it will do you good; it is as good as middle-age Latin, at any rate.

"After some further talk, sais he, 'Your Minister is not a very easy man to get acquainted with. Is he a fair specimen of the New Englanders? for he is very cold.'

"Here's at you again, Master Lord Dunk, sais I; you ain't quite sold yet, though you are bespoke—that's a fact. 'Well,' sais I, 'he is cold, but that's his misfortune, and not his fault: it's a wonder to me he ain't dead long ago. He will never be quite thawed out. The chill went into his marrow.'

"'What chill?' sais he; 'is not that his natural manner?'

"'How can you ask such a question as that, my Lord?' sais I. 'When he left College as a young man, he entered into the ice trade to supply New Orleans with ice, and a grand spec he made of it; but it near upon cost him his life. He was a great hand to drive business, and if you want to drive business with us, you must work yourself. He was at the ice lake day and night amost, a handlin' of it; and the last vessel he loaded that year he went in her himself. His berth was near the companion-ladder, the best berth in the ship, but it jines on to the hold, and the chill of that ice cargo, especially when he got into the hot climate of New Orleans, so penetrated his jints, and limbs, and marrow, he has never been warm since, and never will; he tells me it's extendin' upwards, and he is afeard of his heart.'

"Well, he roared right out; he haw-hawed as loud as a man cleverly and politely can at a gentleman's table, and says he: 'That's the best contrived story to excuse a cold manner I ever heard in my life. It's capital, upon my word!'"

"So it was, Slick," said the President; "it was well done. That was a first-rate bam! But I must say, some of the New England strait-laced folks are mortal cold—that's a fact, and the worst of it is, it ain't intermitten; they are iced down e'en amost to the freezin'-point, and the glass always stands there. The ague is nothin' to it, for that has its warm fits; but some of them folks have the cold fit always, like Ambassador. No wonder the Puritans tolerated

wine, rum, gin, brandy, and all that, and forbade kissin'; it was, I suppose, to

'Compound for sins they were inclined to,
By damning those they had no mind to.'

My niece to Charlestown told me, that when her father's brother came from New Bedford, and kissed her, he was so cold it actilly gave her the toothache for a week—fact, I do assure you, Slick; folks may say what they like, *a cold manner never covered a warm heart; hot water imparts a glow even to a silent teapot*; but go on, I beg pardon for interrupting of you."

" 'There are stranger things, Lord Dunk,' sais I, 'in rael life than in fiction; but an Englishman won't believe in anythin' that ain't backed by a bct. Now I'll tell you a story will astonish your weak nerves, of a much stronger case than the Ambassador's chill, and I'll stake a hundred dollars on its truth with you. You've heard of General Montgomery,' sais I, 'haven't you, and his attack on Quebec?'"

" 'I cannot say I have,' he said. 'I think there was a Frenchman of the name of Montcalm, who distinguished himself at Quebec; but Montgomery—Montgomery, no, I never heard of him.'

" 'The fact is, the English got such a tarnel lickin' in the revolutionary war, they try to get rid of the subject by sayin' it was a little provincial affair, and pretend to know nothing about it. Well, Montgomery attacked it in winter, and pretty nearly carried it under cover of a snow-storm; but the garrison was prepared for him, and though it was awful cold weather, gave him such a warm reception, that he was about to retire, when he and his two aidecamps were killed at one shot. He left a good many poor fellows behind him killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among them that was nearly froze to death, in fact he never was the same man afterwards, was General Peep—he was then Colonel Peep, and served as a volunteer. He was nearly stiff when they hauled him in, and then they thrust him into a cold stone-room, without a fire, and arterwards sent him to England, where he remained till the peace. That winter campaign nearly fixed his flint for him. Talk of Ambassador's chill, bad as it is, it is nothin' to his. One of his legs never had any more feelin' in it arterwards. He used to keep a tavern down to Slickville.'

“ ‘What! a General keep a tavern,’ said he, and he opened his eyes wide, and wrinkled the hair of his head with astonishment.

“ ‘To be sure,’ said I, ‘why not as well as any other citizen? That’s the reason our taverns are so good, because they are kept by men of honour. You can’t say as much as that of every tavern in London, I know. Well, I’ve often seen the old General sittin’ out on his stoop smokin’, but the cigars and liquor of his house never cost him anything; he made them all out of his leg that had no feelin’ in it. He used to bet folks he could run a pin further into his leg than they could into theirs, and in course he always won the day—and didn’t they jump, and screech, and scream with the pain, when they tried to outdo him! Once I saw him win a hogshead of brandy from the Captain of a Cape Codder that had just arrived from France, by bettin’ him he would run a pin in clear up to the head, and walk across the room with it; and he did it, although I must say he made a plaguey wry face too, as if he had a little overdone it.’

“ ‘Well, that beats all natur,’ said the Captain; ‘but General, that ere calamity fell on you in your country’s cause; take the brandy, it will make your leg feel again like a Christian’s leg, and your toes tingle too if you take enough of it; and when that is done send me word, and we Cape Cod skippers will club and send you another one.’

“ ‘You doubted,’ said I, ‘my lord, about his Excellency’s chill; what do you think of this case? Ain’t it a whopper?’

“ ‘I don’t for a moment doubt your word, Mr Slick; and therefore pray don’t misunderstand me,’ said he; ‘but there is some mistake in it. It is incredible; for if the leg had been so devoid of all feeling it would have mortified. There must have been some slight of hand in this, otherwise it does appear impossible.’

“ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘if I have made a mistake it’s my fault. I’ll bet you a hundred dollars that Minister corroborates it.’

“ ‘Done!’ said he.

“ ‘And done!’ said I; and we shook hands.

“ Just before the room was vacated, Lord Horton and Lord Dunk Peterborough bein’ the only two left, I saw it was my time. Horton had been talkin’ to Minister, and had just made his scrape, and was for quittin’. When he reached the door he turned and paused.

“ ‘Mr Slick,’ said he, ‘one word with you, if you please.’

“That was grand: it was just what I wanted; a diversion like in my favour.

“‘In one minute, my lord,’ said I: ‘only one minute.’

“‘Minister,’ said I, ‘did you know General Peep?’

“‘Very well,’ he said, ‘for he was a man of few words.’

“‘Do you recollect the remarkable power he had,’ said I, ‘of bein’ able to thrust a pin into his leg without flinchin’?’

“‘I have seen him do it a hundred times.’

“‘You are sure it penetrated?’ said I.

“‘Certain,’ said he; ‘quite positive.’

“And then he kind of inclined his body forward, as much as to say, ‘I guess you may go now,’ and we took the hint, bowed, and made off.

“‘Are you satisfied, my lord?’ said I.

“‘I must be,’ he answered; ‘the terms have been complied with, but I cannot understand it yet. It is the most wonderful thing I ever heard. I’ll send you a cheque in the morning for the amount of the bet. Good-night.’

“‘Beg pardon, Lord Horton,’ said I, ‘for keepin’ of you waitin’, but I was just referrin’ to Minister to decide a bet between Lord Dunk and me.’

“‘What day can you come and dine quietly with me?’ said he. ‘I want to talk to you very much on colonial subjects, which no one understands half as well as yourself.’

“‘Sorry, my lord,’ said I, ‘but I am engaged every day until my departure, which is by the next steamer.’

“‘Ah!’ said he, ‘that’s unfortunate. Could you manage to come and take supper with me to-morrow, for I always eat lightly before going to bed? I dine out, but will return early—say half-past ten?’

“‘With great pleasure,’ said I. ‘I am goin’ to-morrow where I must go, but where I needn’t stay;’ and we shook hands and parted.

“There is some satisfaction in talkin’ to a man like that, he can talk up to you, or talk down, as the case may be; the other fellow thinks he knows everything, but he don’t know this: *It requires a good stock of wit to set up for a wag; and that though quizzing is very pleasant, it’s a game that two can play at.*

“In the mornin’ up comes a draft for one hundred dollars, which I sent back in a note.

'Dear Lord Dunk,

" 'I return you the cheque, which I cannot think of retainin' under the circumstances. The leg which was the subject of the bet was as good as the monastic Latin of the middle ages, and, like it, was a tolerably good imitation, for it was a cork one.

" 'Yours always,

" 'SAMUEL SLICK.'

"Now that's what I call sending as good as you get."

"Exactly," said the President; "it don't do to let benighted foreigners take airs before our citizens, relative to any of our departmental officers. My ambassadors may not dance as elegantly as European courtiers, but they can walk round them in a treaty, that's a fact. I think we may fairly boast, Mr Slick, and it's a fact we have a right to be proud of, and a sign of great intellectual superiority, that we have the best of the bargain in every treaty we have made with every nation in the world, from the English down to the Indians. It's a great feather in our cap of Liberty, Mr Slick, for it is the feather that forms at once the warrior's plume and the diplomatist's pen. You must help me to a hint how to get these fisheries. Now they are going to build railroads through the provinces, I propose to grant, as an equivalent for the fisheries, leave to use our lines for the mails, if they prefer it to their own. We must offer something like an *omelette soufflé*, that looks large, though it is only a mouthful of moonshine. You take, Slick, don't you?"

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," sais I.

"Oh no," he continued; "our Latin ain't good, and our English ain't good—at least so they say; but there is one admission at least they must make, they have felt that our swords are good. But go on," said the President, "I want to hear about Lord Horton. I count it a great privilege to hear you talk, for you are a man who travels with your eyes open always."

"*I tell you what, President,*" says I, "*seein' is believin'; but it ain't them that stare the most who see the best always.*"

CHAPTER II.

STEALING A SPEECH.

“WELL,” sais I, continuin’ my confab with the President the next mornin’, “the day after the bet, I was up to my eyes in business, gettin’ the papers in my charge in order for quittin’ the embassy. We all met at lunch; it was our great meal, for it was the hour, you know, we was used to feed at home, and arter all it seems most proper, for natur’s dinner-bell rings at one. Dinner therefore was only a matter of form arter that, and used for show and hospitality. Champain was our liquor, for that’s what we use to our hotels, where it is the best and cheapest wine; there it is the dearest, but who cares? Uncle Sam pays for all. I suppose you don’t know that gentleman,” sais I, “President;” and I gave him a wink. “Well, I’ll tell you who he is.

“You have heard of John Bull, it is the ginerall name of the English, as ‘Frog’ is of the French; and a capital name it is, for he has all the properties of that brute. Breachy as Old Scratch, breakin’ down neighbours’ fences, runnin’ off with other bulls’ wives, bellowin’ at nothin’, ready to fight everybody and everything, and so stupid, if he sees red cloth he makes right at it, full chizel, cross-grained, onsartain, and dangerous, you can neither lead him, nor coax him, nor drive him. The only way to manage him is to hopple him, and fortunately he is pretty well hopped with the national debt. It’s a weight to his heels that spiles his runnin’, and keeps him to home to paw up the dust and roar for his own amusement. Well, Uncle Sam is us. Uncle is a nice word, ain’t it, Sir? It’s a word of kindness and affection. He is a brother of your father or your mother; and if he has no chicks of his own, pets all his nephews and nieces, makes them presents, sends them to school, pays for their visits, and when he dies leaves all his ready rhino to them. There is nothin’ like an uncle, but ‘Uncle Sam’ is the president of all uncles. He adopts the whole nation, and pays all the household of the State. He is pretty well imposed upon too sometimes. They take it out of him whenever they can, but pretend all the time that what they do is for his good and benefit, and swear they hain’t one mite or morsel of selfishness in ’em.

It's all for 'Uncle Sam.' They'd die by him if it was necessary, but they had a plaguy sight sooner live by him, that's a fact. Our first uncle was Sam Washington, and arter that we called them all Sam. Sister Sall's children—the little cunnin' ones—call me 'Uncle Sam,' cause I pays for them all. Some of these days I hope I shall be Father Sam, and then I shall see if the tune of these critters is altered and new set with variations.

"But I was speakin' of the lunch. Sais Preserved Fish to me, the other *attaché*—awful name that, ain't it? The fact is, the old Fishes of New Hampshire were Puritans of the strictest school, makin' Sunday a day and a half long, by beginnin' at twelve o'clock on Saturday; though Preserved has got bravely over that, he drinks, as he says, 'like a fish,' swears all the newest invented slang oaths, and plays cards every night, and the devil all the time. Well, some hundred and fifty years ago, a baby or spawn Fish like to have died of the croup or the colic, or some ailment or another, but got through it, and his mother called him that was so marci-fully saved 'Presarved;' so there has been a Presarved Fish in the family ever since. Well, his father, 'Old Presarved,' has great interest in Vermont, and Maine, and New Hampshire, where he makes cookin' stoves with the barrel-oven top, at his celebrated factory at Maple Sugar Grove, and sets them up himself, which fetches him into every man's house. The women all swear by his stoves (and they are a first chop article, that's a fact), and in course by him, and the men ditto their wives. He can influence all the elections there up and down, and got his son on the embassy, as one of the paid *attachés*. If he would take care of himself that critter would get on, but he won't, he can't change his natur'. A herrin' remains a herrin', and a dolphin a dolphin, and a skate a skate, and this 'odd Fish' will be the same, till a shark or porpoise sucks him in, head, gills, and tail.

"Well," sais Presarved to me, 'if your friend Lord Dunk was here to-day, he wouldn't say 'Uncle Sam' was cold, I know. See how he smiles, and smirks, and rubs his hands; depend on it he feels good all over. And that reminds me of your bet; you don't intend for to go for to send that feller's cheque for the hundred dollars back, like a nateral born fool, do you?'

"Sartainly, I do," sais I. 'He was bit, and it don't convene to the character of our embassy to do the thing that's mean.'

“‘The character of the embassy be damned,’ said he. ‘I raily thought you knowed too much of the world for that. Why, you are the only Connecticut man I ever met with that even ever heard of a conscience, except on a Sunday.’

“‘Well, if you stay here much longer,’ said I, ‘I guess the character of our embassy will be what you’d wish it. But if you had such a hook in your gills, Master Fish, you’d be glad enough to open your mouth, and have it taken out, and then be thrown back in the water, I know.’

“‘Slick,’ said he, ‘if ever you dare to make fun of my name I’ll—’

“‘Take a glass of wine with you, say, that’s the way to finish the sentence, for I shall only have two or three days more at the furdest, and that’s too short to quarrel in.’

“‘Well,’ said he, ‘I believe you are half right. Scipio, some champion.’

“‘But what makes Uncle Sam so good-natured to-day?’ said I.

“‘Why,’ said he, ‘some college don called here, a sort of crack man, a double first, I think they called him; and he and Uncle Sam had a discussion about some Greek passage. Since he went away the old coon has been up to his eyes in Greek; and I rather guess, from his manner, that he has found out that he is right.’

“‘Sais I, amovin’ up to his eend of the table, ‘What does your Excellency think of the Latin of the middle ages?’

“‘Sais he, ‘Sam, don’t call me, when we are located and domestacated together, ‘your Excellency,’ it’s all bunkum you know.’

“‘Well,’ sais I, ‘we are in a land of titles, Sir, a place where folks thinks a great deal of ’em; and if we don’t do it when alone, perhaps we will be too free and easy in public.’

“‘Well,’ sais he, ‘and it’s no use talking. People do like handles to their names, perhaps there is some truth in that.’

“‘Besides,’ sais I, ‘we approbate it all over our great nation. Do you recollect the horseferry above Katskill on the Hudson?’

“‘Perfectly,’ said he.

“‘And old Rip Van Hawser the ferryman, and his two splendid galls Gretchen and Lottchen. Oh, my sakes! weren’t they whole teams of themselves, and a horse to spare? That wicked little devil Gretchen was as quick as a foxtrap,

and as strong as a man. If she clinched you, it warn't easy to break her hold, I tell you. I recollect a romp I onct had with her.'

"'Well never mind that, at present,' sais he, good naturedly; 'but I recollect old Rip Van Hawser perfectly.'

"'But don't you mind his darters?' sais I; 'for it caused more than half the people to cross the ferry just to get a squint at them beauties.'

"'We won't mind them just now,' said he; 'but what of old Rip?'

"'Well,' sais I, 'just to show you how universal titles are even in our almighty everlastin' country, and how amazin' fond fellers are of 'em, I'll tell you what Rip Van Hawser said.

"'The first time I ever crossed over that ferry,' sais old Rip to me: 'Gineral,' sais he, 'just stand near your horse, for it's more rougher as common to-day; for you see and onderstand and know that when the wind blows so like the teyvil den it is rough, and when de wind go down den de wave go right down too more faster than it got up. So, gineral, just stand near him.'

"'I ain't no gineral,' sais I.

"'Well den, colonel,' sais he.

"'I ain't a colonel, nor an officer at all.'

"'Well den, jodge,' sais he, 'just hold on to de rein.'

"'I ain't a judge or a lawyer either,' said I.

"'Well den, bishop,' said he.

"'I am no bishop nor minister either.'

"'Oh den, squire.'

"'Out agin,' I said, laughing, 'I am no squire.'

"'Den what de teyvil are you?' said old Rip, lookin' up and restin' on his oars.

"'Nothin',' sais I.

"'Den,' said he, 'I charge you notin' for ferriage. I carry you free gratis, for you are de furt man that has crossed for a week that had no title.'

"And not a penny would he take, but insisted upon my goin' into his house. Dear me, I am amazed you don't remember those galls! There wasn't too much of the old Dutch build about them. They were—'

"Here Ambassador put in his oar with a quiet larf. 'I didn't say I didn't remember the young ladies. But what question was that you asked about the Latin language?'

“ ‘Why, your Excellency,’ said I, ‘what sort of Latin was that that was written in the middle ages?’ ”

“ ‘In general barbarous and poor; but there was some good, and that is but little known; perhaps Dr Johnson knew more of their literature than any man of his day.’ ”

“ ‘Then it is no great compliment to say of a man’s Latin, that it is about as good as that of the monastic Latin of the middle ages?’ ”

“ ‘Decidedly not,’ said he, ‘quite the other way. But that reminds me of a curious story. You know the little square-built nobleman, that always sits and looks the peer? (How singular it is, Sam, the Whigs are the haughtiest in private, and most tyrannical in public life, of any folks here?) He goes by the nickname of the ‘military critic,’ on account of his finding fault with everything the Duke did in Spain, and always predicting his defeat and ruin. Well, when the Reform Bill was before Parliament, everybody made flash speeches, and among the rest, the ‘great military critic.’ He made a Latin quotation, of which the reporter could only catch the sense, as he had never met with the lines before; so when he came to the newspaper office, he told them its purport—that which is agitated is durable, but that which is unmoved decays. Well, the editors couldn’t recollect it; they ran over ever so many indexes, time was pressing, and they had to try their hands at making that meaning into Latin verse. The next year the puzzle was found out; the noble peer was about as much of a scholar as a military critic; he fobbed it from Boswell’s ‘Life of Johnson,’ who quoted them out of the fulness of his store of learning. ‘These are the lines,’ said he, and he repeated them so fast they sounded like one long everlastin’ word.

“ ‘Give them to me in pencil, please, Sir,’ said I, ‘for I couldn’t repeat them an hour hence. *It ain’t that Latin’s so heavy to carry, but you have such a slipperly hold of it.*’ ” *

Here the President broke in agin with one of his confounded interruptions. “ ‘Slick,’ said he, “it’s a pity your

* I have looked out the passage referred to. It occurs in Boswell’s “Life of Johnson” (vol. iii. p. 271, 3rd edition). It is given as a quotation from Janus Vitalis, and is as follows:

“ *Immota labescunt*

Et quæ perpetuo sunt, agitata manent. ”

The only difference between the ambassador’s copy and the extract appears to be an emendation of his own, for he has written it *Labescunt*.

father hadn't sent you to College, as mine did me; you would have been a great man, if he had, and perhaps filled my shoes." And he looked good all over, and twisted his whiskers with his fingers with as much pleasure as a feller does when he thinks he looks rather killin'. Thinks I to myself, a man may be a president, and no great shakes either, for after all he is only the lead horse of a team. He has got the go in him, and that's all; but he can't hold back, which is a great matter both in statesmen and horses. For if he slacks up, he is rid over by those behind him, and gets his neck broke—he must go or die. I didn't say it tho', for it don't do in a general way to blart out all you think. But I observed, "President," sais I, "that's a question I have often thought of, and on the whole I think it is more better as it is. If I had been a scholar, like Ambassador, I should have consorted with scholars—for like loves like in this world—and been above the level. Bein' under it, as all the masses are, I've mixed with them, and have a wider rim to my wheel. If I don't make so deep a mark on the road, I move easier, and do less mischief. While others stick in the mud I move on. Poor dear old Minister, Mr Hopewell, was always at father to send me to College; but father used to say tho' ministers knew the way to heaven, it was the only one they did; but they knew no more about the cross-roads of this world than children. So what does he do but go to Boston, under pretence of selling a horse, and walk into the office of old lawyer Leonard Pie. 'Lawyer,' sais he, 'I want your advice.'

"Well, old Pie, who was a pretty crusty fellow, and a knowin' old coon too, put his big grey eyes on him, and held out his hand, without speakin' a word, as much as to say, if you want me to talk, drop a fee in, if you please. *Lawyers ain't like coachmen, they take their tip before they start, t'others wait till the journey is over.* But father warn't born yesterday, he'd cut his eye teeth as well as Pie, so what does he do but take hold of it with his own hand. 'It ain't law, Squire, I want,' said he.

"'What the plague *do* you want then?' said Pie, tryin' to get his hand back; but the old gentleman held on like grim death to a dead nigger.

"'I want to know,' sais father, 'the advantage of goin' to Cambridge.'

"'I'll tell you,' sais Pie. '*A college education shows a man how devilish little other people know.*'

“ ‘Zactly,’ sais father; ‘that’s just my opinion; thank you, Sir.’ And he give his hand such a squeeze, he forced the ring into the bone of the other finger, and nearly started the blood under his nails. It set the old lawyer a jumpin’ and a squeelin’, like anything.

“ ‘Confound you,’ sais he, ‘what do you mean by that?’

“ ‘Nothin’,’ sais father, ‘but a mark of my friendship.’ And while lawyer was a-lookin’ at his hand, father made his scrape and walked off.

“ ‘Found it out,’ said the old man, when he returned.

“ ‘What, father?’ sais I.

“ ‘College education,’ sais he. ‘The only good it is, is to show—how devlish little other folks know.’

“ ‘I believe he was right, President, after all; for you see our best scholars’ Latin is no better than the ‘monastic Latin of the middle ages.’ ”

“ ‘Slick,’ said the President, “the advice of a lawyer without a fee, all the world knows, is no good. If the old man had dropped a dubloon in Pie’s hand he would have said,—‘The advantage of a college education is to show you how much more you know than other people.’ ”

“ ‘Perhaps so,’ sais I. “But now you have been to Cambridge, and I haven’t, can you tell me the Latin or Greek word for india-rubber shoes? Why, in course you can’t. If you could, and advertised them that way, who the plague would know what you meant? Better as it is, Sir. It warn’t your Greek made you a president, or what little Latin I picked up at night-school that made me an *attaché*. But I’ll proceed, if you please, with the story. Where was I? Oh! I have it. It was that part where I said it warn’t that Latin was so heavy to carry, but that you have such a slippery hold of it.

“ ‘Now,’ sais I, ‘your Excellency, that reminds me of a trick I played a feller onct to Truro, in Nova Scotia. There was to be a great temperance meetin’ and a lecturer, and resolutions moved, and what not. Well, there was a most consaited goney in the same house with me (tho’ that’s nothin’ very strange neither, seein’ Blue-nose is naterally a consaited critter), and as he was to second the first resolution, had spent evenin’ arter evenin’ in writin’ of his speech, and mornin’ arter mornin’ in gettin’ it by heart. Well, the day the great meetin’ was to be, off he starts down to the lower village, with a two-horse waggon, to bring some of the young

ladies to hear his eloquence. Well, as soon as I seed him off, I goes to his desk, takes his speech, locks the door, and walks up and down the room, a readin' of it over and over, like a school-lesson, and in about two or three hours had it all by heart; and that that I couldn't repeat verbatim, havin' a pretty loose tongue of my own, I could give the sense and meanin' of. But I had it in a manner all pretty slick. Then I puts the speech back in its place, takes a walk out into the fields to recite it aloud, where none could hear, and I succeeded most beautiful. He returned, as I intended he should, before I went back to the house; and when I went into the room, he was walkin' up and down, a mutterin' over his speech; and when he stuck, lookin' at the writin'.

“‘Hullo,’ sais I, ‘are you back already? How’s the ladies, and where are they?’”

“‘Hush!’ said he. ‘Don’t talk to me, that’s a good feller; it puts me out, and then I have to cypher it over again. The ladies are below.’”

“‘Well,’ sais I, ‘I’ll go down and see them;’ and, to make a long story short, the meetin’ was organised, the lecture was read, and the first resolution was moved. I mind that it was a very sensible one, and passed unanimously. I don’t exactly recollect the words, but its substance was—‘Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meetin’, that those who drink nothin’ but water will have no liquor to buy.’ I rose to second it; and there was great cheerin’, and clappin’ of hands, and stampin’ of feet; for I was considerable popular among the folks in them diggins. At last silence was obtained; and I commenced with Horatio Mulgrave’s speech, and delivered it word for word. Well, it warn’t a bad speech for the time and place. Considerable flowery—mixed with poetry to please the galls, and solemncolly and tearful for the old folk; sometimes they cheered, and then they cried. Arter I had got on a piece, Mulgrave sprang up, half distracted with rage and surprise; and takin’ hold of me by the coat, ‘Why, confound it, Slick,’ sais he, ‘that’s my speech. I wrote it myself.’”

“‘Pooh!’ sais I, ‘don’t be foolish.’”

“‘Well, I never,’ said he, ‘in all my born days! This beats the devil! What a Yankee trick!’”

“‘He said this quite loud. So I stopped short, and paused, and looked round.’”

“‘Gentlemen and ladies,’ sais I, ‘Mr Mulgrave sais I am speakin’ his mind, and not my own; and that it is his oration,’”

and not mine. It's strange our minds should be so much alike; for if it is actilly the case, I must be makin' a very poor speech, I can tell you. So, with your leave, I'll sit down.'

"'No, no,' sais they; 'go on, go on.'

"Well, I went on, and finished; and when I had done, I turned round, and said out loud to him, 'Now, Sir, you say I have spoke your mind?'

"'So you have,' sais he. It's a trick—a cussed Yankee trick!'

"I come pretty near increasin' the size of the critter's head for that, but I bit in. Sais I, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, is that fair to a stranger like me, that could positively chaw him up, only he don't like the taste of the coon?'

"'No, no,' sais they, 'it ain't fair.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'I'll tell you what is fair, and that is turn and turn about. You say I spoke your mind, Sir; now do you speak mine when you move the next resolution; and see if it won't be the best speech you ever made since you was born.' Creation, how folks larfed! 'Now,' sais I, amovin' off, and settin' down, 'take the floor.'

"Well, he got up, and scratched his head—'Ladies and Gentlemen,' sais he, 'ahem! that speech is my speech; I made it; and this is a trick;' and down he sot.

"Well, I jumped up, and sais I, 'If his mouth has been pick'd of his speech, a thing I never heard tell on before, it ain't been pick'd of his tongue, for that's safe and sound; but I'll move the resolution for him, so as to keep things astirrin';' and then I give them one of my ramblin', funny sort of speeches, with capital stories, that illustrated everything but the resolution; and it was received with immense applause. Mulgrave was only on a visit to Truro, so next day he returned to Halifax; and to this time nobody understands a word about the story."

"Well, I never heard that anecdote before," said Uncle Sam, risin'. "Take another glass of wine. I have heard of plagiarisms on all sorts of scales, from purloining a quotation, and borrowing ideas, down to using printed sermons, as many clergymen do; but this is the first time I ever heard of '*stealing a speech!*'"

CHAPTER III.

EVERYTHING IN GENERAL, AND NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

“PRESIDENT,” said I, “I am afraid I am takin’ up too much of your valuable time, and really I don’t want to bore you.”

“Bore me! pray don’t say that,” said he, “I like to hear you amazingly; it’s better than a printed book, for I can ask questions as you go along, and join in the chat with observations of my own, which can’t be done t’other way.”

Thinks I to myself, that’s just the disagreeable part of it, for interruptions spile all; but when a feller has just given me a snug travellin’ job onasked, and done the handsome thing, it ain’t any great return to make arter all to let him put his oar in sometimes, even if he does catch crabs now and then, as the sailors say, and half cover you with spray.

“Exactly,” said I. “I count it a great profit to have the benefit of your remarks; for a man don’t rise to the tip-top of the truck-head of the mast of the ship of state as you have, President, without onderstandin’ the ropes, that’s a fact. For the statesman’s ship is different from the merchant’s ship in this; you can’t jump in at the cabin-window in one, as you can if you are the owner’s son in the other, but must begin before the mast in a regular way, for then you know what every hand’s work and duty is, and how to keep ’em at it.”

“There is a great deal of truth in that, Mr Slick,” said he. “I sarved my time to larn politics first, to town meetins, which I call the statesman’s nursery, then at corporations and mass meetins; arterwards in state legislatures and conventions, and wound up for the finishin’ touch in Congress, besides larnin’ the word of command in volunteer companies, and sarvin’ a campaign agin the Florida Indgians. Heroes are at a premium, and sages at a discount with us. Throwin’ others in the shade makes one stand out the prominent figure himself, as Artimus Wheelock, the great American painter, used to say. I think you understand that beautiful figure of speech, Mr Slick, for if I don’t misremember, you are a dab at paintin’ in iles yourself, ain’t you?”

AND NOTHING IN PARTICULAR they hadn't a
to him."

"Rather a daub," sais I, with some pretence of indifference, for that is a subject I rather pride myself on.

"You are too modest, Mr Slick," said he, quite patronizing' like: "you hide your light."

Modest, sais I to myself; come, that ain't bad. If I ain't hanged till that charge is proved, I guess my neck is safe from a rope, at any rate. Modest! Oh, Lord! and I thought I should have haw-hawed right out.

"Well, President," sais I, "I ought to be a modest man, that's a fact; for I've had some highsts in my day, when goin' too confident on slippery ground, that was enough to shake the consait out of any man, I can tell you. Oh, what a rise the great Daniel Webster took out of me onct. He sold me, that's a fact, and almost sent me down south like a nigger. I felt streaked enough, you may depend. It is a caution to sinners, I do assure you, and may be a warnin' to others."

"Slick," said President, "Danel was a man that could beat us both down in market, so he could buy us at his own price, and then puff us off, so that he could sell us at our own valiation, and make a handsome speckelation of it. And yet, great as he was, somehow or another he never could mount the box of the state-coach and get hold of the ribbans, as I have: nohow he could fix it;" and he straightened himself up, while he swallowed down the juice of that bit of brag. "But let's hear about Lord Horton and the great Danel."

"Well," sais I, "I kept my appointment with Horton, and, as luck would have it, we arrived at the street-door just at the same time.

"Why, Mr Slick," sais he, 'what a punctual man you be.'

"Punctuality," sais I, 'my lord, is the soul of business. There is an old sayin', 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' Now take care of the minutes,' sais I, 'and the hours will take care of themselves. Pounds is made up of pence, and hours of minutes. Attention to one airns money for me, and the other saves it. These two rules will make any man rich; and in fact, my lord, they have made me considerable well to do in this world, as times go.'

"English folks, President, ain't like ourn, they rather like to see you not forget what you be, or what you have been. Peel used to mind them now and then in his speeches of the spinnin'-jenny, and it always took well. I consait myself it was a little bit of brag, but it answered his purpose any way, and was popular.

“‘I am a lockmaker,’ sais I, ‘my lord, and I ought to know the vally of time. If I hadn’t the right beat myself it would soon be all day with me. The half-hours that’s lost a whitlin’, a smokin’, and a lollin’ about with your chair tilted back on its hind legs, and your feet over the back of another, lookin’ out of the winder at nothin’, and a twirlin’ your thumbs while your awaitin’ for breakfast or dinner, or what not, would larn a man a language or a trade. But what in natur’s the use of my talkin’ this way to you? You mind an appointment, because it ain’t perlite to keep folks awaitin’; but what is time to you? You was born with a silver spoon in one hand, and a silver fork in the other, and can jist spend your time as you like. You must excuse me a talkin’ such nonsense, but the fact is, I have acquired a habit, as I travelled thro’ Nova Scotia, of tryin’ to preach a little go-ahead into those everlastin’ sleepy Blue-noses, that I forget sometimes, and treat other folks, that don’t want ’em, to some of my old saws.’

“‘*Wise saws* call them, Mr Slick,’ said he; ‘I like to hear them amazin’ly; I like plain, practical truths, uttered in a plain familiar way; they appeal to men’s common sense.’

“And he went on and praised my books in a way that ain’t no matter; I kinder felt it was a little overdone, and for a man of my consait to think so, is sayin’ a good deal. So I won’t put it down, or folks might think I was makin’ out my own appraisalment. ‘Well, well,’ sais I to myself, ‘there’s all sorts of ways of soft sawderin’, too, ain’t there? He is a politician, and if he don’t know how to lay it on, it’s a pity. He intends his whitewash shall stick, too, for he has mixed a little refined sugar and glue with it.’

“‘But you are mistaken,’ sais he, ‘about my having my time at my command. *High stations have heavy duties. Much is required of them to whom much is given. Lordly castles are besieged or betrayed, while the wooden latch of poverty secures the lowly cottage. The sleepless anxious pillow is stuffed with down, while the straw pallet is blessed with sound sleep.* My hours of toil are more, and my labours harder, than those of my hinds. It is the price we pay for wealth, and the tax levied on rank.’”

“Slick,” sais the President, “them’s noble sentiments; I approbate and concur them with all my heart. Was they all bunkum, or genuine, do you suppose?”

“The real genuine article,” sais I; “if they hadn’t a been, I wouldn’t a taken the trouble to listen to him.”

“Well,” sais he, “they are elevated sentiments them, but they are just also. I feel myself Providence has reposed in me a high and responsible trust, in guidin’, governin’, advancin’, restrainin’, and happyfyin’ this great nation.”

Pooh! sais I to myself, don’t be silly, for he was agoin’ to make me blush for him, and a blush is a thing that hasn’t improved my looks for years.

“Yes,” sais I, “it makes one tremble to think of it,” and I went right on.

“‘Yes,’ said Lord Horton, ‘the public have a claim upon me for my services.’”

“‘Well,’ sais I, ‘I heard you settle one of the claims on you last night to the House, and I rather guess,’ sais I, ‘that somebody that you was a dressin’ of, that shall be nameless, feels like a boy that’s histed on another lad’s back, and that’s a gettin’ the cow-hide hot and heavy. It was a capital speech that, a real fust chop article.’ Thinks I, you patted me on the back jist now about my books, and I’ll rub you down with the grain a little about your speech. But he didn’t seem to mind it; either he was used to praise, and kinder tired of it, or else he knew it was all true as well as me, or wanted to talk of something not so parsonal. I saw it was no go, for I can read a man as plain as a book. Tradin’ about as I have been all my life has made me study faces, the eye, the smile, the corner of the mouth, the little swelling out of the nostril, and the expressions that pass over the countenance, like lights and shades, when scatterin’ clouds are flyin’ over in a bright sunny sky. It’s a fine study, and I must say I delight in it.

“He merely said, careless like, ‘I am glad you liked it; when I am excited I can speak well enough, I suppose; but when not, I can acquit myself as poorly as anybody.’”

“‘Exactly,’ sais I, ‘that’s what the great Danel Webster once said to me. Squire, sais I, once arter he had made one of his almighty speeches to the Supreme Court to Washington, Squire, sais I, ‘that was splendid! I felt prouder of New England,’ said I, ‘this blessed day, than ever I felt afore since I was raised.’”

“‘Well, I reckon it warn’t bad,’ said he, ‘that’s a fact. Truth is, as you arn’t a lawyer, I’ll tell you the secret of my success at the bar. I require a good swinging fee, and won’t

work without it. I won't look at a client's face till I see his hand. When that affair is settled to my satisfaction, then I'll hear his story. *A good horse that works hard requires a large measure of corn.* When I have got my feed, I make myself master of the subject in all its bearings, *pro* and *con*, and then go at it in rale right down airnest. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. But, Sam, it ain't no easy matter arguin' law before them are old judges. It must be all to the point, clear, logical, connected, and ably supported by well-selected cases. You mustn't wander away, and you mustn't declaim; if you do, their attention is off, the public see it, and you are up a tree. Now that's not the case in Congress; the less you speak to the point there the better, and the less you are trammelled and hampered in life arterwards. A few forcible passages thrown in for people to get by heart, and admire as scraps of eloquence, a strong patriotic flourish now and then about keepin' all the nations of the airth in order, and so on, a flash or two to light up the dulness, and a peal of thunder to eend with, is all that's wanted. But extempore preaching is the easiest kind of all speakin'. Preachers have so many sermons in their head, upon all sorts of subjects, that if they lose the thread of their discourse, they can catch that of another old sarmon on some other text, tie it on to it, and go on, and nobody is any the wiser, for they have it all their own way, and there is no one to follow them and tell them of it, as in Court and Congress. They have got the close, as we say in law, all to themselves. But, Sam,' said he, and he looked all round to see no one heard him, 'I am agoin' to win that case.'

" 'How are you sartified of that?' sais I, 'seein' that the judges never said a word.'

" 'Well,' sais he, 'come in here to the hotel and let's liquor, for I am nation dry. I have let so much steam off, the biler wants replenishin'.'

" 'Well, arter he had swallowed the matter of a pint of champaine, sais he, 'I'll tell you. I believe,' sais he, 'there is a road to every created critter, if you could only find it out.'

" 'I am sartin of it,' sais I, 'for I have studied human natur' all my life.' And I was actilly fool enough to take the lead in the conversation myself, for which he paid me off arterwards rail handsome. 'There is the sugar-plum,' sais I, 'and whistle for the child, the feather to tickle the vanity

of a woman, and the soft-sawder brush for the men, and arter all they are the vainest of the two. *There is a private spring to every one's affection; if you can find that, and touch it, the door will fly open, tho' it was a miser's heart.* It requires great skill, great sleight of hand, and long experience. Now, one thing I have observed about soft-sawder for men. Never flatter a man for what he excels in, for he knows that as well as you; but flatter him for something he wishes to be thought expert in, that he can't do well.'

"'How very true!' said Lord Horton, a interruptin' of me. 'Old Cupid is more ambitious to be thought irresistible by women—which he is not—than a great statesman and diplomatist—which he certainly is. You have a wonderful knowledge of human natur, Mr Slick.'

"'I couldn't do without it, my Lord. To handle a ship, you must know all the ropes.'

"Well, where was I? Oh! in the little back private room of the great hotel to Washington, a drinkin' and a talkin' with Danel Webster. 'Now,' sais I, 'Squire Danel, there are two kinds of soft-sawder; one is active, and one is passive.'

"'How?' sais he.

"'Why,' sais I, 'here is a case in pint of the active. We had to our house a female help; she was an Irish gall, and ugly enough to frighten children from crying, and turn the milk of a whole dairy. Well, she warn't very tidy, and mother spoke to her several times about it; but it did no good, she was as slatternly as ever next day, and mother was goin' to give her a walkin' ticket. So, thinks I to myself, I wonder if there is a created critter so ugly as not to think herself decent-looking at any rate. Well, sais I, Nora, I am surprised at you.'

"'What for, your honour, Master Sam?' said she.

"'Why,' sais I, 'I am surprised that such a nice, fresh, healthy, good-lookin' girl as you be, don't take better care of your appearance.' I saw her eyes twinkle agin with pleasure. 'Not,' sais I, 'that your good looks wants settin' off, but they ought to have justice done to them. I hate to see so handsome a gall looking so ontidy.'

"'I own it's wrong,' said she, 'and it shan't happen agin,' and from that day forth she was the tidiest and smartest gal we ever had.

"'That is active soft-sawder, and now what I call passive

soft-sawder is this—deference. For instance; if you want to gain a man, don't know more than him: it humiliates a feller to be made inferior to the one he is a talkin' to. If he wants advice, that's another thing, give it to him; but don't put him right in his stories when he is adrift, that's mortifyin'; and don't make any display before him at all. Get him to teach you, for everybody knows something you don't. If he is a fisherman, set him a talkin' about nets and bait, and salt and duties, and so on. If he lives in the woods, ask him how maple-sugar is made; what is the best season of the year to cut timber, so as to presarve it; and if he don't know nothin' of these things, then set him to tell huntin' stories and legends of the woods. You will win that man's heart; for instead of oppressin' him with your superiority, you have made him feel that he is able to give a wrinkle to one that he is willing enough to acknowledge to be his superior. You will win that man for ever, for you have given him the upper seat instead of the second, and made him feel good all over.

“‘The fact is, when I went to travel in Europe and larnt manners, I found politeness had a great deal of soft-sawder in it; but among the folks you and I have to deal with, you might take off your hat afore, and scrape your leg behind to all etarnity, before you'd carry your pint. But I am only stoppin' your story.’

“‘No you don't, said he; ‘I like to hear you; your experience jumps with mine. As a lawyer and a politician, I have had to mix much among my fellow-men, and in course have studied a good deal of human natur' too—for lawyers are like priests; people come to them and disburden themselves of their troubles, and get consolation, *if they pay well for it*; but there is one point in which they don't treat them like priests; they don't confess all their sins; they suppress them, and often get themselves and their counsel into a scrape by it, that's a fact. Now I'll tell you how I am sure I am agoin' to gain my cause. But first help yourself, and then pass the wine.’

“‘Well, first I took one bottle, and turned it up on eend, and deuce a drop was in it.

“‘Try the other,’ sais he.

“‘And I turned that upside down, and it was empty too. Our eyes met, and he smiled. Sais he, ‘I was illustratin' your passive soft-sawder; I didn't remind you that you was

wrong when you didn't drink. As you advised, I didn't oppress you with my superiority; but I set you off talking about human natur', of which I guess I know perhaps as much as you do. I know I have won you for ever by that delicate attention. I think I am sartin of the Slickville vote, for I gave you the uppermost seat, and took the second myself.'

"Well, I couldn't help larfin, I swear. 'Squire Danel,' sais I, 'I owe you one for that; I call that a rail complete rise. I am sold.'"

"A very good story," said Horton. "I like that, there is so much dry humour in it; it's a very characteristic story that."

"A feller," sais I, "my Lord, that has wrestled through life as I have, must naturally have got a good many falls, and some pretty heavy ones too, afore he larnt the right grips and the proper throws, that's a fact."

"'Well,' says Danel, 'ring the bell, please; and,' sais he, 'waiter, more wine. I'll tell you how I know I am going to win that cause: I told you, Sam, there was a road to every man, if you could only find it. Now, the road to a judge is the most difficult one on earth to discover. It ain't a road, nor a bridle-way, nor a path hardly. It's a trail, and scarcely that. They are trained to impartiality, to the cold discharge of duty, and when on the bench, leave their hearts to home, except in a criminal case. They are all head in Court; they are intrenched in a sort of thick jungle, so that it is almost impossible to get at them. Still, judges are only men, and there never was but one perfect man in the world."

"'Did you mind that little judge that sat there to-day, lookin' as sour as if he had breakfasted off crab-apples, sauced with red pepper and vinegar? Well, he ain't a bad lawyer, and he ain't a bad man. But he is a most disagreeable judge, and a most cantankerous chap altogether. I have bagged him to-day; but it was very difficult play, I assure you. You can't soft-sawder a judge, he is too experienced a man for that, the least spatter even of it would set him against you; and you can't bully him, for he is independent of you, and if he submitted to such treatment, he ought to be impeached. Now, old sour crout has decided two cases on the branch of law that was under consideration to-day, pretty analagous to my case, but not exactly. Well, my object is to get him to view them as governin' mine, for he is not al-

ways quite uniform in his views, but how to do that without leanin' too strong on his decisions was my difficulty. So I took a case that he had decided on a collateral branch of the subject, and that I examined, criticised, and condemned pretty severely. He defended his ground strongly, at last I gave in; I only touched it, for it warn't pertinent to take off the appearance of throwin' the lavender to him. Then I relied on his two other decisions, showed their ability, soundness, and research off to great advantage, without folks knowin' it. The first slap I gave him sounded so loud, while people was sayin' I was ruenin' my cause, and had lost my fact, I was quietly strokin' down the fur on his back, and ticklin' his funny-rib. Ring the bell, please. Waiter, the bill.'

"Well, hearin' that, I took out my purse to pay my half the shot.

"Don't violate your own rule, Slick,' sais he, 'of passive soft-sawder; when I am wrong don't set me right, don't oppress me by your (I won't say superiority), but your equality. Let me be fool enough to occupy the first seat, and do you take the second, you will win me for life.'

"Squire Danel,' sais I, 'I am sold agin; believe in my soul you would sell the devil.'

"Well,' sais he, 'I would, if I could find a purchaser, that's a fact; but I'me thinkin' Napoleon and Kossuth would be the only two bidders. The first I am afeard would confiscate the debt due me, and the other would pay for it only in speeches, take it out only in talk. Now, not having bought the devil yet, I won't speculate on him.'

"Well, the bill came in, and he paid it; and when the waiter made himself scarce, sais he, 'Mr Slick, now and then I admit a friend (not in public life) to a talk, and the interchange of a glass; but,' said he, 'soft-sawder here or there, I never admit him to the privilege of paying half the bill.' Just as he put his hat on, and was going out of the door, he turned, and sais he, 'Is that active or passive soft-sawder, Sam?'

"Neuter,' sais I.

"Give me your hand,' sais he. 'That's not bad; I like it, and I like your talk; but recollect, there are folks in this country besides yourself that *wern't born yesterday*.'

"Well, I was alone: I lit a cigar, and threw myself back in the chair, and put my feet upon the table, and considered. 'Sam,' sais I, 'you are sold; and you didn't fetch much either.'

You were a fool to go to talk wise afore the wisest man we have. You are like minister's rooster: your comb is cut, and your spurs chopped off. When they grow agin, try to *practise* with your equals only. It was a great lesson: it taught me the truth of the old sayin' of mother's, *Sam, don't teach your grandmother to clap ashes.*'

"'Well,' said his Lordship, 'that is a curious story, Mr Slick, and an instructive one too. The quiet drollery in American humour delights me beyond measure.'

"'There is a part of that lesson, my Lord,' sais I, 'with all due deference, you ought to learn.' He kind of shook his head, and looked puzzled what to say. Sais I, 'I know what you mean—that it's popularity huntin', and beneath your station.'

"'Not exactly,' said he, smiling; but looking as if a civil answer was sent for, that wouldn't come.

"'Well,' sais I, 'my Lord, it's a proof of knowledge and skill. Man is man, and you must study the critter you have to govern. You talk to a child like a child, to a boy like a boy, and to a man like a man. You don't talk to all men alike: you don't talk to Lord John and your footman the same, do you?'

"'Certainly not,' sais he.

"'Well, then, you must know the world you have to govern, and talk to folks so that they can onderstand you. The House of Commons ain't the people of England. That was the grand mistake Peel made: he thought it was, and studied it accordingly. What was the consequence? In my opinion, he knew more about the feelings, temper, tone, and trim of the representatives, and less of the represented, than any person in the kingdom. That man did more to lower the political character of the country than any statesman since Walpole's time. He was a great man, I admit; but unfortunately, a great man's blunders are like accidents in powder-magazines—send everything to the devil amost. There is a sliding scale in men's reputations now: he not only invented it, but he taught them how to regulate it according to the market. But let bygones be bygones. What can't be cured must be endured. To return to where I was, I say agin, the House of Commons ain't the people of England.'

"'Very true,' said his Lordship.

"'Well,' sais I, 'since the Reform Bill that House don't do you much credit. You talk to the educated part of it, the

agitators there don't talk to you in reply; they talk to the people outside, and have a great advantage over you. A good Latin quotation will be cheered by Lord John Manners and Sir Robert Inglis, and even Lord John Russell himself; but Hume talks about cheap bread, uneversal suffrage, vote by ballot, no sodgers, no men-o'-war, no colonies, no taxes, and no nothin'. Well, while you are cheered by half-a-dozen scholars in the House, he is cheered by millions outside.'

"'There is a great deal of truth in that observation, Mr Slick,' said he; 'it never struck me in that light before—I see it now;' and he rose and walked up and down the room. 'That accounts for O'Connell's success.'

"'Exactly,' said I. 'He didn't ask you for justice to Ireland, expecting to convince you; for he knew he had more than justice to Ireland, while England got no justice there; nor did he applaud the Irish for your admiration, but that they might admire him and themselves. His speeches were made *in* the House, but not addressed *to* it; they were delivered for the edification of his countrymen. Now, though you won't condescend to what I call wisdom, but what you call 'popularity huntin' and soft sawder,' there's your equals in that House that do.'

"'Who?' said he.

"'Dear me,' said I, 'my lord, it is two o'clock. Uncle Sam is a Salem man, where the curfew bell rings for bed at nine o'clock. I shall be locked out, I must bid you good night.'

"'Oh!' said he, 'I am very sorry, pray come again on Friday evening, if you can; we have lost sight of the subject I wanted to consult you about, and instead of that we have talked of everything in general and nothing in particular. If you can't come—('I am afraid it's onpossible,' said I, 'my Lord')—will you be so good as to let me hear from you occasionally. There are some transatlantic subjects I should like amazingly to hear your opinion upon, write unreservedly, and write as you talk, your letters shall be strictly confidential.'

"'I shall be very proud of the honour, my Lord,' said I.

"He seemed absent a moment, and then said, as if thinking aloud,—

"'I wish I had some little keepsake to present you with, as a token of my regard; as long as I have your books I have wherewithal to place you before me as a living animated being,

and not an abstraction.' And then his face lit up as if he had found what he wanted, and taking the ring you see on my left hand off his little finger, he presented it to me in a way somehow that only those thoroughbred folks know how to do.

"But, President," said I, "our time is out too; and I must say I am kinder sort of skeered I have been talking too much about myself."

"Not a bit," said he, "I actilly think you are fishin' for compliments, you apologise so. No, no, I am sorry it is so late. He is a fine fellow, that Horton. But, Sam, they don't understand the people, do they?"

"They don't," said I, "that's a fact. Do the people understand them? Not always," said I.

"'Zactly," said he, "when you have born senators, you must have born fools sometimes."

"And when you elect," said I, "you sometimes elect a raven distracted goney of a feller too."

"Next door to it," said President, larfin', "and if they ain't quite fools, they are entire rogues, that's a fact; eh, Slick! Well, I suppose each way has its merits, six of one and half a dozen of the other."

"But the President," and he adjusted his collar and cravat, "*he* ought to be the chosen of the people; and, Sam (it was the first time he'd called me that, but I see he was warmin'), it's a proud, a high, and a lofty station too, ain't it? To be the elect of twenty-five millions of free, independent, and enlightened white citizens, that have three millions of black niggers to work and swet for 'em, while they smoke and talk, takes the rag off of European monarchs; don't it?"

"Very," said I, risin' to take leave. "And, President," said I, for as he seemed detarmined to stand in the market, I thought I might just as well make short meter of it, and sell him at once. "President," said I, "I congratulate the nation on havin' chosen a man whose first, last, and sole object is to serve his country, and yourself on the honour of filling a chair far above all the thrones, kingdoms, queendoms, and empires in the unevarsal world." And we shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLACK HAWK ; OR, LIFE IN A FORE-AND-AFTER.

THE next morning I called on the President, and received my patent as Commissioner of the Fisheries on the shores of the British Provinces; with instructions to report on the same, and to afford all such protection to the seamen and vessels of the United States as occasion might require. I was also furnished with letters mandatory to all our own officers, and introductory to the governors of the several colonies.

Things had taken an unexpected turn with me. I didn't look for this appointment, although I had resolved on the trip, as one of recreation and pleasure. I had not been well, and consaited I did not feel very smart. I guess I was moped, living so much alone since I returned to Slickville, and was more in dumps than in danger. So I thought I'd take a short trip to sea, but this change rendered the tour no longer optional, and it became necessary to lose no time, so I took a formal leave of the President, and returned home to make preparations for the voyage; but, before finally accepting the office, I explained to him I must take my own time and mix pleasure with business, for, with the exception of statistical returns, I was well acquainted with the fisheries and every harbour on the coast, and already knew much that any one else would have to learn afresh.

He said the commission was a roving one; that I might do as I pleased, and go where and when I liked, so long as the report was made, and was full, accurate, and suggestive.

Leaving my property in charge of my brother-in-law, I inquired for a trading vessel rather than a fishing one; first, because I should have the opportunity of visiting all the outports successively; and secondly, in order to avoid the nuisance of having the process of catchin', cleanin', curin', and packin' the fish, continually goin' on on board. Where the business is conducted by a mercantile firm on a large scale, an outward-bound vessel is sometimes loaded with an assorted cargo of notions, which are exchanged on the coast for fish, or sold at exorbitant profits to the longshore folks, when she returns with the proceeds of her own barter and

the surplus fish of other vessels belonging to the same parties that are employed, or rendezvous at Cape Breton.

Just at that time there was a most beautiful rakish little clipper of a fore-and-after, fitting out at the Sound for the mackarel fishery on the coast of Nova Scotia, the prettiest craft I almost ever sot eyes on. Having been a packet, she had excellent accomodation, and was fitted up with two cabins, one small one for the captain, and another for the mate and the crew, who were all farmers' sons, amounting to twelve in number, and messed together. They sailed on shares, the vessel was entitled to half; the captain had four, the mate three, and the second mate two shares, and the rest was divided equally among the crew. In fact, every one, according to this arrangement, worked for himself, and was naturally anxious to make all he could and to rival his neighbours, so as to see and show who was the smartest man. It is the best plan a fishery ever was carried on under. Human natur was consulted, and gave two principles for them to work on—*self-interest* and *ambition*. Wages would have ruined all, for the crew would have put in their time then instead of their fish, and their desire would have been, like provincials, to see who could do the least, while they would have spent half the season in harbours and not on the coast. But this is neither here nor there.

When I first went on board to examine the vessel, I was greatly struck with the appearance of the captin. He was a tall, thin, sallow-lookin' man, having a very melancholy expression of countenance. He seemed to avoid conversation, or, I should rather say, to take no interest in it. Although he went through the details of his duty, like a man who understood his business, his mind appeared preöccupied with other matters.

He was the last person I should have selected as a companion; but as I didn't want to go a fishin'—for it ain't nice work for them that don't like it—and the parfume ain't very enticin' to any but regular old skippers, I asked him to give me a cast coastwise, as far as the Gut of Canso, where I would go ashore for change of air, and amuse myself arter my own fashion.

"Have you had experience, Sir?" sais he, and his face lit up with a sickly smile, like the sun on a tombstone.

"No," sais I, "I never was on board a fishin' vessel afore."

He eyed me all over attentively for a minute or two, with-

out sayin' a word or movin' a muscle. When he had finished his examination, he turned up the whites of his eyes, and muttered, "ignorant, or impudent, perhaps both."

"I guess you can go," sais he; "but mind, Sir, we start to-night."

Well this warn't very encouragin', was it? I'd half a mind to give him up, and go to Maine, and sarch for another vessel, for the pleasure of your cruise depends entirely on your companions. It ain't like bein' on land, there the world is big enough for us all, and if you don't like the cut of a fellow's jib, you can sheer off, and give him a wide berth; but in a vessel there is only the cabin and the deck, and the skipper actilly seems as if he was in both places at once. And what's wuss, he's master and you ain't; he fixes the hours for meals, the time for lights, chooses his own subjects for chat, and so on.

You hear a fellow sayin' sometimes—I'm only a passenger. How little the critter knows of what he is talking when he uses that cant phrase. Why, everythin' is sum-totalized in that word. Skipper is employed, and you ain't. It's his vocation, and not yourn. It's his cabin, and no one else's. He is to hum, and you ain't. He don't want you, but you want him. You ain't in his way, if you don't run like a dog atween his legs, and throw him down; but he is in your way, and so is everybody else.

He likes salt pork, clear sheer as he calls it, and smacks his lips over it, and enjoys his soup, that has fat and grease enough swimmin' on it to light a wick if it was stuck in it; and cracks hard biscuits atween his teeth, till they go off like pistols; makes a long face when he says a long grace, and swears at the steward in the midst of it; gets shaved like a poodle-dog, leaving one part of the hair on, and takin' the other half off, lookin' all the time half-tiger, half-lurcher, and resarves this fancy job to kill time of a Sunday. Arter which he hums a hymn through his nose, to the tune the "Old Cow died of," while he straps his razor, pulls a hair out of his head, and mows it off, to see if the blade is in trim for next Sabbath. You can't get fun out of him, for it ain't there, for you can't get blood out of a stump, you know; but he has some old sea-saws to poke at you.

If you are squeamish, he offers you raw fat bacon, advises you to keep your eyes on the mast-head, to cure you of diz-ziness, and so on. If the wind is fair, and you are in good

spirits, and say, "We're getting on well, captain," he looks thunder and lightning and says, "If you think so, don't say so, Broadcloth, it ain't lucky." And if it blows like great guns, and is ahead, and you say, "It's unfortunate, ain't it?" he turns short round on you and says, in a riprorious voice, "Do you think I'm clerk of the weather, Sir? If you do, you are most particularly, essentially, and confoundedly mistaken, that's all." If you voted for him, perhaps you have interest with him; if so, tell him "The storm staysail is split to ribbons, and you'll trouble him for another;" and then he takes off his norwester, strikes it agin the binnacle to knock the rain off, and gig-goggles like a great big turkey-cock.

If you are writin' in the cabin, he says, "By your leave," and without your leave, whops down a great yaller chart on the table, all over your papers, unrolls it, and sticks the corners down with forks, gets out his compasses, and works his mouth accordin' to its legs. If he stretches out its prongs, out go the corners of his mouth proportionally; if he half closes them, he contracts his ugly mug to the same size; and if he shuts them up, he pusses up his lips, and closes his clam-shell too. They have a sympathy, them two, and work together, and they look alike, too, for one is brown with tobacco, and the other with rust.

The way he writes up the log then is cautionary. The cabin ain't big enough for the operation, out go both legs, one to each side of the vessel; the right arm is brought up scientific like, in a semi-circular sweep, and the pen fixed on the paper solid, like a gate-post; the face and mouth is then all drawn over to the left side to be out of the way, and look knowing, the head throwed a one side, one eye half closed, and the other wide open, to get the right angles of the letters and see they don't foul their cables, or run athwart each other.

It is the most difficult piece of business a skipper has to do on board, and he always thinks when it's done it deserves a glass of rum, and such rum too—phew!—you can smell it clear away to the fore-castle a'most. Then comes a long-drawn breath, that has pent in all the time. This is going on till the dangerous pen-navigation was over; and then a pious sort o' look comes over his face, as much as to say, "Thank fortin' that job is over for to-day! It's hard work that." So he takes a chair, puts one leg of it on the toe of his boot, claps his other foot agin it's heel, and hauls his

boot off; and so with the other, and then turns in and snores like an old buffalo. When a feller like that banks up, it's generally for all day, that's a fact.

Oh yes, there's no fun in sailing with a stupid skipper like that; the pair of you look like a sheep and a pig in a pasture, one is clean, and the other is dirty; one eats dainty, and the other is a coarse feeder, swallows anything; one likes dry places, the other enjoys soft mud and dirty water. They keep out of each other's way, and never make no acquaintance, and yet one is a sociable creature, and likes to keep company with the cow or the horse, or anything that is decent; while the other, skipper like, does nothin' but feed, sleep, and grunt. Man was made for talk, and can't live alone that way.

Skippers though ain't all cast in the same mould, some of 'em are chock full of information, and have sailed everywhere a'most, and can spin you a yarn by the hour; but this fellow was as dumb as a clock that's run down, or if wound up has the mainspring broke. However I thought he would serve my turn as far as Shelburne, where I could make an exchange and shift into some other craft; or visit the harbours as I used to do in old times in a waggon instead of a vessel. So I hurried home, packed up my duds, and got on board.

The more I saw of the skipper the less I liked him. Whether he was really pious or his nervous system had been shaken by ranters, I could not tell. Some folks fancy they are ill, and some that they are religious, and as both put on a colicky face it ain't always easy to say which is which. It was evident he was a gloomy enthusiast, who would rather die than laugh, and the unfittest messmate in the world for one who would rather die than shed tears. There was one comfort though, we warn't to be together long, and there were other folks on board besides him. So I made up my mind to go ahead.

The sea air refreshed me at once, and I felt like a new man. The "Black Hawk," for that was the name of the vessel, sailed like a witch. We overhauled and passed everything we saw in our course. She was put on this trade, seeing she was a clipper, to run away from the colony cutters, which, like the provincials themselves, havn't much go ahead in them; for her owners were in the habit of looking upon the treaty about the fisheries with as much respect as an old newspaper. All the barrels on board intended for fish were filled with notions for trading with the residenters

along shore, and all the room not occupied by salt was filled with churns, buckets, hay-rakes, farming forks, factory cotton, sailor's clothes, cooking-stoves, and all sort of things to sell for cash or barter for fish. It was a new page in the book of life for me, and I thought if the captain was only the right sort of man, I'd have liked it amazingly.

The first day or two the men were busy stowing away their things, arranging their berths, watches, and duties, and shaking themselves fairly into their places for a long cruise; for the vessel was to be supplied by another at Cansean, into which she was to discharge her fish, and resume her old sphere of action, on account of her sailing qualities. A finer crew I never saw—all steady, respectable, active, well-conducted young men; and everything promised a fair run, and a quiet if not a pleasant trip to Shelburne. But human nature is human nature, wherever you find it. A crew is a family, and we all know what that is. It may be a happy family, and it ought to be, but it takes a great deal to make it so, and every one must lend a hand towards it. If there is only one screw loose, it is all day with it. A cranky father, a scoldin' mother, a refractory boy or a sulky gall, and it's nothin' but a house of correction from one blessed New Year's Day to another.

There is no peace where the wicked be. This was the case on board the "Black Hawk." One of the hands, Enoch Eells, a son of one of the owners, soon began to give himself airs of superiority; and by his behaviour, showed plain that he considered himself rather in the light of an officer than a sharesman. He went unwillingly about his work; and as there was little to do, and many to do it, managed to escape almost altogether. The captain bore with him several days silently (for he was a man of few words), apparently in hopes that his shipmates would soon shame him into better conduct, or force him to it by resorting to those annoyances they know so well how to practise, when they have a mind to. On the fifth day we were within three miles of the entrance to Shelburne Harbour; and as the wind began to fail, the captain was anxious to crowd on more sail; so he called to the watch to set the gaff-topsail; and said he, "Enoch, I guess you may go up and keep it free."

"I guess I may," said he; and continued pacing up and down the deck.

"Do you hear what I say, Sir?"

"Oh yes, I hear you."

“Then why don’t you obey, Sir?”

“Because—”

“Because! what sort of an answer is that, Sir?”

“It’s all the answer you’ll get, for want of a better. I’m not going to do all the work of the vessel. My father didn’t send me here to be your nigger.”

“I’ll teach you better than that, young man,” said the captain. “While I’m here as skipper, all my lawful orders shall be obeyed, or I’ll punish the offender, be he who he may. I order you again to go up aloft.”

“Well, I won’t; so there now, and do your prettiest.”

The captain paused a moment, grew deadly pale, as if about to faint; and then it seemed as if all the blood in his body had rushed into his face, when he jumped up and down on the deck, with outstretched arms and clenched fists, which he shook at the offender, and cried out,

“Aloft, aloft,
Go up aloft,
You sinner.”

The other came aft, and mockin’ him, said, in a drawlin’, whinin’ voice, that was very provokin’,

“I won’t, that’s flat,
So just take that,
You sinner.”

The captain, whose eyes were flashing fire, and who was actually foamin’ at the mouth, retorted,

“May I never see bliss,
If I put up with this,
You sinner.”

It was evident he was so excited as to be quite deranged.

“Sad business this, Mr Slick,” observed the mate. “Here, Mr Bent,” said he, addressing the second officer, “I can depend upon you; assist me to take the captain below, we must place a hand in charge of him, to see he does no mischief to himself or anybody else, and then let’s go forward, and see what’s to be done.”

“Mr Slick,” said he, as he returned with the second mate, “this is a bad business. I’m afeerd our voyage is at an eend. What had I best do?”

“Go forward,” said I, “and make that villain do his duty.

If he obeys, the knowledge of it may cool the captain, and calm him."

He shook his head, incredulously. "Never!" said he, "never! That man is past all human aid; he never should have been taken away from the Asylum. But suppose Eells refuses to obey me also?"

"Make him."

"How can I make him?"

"Tie him up, and lick him."

"Why his father owns half the 'Hooker.'"

"Lick him all the harder for that; he ought to set a better example on board of his father's vessel."

"Yes, and get myself sued from one court to another, till I'm ruined. That cat won't jump."

"Send him to Shelburne jail, for mutiny."

"What! and be sued for that?"

"Well, well," said I, in disgust, "I'm only a passenger; but I wish I was, as I used to be, able to do what I pleased, whether it conved with other folks' notions of dignity or not. My position in society won't let me handle him, though my fingers tingle to be at him; but I don't like lettin' myself down arter that fashion, fightin' with a fellar like that, in another man's quarrel. It goes agin the grain, I tell you; but old times is stronger than new fashions, and I must say that crittur deserves a tannin' most richly."

"If you've no objection, Sir, I'll handle him," said the second mate.

He was a small-sized, but athletic-looking man; not near so strong apparently as Eells, but far more active. His complexion was rather yellow than sallow, in consequence of his recently having had the fever in Jamaica; but his eye was the most remarkable I ever saw.

"Yes," said the mate, "you may whip him as long as you like, if you ain't afeared of bein' sued."

Well, we went over to where our hero was walking up and down the deck, looking as big as if he had done something very wonderful.

"Eells," said the mate, "come like a good fellow, go up aloft, and do as the capten ordered you; obeyin' him might restore him, for he is beside himself."

"I won't; so spare yourself further talk."

"Then I order you."

"You order," said he, putting his fist in the officer's face. "A pretty fellow you, to order your owner. Now, I order you aft, to go and attend to your work."

"Friend Eells," said the second mate, "your father is a most uncommon particular lucky man."

He turned and looked at him hard for a space, dubious whether to condescend to answer or not ; but had no more idea what was in store for him than a child. At last said he, sulkily,— "How so ?"

"Why," said Bent, "he has got a vessel, the captain of which is mad, a mate that hasn't the moral courage of a lamb, and a lazy idle vagabond of a son, that's a disgrace to his name, place, and nation. I wish I was first mate here, by the roarin' Bulls of Bason, I'd make you obey my orders, I know, or I'd spend every rope's-end and every hand's-pike in the ship first ; and if that didn't do, I'd string you up to the yard-arm, or my name ain't Jim Bent, you good-for-nothin', worthless rascal."

"Mr Bent," said he, "say those words again if you dare, and I'll whip you within an inch of your life."

"Oh, yes!" replied the other, "of course you will, and great credit you'd get by it, a great big ongainly ugly brute like you, thrashin' a man of my size, that's taking his first voyage after the yellow fever. Why, I see you are a coward too ; but if you be, I beant, so I repeat the words, that you are a good-for-nothin', worthless rascal, those were the words, and I'll throw in coward, to make it weigh heavier. Now, come on, and lick an invalide man, and then go home and get a commission in the horse marines."

He appeared to take all this trouble to make him strike first, so as to keep within the law. A fight is a fight, Squire, all the world over, where fightin' is the fashion, and not stabbin'. It ain't very pretty to look at, and it ain't very pretty to describe, and it don't read very pretty. It's the animal passion of man roused to madness. There ain't much difference to my mind between a reproarious man, and a reproarious bull ; and neither on 'em create much interest. I wouldn't describe this bout, only a genuine Yankee fight is different from other folks's. Though they throw off their coats, they don't lay aside their jokes and jeers, but poke hard as well as hit hard.

While Eells was stripping for the combat, Bent bammed

him ; sais he, "I believe I won't take off my jacket, Enoch, it might save my hide, for I don't want to have that tanned till I'm dead."

The men all larfed at that, and it don't take much to make a crowd laugh ; but what would it have been among Englishmen ? • Why it would have been a serious affair ; and to show their love of justice, every fellow would have taken a side, and knocked his neighbour down to see fair play. But they have got this to larn, "*to bung up a man's eyes ain't the way to enlighten him.*"

While Bent was securing his belt, sais he, "Enoch, whatever you do, spare my face ; you would ruin me among the ladies if you hurt that."

They fairly cheered again at that remark.

"Depend on it," sais one of them, "Bent knows what he's about. See how cool he is. He's agoin' to quilt that fellow, and make pretty patchwork of him, see if he ain't."

When Bent saw him squarin' off, he put up his guards awkward like, straight up in front, "Come on, Jack-the-giant-killer," sais he, "but spare my dogertype. I beseech you have mercy on that."

With that Eells rushed forward, and let go a powerful blow, which the other had just time to catch and ward off ; but as Eells threw his whole weight to it, he almost went past Bent, when he tripped his heels as quick as wink, and down he went amazin' heavy, and nearly knocked the wind out of him.

"Well done, Bent," said the men. "Hurrah for Yellow Jack !"

When he got up he blowed a little.

"Are you ready," says Bent, "for I scorn to take an advantage, especially of a coward ; if so be that you're ready, come on."

Eells fought more cautiously, and exchanged a few passes with his antagonist, but we soon perceived he had about as much chance with him as a great big crow has with a little king-bird. Presently Bent gave him a smart short blow right atwixt his eyes, not enough to knock him down, but to blind and bewilder him for a minute, and then when he threw his arms wide, gave him a smart right and lefter, and had time to lay in a second round, beginning with the left hand, that did smashing work. It cut him awfully, while he fell heavily on his head upon a spar, that caused him to faint.

"Friends an' countrymen," said Bent to the crew, "if this man thrashes me to death, as he threatened, put a seal on my things and send them home to Cuttyhunk, that's good fellers."

Oh! how the men laughed at that. One of them that spoke up before, said, "I'm as glad as if somebody had given me fifty dollars to see that bully get his deserts."

It seemed as if Bent wanted to tantalize him, to take a little more out of him. "De little dear heart," says he, "is mother's own darlin' ittle boy hurt? Did that great big giant, Jim Bent, thrash mudder's on dear little beauty?" Creation! how the men cheered.

Eells sat up and looked round, while the other crowed like a cock, and pretended to flap his wings.

"Mate," said Bent, "the owner orders you to bring him a glass of water; and he says you may put a glass of rum in it, and harge it to our mess."

Eells jumped up short and quick at that; sais he, "I'll pay you for that, see if I don't."

To coax him on, the other observed, "I shall go down this time. I'm beat out, I am only a sick man. Do give me a drink."

While he was speaking, the mutineer rushed on him un-awares, and put in a blow that just grazed the back of his head. If he hadn't just then half turned by accident, I do believe it would have taken his head off; as it was, it kind of whirled him the other way in front of Eells, whose face was unguarded, and down he went in an instant.

To make a long story short, every time he raised up, Bent floored him. At last he gave in, hollered, and was carried forward, and a tarpaulin thrown over him. The other warn't hurt a bit, in fact the exercise seemed to do him good; and I never saw a man punished with so much pleasure in my life. *A brave man is sometimes a desperado. A bully is always a coward.*

"Mate," says I, as we returned aft, "how is the captain?"

"More composed, Sir, but still talking in short rhymes."

"Will he be fit to go the voyage?"

"No, Sir."

"Then he and Eells must be sent home."

"What the captain?"

"Yes, to be sure; what in natur' is the good of a mad captain?"

"Well, that's true," said he; "but would I be sued?"

"Pooph!" said I, "act and talk like a man."

"But Eells is the owner's son, how can I send him? I'll be sued to a dead sartainty."

"I'll settle that; give me pen and ink:—'We, the crew of the 'Black Hawk,' request that Mr Eells be sent home or discharged, as he may choose, for mutinous conduct; otherwise we refuse to proceed on the voyage.' Call the men aft here."

They all appeared and signed it.

"Now," said I, "that's settled."

"But won't we all be sued?" said he.

"To be sure you will all be sued," said I, "and *parsued* to the ends of the airth, by a constable with a summons from a magistrate, for one cent damage and six cents costs. Dream of that constable, his name is Fear, he'll be at your heels till you die. Do you see them fore-and-afters under M'Nutt's Island?"

"Yes."

"Well, they are Yankee fishermen, some loaded and some empty, some goin' to Prince Edward's Island, and some returnin' home. Run alongside the outer ones, and then I'll arrange for the passage of these people."

"But how," said he, "shall I make the voyage, without a captin and one hand less?"

"A mad captain and a mutinous sailor," said I, "are only in the way. I'll ship a skipper here, off the island, for you, who is a first-rate pilot, and I'll hire a hand also. You must be the responsible captain, he will be the actual one, under the rose. He is a capital fellow, worth ten of the poor old rhymer. I only hope he is at home. I tell you I know every man, woman, and child here."

"But suppose any accident happened, Mr Slick," said he, "mightn't I be sued, cast in damages, and ruined?"

"You are afeard of law?" said I, "ain't you?"

"Well, I be, that's a fact."

"Well, I'll tell you how to escape it."

"Thank you," said he, "I shall be everlastingly obliged to you. What must I do?"

"Turn pirate."

"And be hanged," said he, turning as white as a sheet.

"No," said I, "no cruiser will ever be sent after *you*. Turn pirate on this coast, rob and plunder all the gulls, dip-

pers, lapwings, and divers nests on the islands and highlands ; shoot the crew if they bother you, make them walk the plank, and bag all the eggs, and then sail boldly into Halifax under a black flag at the top, and bloody one at the peak ; wear a uniform, and a cocked hat, buckle on a sword, and call yourself Captain Kidd. I'm done with you, put me on shore, or send me on board of one of our vessels, and fish for yourselves. I wish I had never seen the 'Black Hawk,' the captain, Enoch Eells, or yourself. You're a disgrace to our great nation."

"Oh, Mr Slick!" said he, "for goodness gracious sake don't leave me in a strange port, with a crazy captain, a mutinous sailor—"

"And an everlastin' coward of a mate," sais I.

"Oh! don't desart me," said he, a-wringin' of his hands ; "don't, it's a heavy responsibility, I ain't used to it, and I might be—"

"Sued," said I. "That's right, bite in that word *sued*. Never dare mention it afore me, or I'll put you ashore with them other chaps. I'll stand by you," says I, "for our great country's sake, if you will do exactly as I tell you. Will you promise?"

"Yes," sais he, "I will, and never talk about being sued. Never," said he.

"Well, then, I'll stand by you ; and if you are sued, I'll pay all damage."

"Oh! Mr Slick," sais he, "you must excuse me. I am a good seaman, and can obey orders. I never commanded, but I can do the work of a mate."

"No, you can't," sais I. "Why didn't you take a hand's-pike, and knock that mutinous rascal over?"

"And be—" said he.

"Sued," sais I. "Yes, sued ; and suppose you had been, wouldn't all the mariners of the Sound a stood by you, and called you a trump? I wish to goodness Bent had a licked you instead of Enoch. It would have done *you* good—it will make *him* desperate. Go home and farm ; and when a bull roars, jump over a fence, and get citated and sued for trespassin' on your neighbour's farm. Phew! I hate a coward."

"I ain't a coward ; I'm foolish, that's all—a little nervous about responsibilities I ain't used to ; but whatever you say, I'll do."

"I'll take you at your word," said I. "Range up alongside of that outer craft, and send me aboard."

Well, I hailed the vessel, and found she was the 'Bald Eagle,' Captain Love, of Nantucket. "Captain Love!" said I to myself: "just such a fellow, I suppose, as this mate; a sort of milksop, that goes to sea in fine weather; and when he is to home, is a sort of amphibious beau at all the husken, quilten, and thanksgivin' parties. It's half-past twelve o'clock with our fishermen when a skipper's name is Love." Sweet love!—home, sweet home! I consaited I did not feel quite so well as when I left Slickville.

"Captain on board?" said I.

"I guess he is," said one of the hands.

"Then let down the ladder," said I; "please."

"Won't a rope do as well?" said he.

"It would do on a pinch," said I: "I do suppose I could come up hand over hand by it, and lick you with the eend of it too, if I liked; but being a landsman, I don't calculate to climb when there are a pair of stairs; and, to my mind, it wouldn't lower our great nation if its citizens were a little grain more civil. If you don't let it down, as Colonel Crocket said, 'You may go to the devil, and I'll go to Texas.'"

"Well," said he, "a pleasant voyage to you. They tell me it's a fine country that."

"Push off, my men," said I; and while they were backing water, "Give my compliments to the captain," I said; "and tell him Mr Slick called to see him, and pay his respects to him; but was drove off with impudence and insult."

Just then a man rushed down from the quarter-deck, and called out, "What in the world is all this? Who did that person say he was?"

"Mr Slick," said the spokesman.

"And how dare you, Sir, talk to a gentleman in that way? This way, Mr Slick," for it was getting dark; "this way, please. Very glad to see you, Sir. Down with the ship's ladder there, and fasten the man-ropes; and here, one of you go down the first two steps, and hold the ropes steady, and back up before him. Welcome, Sir," said he, "on board the 'Bald Eagle.' The captain is below, and will be delighted to see you: I'm his first mate. But you must stay here to-night, Sir." Then, taking me a little on one side, he said,— "I presume you don't know our skipper? Excuse me for

hinting you will have to humour him a little at first, for he is a regular character—rough as a Polar bear ; but his heart is in the right place. Did you never hear of ‘ Old Blowhard?’ ”

CHAPTER V.

OLD BLOWHARD.

“ THIS way, Mr Slick, please,” said the mate. “ Before we go below, I want to prepare you for seein’ our captain. It is not easy to find his counterpart. He is singularly eccentric, and stands out in bold relief from the rest of his race. He may be said to be *sui generis*.”

“ Hullo ! ” said I to myself, “ where the plague did you pick up that expression ? It strikes me his mate is *sui generis* too.”

“ The only thing that I know to compare him to,” he continued, “ is a large cocoa-nut. First, he is covered with a rough husk that a hatchet would hardly cut thro’, and then inside of that is a hard shell, that would require a saw amost to penetrate, but arter that the core is soft and sweet, and it’s filled with the very milk of human kindness. You must understand this, and make allowances for it, or you won’t get on well together at all ; and when you do come to know him, you will like him. He has been to me more than a friend. If he had been my own father, he couldn’t have been kinder to me. The name he goes by among the fishermen is ‘ Old Blowhard ! ’ he is a stern but just man, is the Commodore of the fleet, and applied to in all cases of difficulty. Now follow me, but when you descend half way, remain there till I announce you, that you may hear his strange way of talking.”

“ Captin,” said he, as he opened the door of the little after-cabin, “ there is a stranger here wishes to see you.”

“ What the devil have I got to do with a stranger ? ” he replied, in a voice as loud as if he was speakin’ in a gale of wind. “ He don’t want to see me at all, and if he has got anythin’ to say, just hear what it is, Matey, and then send him about his business. No, he don’t want me ; but I’ll tell

you what the lazy spongin' vagabond wants, he is fishin' for a supper to eat; for these great hungry, gaunt, gander-bellied Blue-noses take as much bait as a shark. Tell the cook to boil him a five-pound piece of pork and a peck of potatoes and then to stand over him with the rollin'-pin and make him eat up every mite and morsel of it clean, for we ain't used to other folk's leavins here. Some fun in that, Matey, ain't there?" And he laughed heartily at his own joke. "Matey," said he, "I have almost finished my invention for this patent jigger; start that critter forrard, and then come and look at it, Sonney."

The mate then returned to me, and extendin' to me his hand, with which he gave me a friendly squeeze, we descended to the door. Captain Love was sittin' at a table with a lamp before him, and was wholly absorbed in contemplatin' of an instrument he was at work at, that resembled a gass-burner with four long arms, each of which was covered on the outside with fish-hooks. From the manner in which he worked it by a cord up and down, it appeared to be so contrived as to be let easily into the water, like a single bolt of iron, so as not to disturb the mackerel, and then by pullin' the line to stretch out the arms, and in that manner be drawn up thro' the shoal of fish. It was this he had just called his "patent jigger."

He was a tall, wiry, sun-burnt, weather-beaten man. His hair was long and straight, and as black as an Indian's, and fell wildly over his back and shoulders. In short, he might easily have been mistaken for a savage. His face exhibited a singular compound of violent passion and good-nature. He was rigged in an old green pea-jacket, made of a sort of serge (that is now so commonly worn as to be almost a fisherman's uniform), a pair of yellow waterproof cotton duck-trowsers, surmounted by a pair of boots, made of leather such as patent-trunks are composed of, being apparently an inch thick, and of great weight as well as size. Beside him there lay on the table an old black, low-crowned, broad-brimmed, shapeless norwester hat. He wore spectacles, and was examinin' very closely the mechanism of the extended prongs of the "jigger." He was mumblin' to himself, a sort of thinkin' aloud.

"The jints work nicely," said he; "but I can't make them catch and hold on to the shoulder. I can't work that pesky snap."

"I'll show you how to fix it," sais I.

He turned his head round to where the voice came from, and looked at me nearly speechless with surprise and rage; at least he jumped up, and almost putting his fist in my face, roared out,—

"Who the devil are you? Where do you come from? And what do you want, that you dare poke your ugly nose in here unasked arter this fashion?" And before I could answer he went on,— "Why don't you speak, you holler-cheeked, lantern-jawed villain? You have slack enough to home, I know, for you and your countrymen do nothin' but jaw and smoke all winter. What do you want?" said he. "Out with it, and be quick, or I'll make you mount that ladder a plaguey sight faster than you come down it, I know!"

"Well," sais I, "as far as I know, sittin' is about as cheap as standin', 'specially when you don't pay for it, so by your leave I'll take a seat."

"Do you hear that, Matey?" said he; "don't that take the rag off the bush? Hain't these Blue-noses got good broughtens up, eh? Confound his impedence!" and he rung the bell. "Come here, you curly-headed, onsarcumsised little imp of midnight!" said he, addressin' of a black boy. "Bring that little piece of rope-yarn here!"

The boy trembled; he saw his master was furious, and he didn't know whether the storm was to burst on his head or mine. He returned in a minute with one of the most formidable instruments of punishment I ever beheld; and keeping the table between himself and his master, pushed it towards him, and disappeared in an instant. It was made of rope, and had a handle worked in one eend of it, like the ring of a door-key. This appeared to be designed for the insertion of the wrist; below this the rope was single for about four or five inches, or the depth of a hand, which had the effect of rendering it both pliable and manageable, from which point it had another piece woulded on to it.

"Now, Sir," said he, "out with it; what do you want?"

"Nothin'," said I, quite cool.

"Oh no, of course not; you couldn't eat a bit of supper, could you, if you got it for nothin'? for you look as lank, holler, and slinkey as a salmon, jist from the lakes after spawnin' time, a goin' to take a cruise in salt water."

"Well," sais I, "since you are so pressin', I don't care if I do."

“Will a five-pound piece of pork and a peck of potatoes do you?” said he, a rubbin’ of his hands as if the idea pleased him.

“No it won’t,” sais I, “do at all.”

“Didn’t I tell you so, Matey,” said he; “these long-legged, long-necked, hungry cranes, along the coast here are jist like the Indgians, they can take enough at one meal to last ’em for a week. He turns up his nose at a piece of pork, and wants to go the whole hog, hay? How much will do,” said he, “just to stay your appetite till next time?”

“A biscuit and a glass of water,” sais I.

“A biscuit and a glass of water,” said he, lookin’ at me with utter amazement; “how modest we are, ain’t we? Butter wouldn’t melt in our mouth, if we had got any to put there, would it? A glass of water! Oh! to be sure, you’re so cussed proud, lazy, and poor, you can’t buy rum, so you jine temperance society, make a merit of necessity, and gulp down the fish spawn, till you have spoilt the fisheries. Come to lectur’ on it, I suppose, and then pass the hat round and take up a collection. Is there anything else you want?”

“Yes,” said I, “there is; but I might as well go to a goat’s house to look for wool as to search for it here, and that’s civil usage.”

“Oh, that’s the ticket, is it?” said he. “You first of all force yourself into my cabin, won’t take No for an answer, and then complain of uncivility. Well, mister, if I received you cold, you’ll find this place too hot to hold you long, I know. I’ll warm your jacket for you before I start you out, that’s a fact;” and seizin’ hold of the little bit of rope-yarn—as he called the punisher—he fitted it on the wrist of his right hand, and stood up in front of me, with the look of a tiger. “No more time for parley now,” said he. “Who the devil are you, and what brought you here? Out with it, or out of this like wink.”

“I am Sam Slick,” sais I.

“Sam Slick! Sam Slick!” said he, a pronouncin’ of the words slowly arter me.

“Yes,” sais I; “at least, what’s left of me.”

“Matey, Matey,” said he, “only think of this! How near I was a quiltn’ of him too! Sam Slick! Well, who in the world would have expected to see you a visitin’ a mackerel schooner away down in these regions arter dark this way? Well, I am right glad to see you. Give me your fin, old boy.

We got something better than fish spawn on board here," he said, with a laugh, between a grunt and a chuckle, that sounded like a gurglin' in the throat. "We must drink to our better acquaintance;" and he produced a bottle of old Jamaiky rum, and called for tumblers, and some sugar and water. "You must excuse our plain fare here, Mr Slick," said he: "we are a rough people, work hard, fare coarsely, and sleep soundly. Tell you what though, Matey, and, by Jove! I had een amost forgot all about 'em," and he snapped his fingers in great glee; "we have got a lot of special fine eysters on board, raked up only three days ago on Prince Edward Island flats. Pass the word for old Satan." When the black cook, who answered to this agreeable name, made his appearance at the door, the captin said, "Satan, do you see that gentleman?"

"Yes, Massa."

"Well, he is goin' to sup with us this evenin'. Now, off with you like iled lightnin', and pass on the eysters as quick as wink, both hot and cold."

"Yes, Massa," said the black, with a grin that showed a row of beautiful white teeth, that a London dandy or a Cuba shark might envy; and then I heerd him say, in a low voice, "Ky! what de meanin' ob all dis? When de sun shines so bright, in a ginerall way, it's a wedder breeder. We is to ab a storm soon, as sure as de world."

"Come, no grumblin' there," said the captin. "Do as I order you, or I'll—"

"I warn't a grumblin', Massa," said he; "I despise such oudagious conduct; I was only sayin' how lubly de oleriferous smell of dat are rum was. It's too beautiful to drink; it ought to be kept for smellin', dat are a nateral fact."

"There, take a glass, and be off with you," said the mate. "Come, bear a hand now."

"Tankee, Massa. Oh, golly! dat are sublime bebbidge!" and he retired with affected haste.

"Dear me! Sam Slick!" said Blowhard; "eh! well, if that don't beat all! And yet somehow you hadn't ought to have taken such a rise as that out of an old man like me; and it ain't safe either to tantalize and play with an old bear that hante got his claws cut. I might a walked into you afore you knowed it; and if I had once a begun at you, I shouldn't a heard a word you said, till I had dressed you off rail complete. I dare say you will make a capital story out

of it, about *Old Blowhard*; but I think I may say I'm the best-natur'd man in the world, when I ain't ryled; but when I am put up, I suppose I have temper as well as other folks. Come, here are the eysters."

Arter a while, Blowhard paused from eatin', and said he, "Mr Slick, there is one question I want to ask you; I always thought, if I should fall in with you, I would inquire, jist for curiosity. I have read all your stories; and where in the world you picked them all up, I don't know; but that one about 'Polly Coffin's sand-hole' (bein' an old pilot myself on this everlastin' American coast), tickled my fancy, till I almost cryed a larfin'. Now, hadn't you old 'Uncle Kelly' in your eye at that time? Warn't it meant for him?"

"Well, it was," sais I; "that's a nateral fact."

"Didn't I always tell you so, Matey?" said he. "I knowed it. It stood to reason, Old Uncle Kelly and Old Blowhard are the only skippers of our nation that could tell where they were, arter that fashion, without a gettin' out of bed, jist lookin' at the lead that way. It's a great gift. Some men excel in one line, and some in another. Now, here is Matey—I don't think he is equal to me as a pilot; he ain't old enough for that. Nothin' but experience, usin' the lead freely, soundin' a harbour, when you are kept in it by a head-wind or a calm, dottin' down on the map the shoals, and keepin' them well in mind, will make you way wise. He can't do that like me, and I don't know as he has a genius that way; nor is he equal to me as a fisherman. The fact is, I won't turn my back on any man—Southerner, Yankee, or Provincial—from the Cape of Varginy to Labradore, as a fisherman; and though I say it who shouldn't say it, there ain't a critter among them all (and it is generally allowed on all sides as a fact) that can catch, clean, split, and salt as many mackerel or cod in a day as I can. That too is a sort of nateral gift; but it takes a life amost to ripen it, and bring it to perfection. But as a seaman, I'll back Matey agin any officer in our navy, or any captin of a marchantman that hists the goose and gridiron as a flag. It would do you good to see him handle a vessel in a gale, blowin' half hurricane half tornado, on a lee-shore."

"Well, never mind that now," said the mate, for he appeared uncomfortable at listenin' to the soft sawder; "it's nothin' but your kindness to think so—nothin' else."

The captain proceeded:—

"Where was you last Sunday?"

"A comin' down the Sound," sais I.

"With a clear sky, and a smart southerly breeze?"

"Exactly," sais I; "and it fell short off the harbour here."

"Just so, I knowed it; there ain't two gales ever at the same time so close in opposite directions; one kinder takes the wind out of the other's sails. Well, Sunday last we was a comin' round Scatterry Island, east side of Cape Briton, when we were cotched. Creation, how it blew! 'Captin!' sais Matey, and we shook hands, 'Captin,' sais he, 'I'm most afeard we can't come it; one half hour at most, and we shall be all right, or in dead man's land; but there is no time for talk now. God bless you! and I thank you with all my heart for all your kindness to me.' The critter was thinkin' of his mother, I suppose, when he talked that nonsense about kindness.

"Now take charge, and station me where you like."

"No," sais I, 'your voice is clearer than mine; your head is cool, and you talk less, so stay where you be.'

"I'll con her then," sais he, 'and you must steer. Another hand now to the helm with the captin'. That's right,' sais he; 'stick her well up; gain all you can, and keep what you get. That's it. Will the masts hold?'

"I guess they will," sais I.

"Then we must trust to 'em; if they go we go with 'em. Keep her nearer yet. Well done, old Eagle,' said he; 'you ain't afeard of it, I see. She is goin' to do it if she holds together, captin'. Tight squeeze tho', there ain't an inch to spare; ain't she a doll? don't she behave well? Nearer yet or we are gone—steady.'

"Oh! what a bump she gave! it jist made all stagger agin.

"There goes twenty feet of her false keel,' sais I, a jumpin' up, and a snappin' of my fingers; that's all Scatterry wrackers will make out of the 'Bald Eagle' this trip, and they want that to keep them warm next winter. We have cleared the outer ledge; we are all safe now; another hand to the wheel here in my place. And, Matey,' sais I, 'let's shorten sail—alter our course—and get under the lee on the other side.'

"It was an awful storm that, I tell you; and it would have been a cryin' sin to lose such a seaman as that in a

common fore-and-after. No, this is our last trip—the South Sea for me—the mackerel is only fit for boys to catch—the whale is the sport for a man, ain't it, Matey? I am goin' to buy a whaler when I return home; he shall be my captin, and command the ship. I'll take charge of the boats, and the harpoon will suit me better than a patent jigger.

"Yes," said he, "all the damage we suffered was the loss of about twenty feet of false keel. We ought to be thankful to Providence for that marcifil escape, and I hope we are. And so ought you to be also, Mr Slick, for you come plaguey near having yourn stripped off too just now, I tell you. But stay on board to-night. Satan, make a bed up for Mr Slick."

"There's just one plate more, Massa Sam," said Satan, whose countenance suddenly lit up on hearing my name. "Do try and eat: I is sure you isn't well, Massa Sam."

"Massa Sam!" said the captain, in a voice that might be heard on the island, "who the devil do you call Massa Sam? Matey, that is your fault; it don't do to talk too free niggers; it makes them sarcy. Clear away these things, and clap a stopper on your tongue."

"Yes, Massa," said the negro, who edged round, and got the table between himself and his master, and then muttered,—"I taught dere would be a storm soon; I said intestinally to myself, dis was a wedder breeder." Thinkin' himself safe, he said again,— "Massa Sam, how did you leave Miss Sally? Many a time dis here nigga hab carried her to school in his arms when she was a little pickaninie. Oh! she was de most lubly little lady dat the sun eber behold, often as he had travelled round de circumference ob de world."

"Why who the plague are you?" sais I, "Satan, Satan? I never heard that name afore. Who are you?"

"Juno's son, Sir! You mind, massa, she was always fond of fine names, and called me *Oilyander*."

"Why, Oleander," says I, "my boy, is that you?" and I held out my hand to him, and shook it heartily. I heard Old Blowhard inwardly groan at this violation of all decency; but he said nothin' till the man withdrew.

"Mr Slick," sais he, "I am astonished at you shakin' hands with that critter, that is as black as the devil's hind foot. If he was a slave you might make free with him, but you can't with these northern free niggers; it turns their head, and makes them as forred and as sarcy as old Scratch himself. They are an idle, lazy, good-for-nothin' race, and I

wish in my soul they were all shipped off out of the country to England, to ladies of quality and high degree there, that make such an everlastin' touss about them, that they might see and know the critters they talk such nonsense about. The devil was painted black long before the slave-trade was ever thought of. All the abolition women in New, and all the sympathisin' ladies in Old, England put together, can't make an Ethiopean change his skin. A nigger is—a nigger, that's a fact."

"Captin'," said I, "*rank folly is a weed that is often found in the tall rank grass of fashion*; but it's too late to-night to talk about emancipation, slavery, and all that. It would take a smart man to go over that ground from daylight to dark, I know."

"And now, Mr Slick," said he, "you must excuse me; I'm agoin' to turn-in. Here are pipes and cigars, and old Jamaiky, and if you like to sit up, there is a lad (pointing to the mate) that will just suit. You have seen a great deal, and he has read a great deal, and you are jist the boys to hitch your hosses together, I know. Here is to your good health, Mr Slick, and our better acquaintance," said he, as he replenished and emptied the glass; "and now amuse yourselves. Good night."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

As soon as the captin' went into his little state-room, the mate and I lighted our cigars, drew up together near the table, so as not to disturb him, and then had a regular dish of chat to disgest the eysters.

"I owe everything, Mr Slick," said he, "to Blowhard. If it hadn't been for him, I don't know what on earth would have become of my poor mother, and her little helpless family."

"Well," said I, "friend, you have the advantage of me."

"How so?" said he.

"Why," said I, "you have got my name, and you know

who I be, now I have been waitin' to hear yourn drop from the captin', so as to pick it up, and get on without asking questions, for I don't like them when they can be avoided; pray what might it be?"

"Timothy Cutler," said he. "Our folks was originally Puritans of the old school. Well, I dare say you have heard of Timothy Cutler, President of Yale College?"

"The man they turned out," sais I, "because he became an Episcopalian?"

"The same," said he. "Well, he was my great grandfather. Arter he quit the college, he sarved an English Church society as a missionary, and so did his son after him, till the close of the revolution; and my father was a church clergyman, too, to a place called Barnstable. There has always been a Timothy Cutler in the family. Well, father was a zealous, pious man, and mother was an excellent manager; and although they were poor—for his flock was small, most o'the inhabitants being Congregationalists there—still they made out to make two ends meet, and to keep us all decent and tidy. Still it required all possible economy to do it. Father took great pains with me, every leisure hour he had, for he couldn't afford to send us to school, and was preparing me for college; and, for a boy of fourteen, I was perhaps as good a scholar as there was in Connecticut. It was arranged I was to open a school next year, under his care and sanction, to airm money for the college course. Poor, dear mother had it all planned out; she had a beautiful vision of her own in her mind, and believed in it as strong as her Bible. I was to go thro' Cambridge with honours, become a great lawyer, go to Congress, be Secretary of State, and end by being elected President of the nation; that was a fixed fact with her.

"Women, Mr Slick, especially all those whose mothers live to see them thro' their childhood, are religiously inclined. They have great faith, as they ought to have, in the goodness and bounty of God, and not knowing much of life, have perhaps more reliance than is just altogether safe on the world, and what it is able or willing to do for them. But this entire hopefulness however, this strong conviction that all will be right in the end, this disposition to look on the sunny side of life, supports them in all their trials, carries them thro' all their troubles, and imparts strength equal to the weight of the burden. If it wasn't for this, many would faint in the

struggle, and, way-worn and weary, sink under the despondin' influence of the sad heart-rending realities of life. It was this made mother happy in her poverty, and cheerful in her labours and privations. But man proposes and God disposes."

"Hullo!" sais I to myself, as I squared round to take a better look at him, "here's another instance of what I have often obsarved in life, there are stranger things in reality than can be found in romances. Who on airth would have expected to have seen a man like this, a mate of a fore-and-aft mackerel hooker, and a companion of Old Blowhard." He was about two or three and twenty, and one of the handsomest young men I ever saw, modest, but resolute-looking, strong, active, well-built, and what might be called the model of a young seaman.

"My father," he continued, "caught a violent cold, inflammation set in, and he died suddenly. What an awful dispensation of Providence was this! But in giving you my name, Sir, I have no right to inflict my history on you. Excuse me, Mr Slick, but these feelins have been pent up so long, that they found vent in your presence, unawares to myself."

"By no means, Mr Cutler," sais I, "go on, it interests me greatly. You have nothin' to tell me you need be ashamed of, I know."

"I trust not," he said; "but my object was rather to talk of Captain Love than myself, and to show you how we first became acquainted, and what he has done for me. We were paupers, literally paupers. The house we lived in belonged to the congregation. Our furniture was of the simplest and plainest kind. A small library, two cows, a few sheep, and a pig or two, constituted all our worldly effects. My poor mother had not only lost her husband and friend, protector and supporter, but all her bright visions of promotion and prosperity vanished into thin air. I pass over the scene of distress, desolation, and sorrow, in that house. I can't think of it even now without a shudder. My mother's grief was so great, I thought she would have speedily followed her husband. The neighbours were all very kind. One day the old churchwarden, who had always been attached to my father, dropt in and tried to console her; but the more he said, the faster her tears flowed.

"At last he remarked,—'Madam, do you recollect the

words of our late dear pastor? *'He who taketh away a parent is able and willing to send friends.'* Now I have wrote to an old acquaintance of mine, Captain Love, who sails in two or three days, and he will take Timothy to sea with him.'

"'As what?' said mother, lifting up her head and wiping her eyes. 'As what? To bring him up as what?'

"'As kind as if he was a child of his own.'

"'Do you mean as a 'prentice boy?'

"'No, Marm; if the boy, after a trip or two, don't like it, he will return.'

"'And where is the vessel goin' ?'

"'To the mackerel fishery,' said he.

"Oh! what an expression came over her face of unutterable anguish. 'What! to catch and salt fish? Has it come to this? Oh, my son! my son! it must not be!'

"'But it must be,' said he kindly, but firmly. 'He must do his duty in that line of life in which it shall please Providence to place him.'

"'A cabin-boy on board a mackerel-schooner,' and she covered her face, and sobbed aloud.

"'Tim,' said he, addressing me, 'you must be ready to start in the morning, so get your things packed up ready, and I will drive you to the Cape myself in my gig. You are to go on shares, and your share will support the family at home amost, if they use their old economy.'

"The necessary exertion to equip me, amid tears, lamentations, and apprehensions of sea and shipwreck, did her good. I pass over the parting scene. The old warden drove me to the Cape and put up his horse at an inn; and then, taking me with him to the wharf, pointed out to me the vessel, and showed me the person I was to address as captain, and then said he had some business to attend to. So taking my bundle in my hand, and getting out the letter of introduction he had furnished me with, I proceeded on board, and went to the after-part of the deck, where the skipper was. He was raving like a madman, something had gone wrong on board, and he was stamping with rage, and swearing awfully. I think I may safely say, that was almost the first, last, and only time in my life I was terrified. I trembled all over. Nursed, trained, and educated in a clergyman's house, where passion was never seen, nor oath heard, you may well imagine my horror. Presently his eye caught me, and he gave me the same salutation nearly he did you.

“ ‘Hullo! where the devil did you come from, little Broadcloth? and what do you want here?’ ”

“ ‘Look at this,’ said I, ‘please,’ handing him the note.

“ ‘What, another bill! I thought they were all in and paid. This is from that old cantin’ scoundrel, ‘Praise-the-Lord,’ the cheatin’, swindlin’ old rascal. He’ll never give over his tricks, till I use up his yard-stick over him. Oh!’ said he, ‘so you are young Cutler, are you?’ and all his manner and tone of voice became altered in a minute. ‘A very nice smart little boy; and Old Hundredth, as I call the worthy warden, tells me you are a very good boy, and that’s better, for pretty is as pretty does. Is that all your traps that you have in that bundle?’ ”

“ ‘They ain’t traps, Sir,’ said I, ‘they are clothes. The mink-traps and otter-traps I left at home, with brother Jim.’ ”

“ Well, he fairly roared out at that; he put his hands on his sides, and laughed again and again. It made me colour up all over, for I didn’t know what I had said out of the way.

“ ‘Well,’ said he, a patting me on the shoulder kindly, ‘we calls clothes and other fixins ‘traps’ here, and sometimes ‘duds,’ for shortness. I don’t know,’ said he, half to himself, ‘whether it ain’t better jist so. Cuteness comes fast enough, and when cuteness comes, then comes cunning, and cunning brings deceit, and that leads to suspicion and selfishness, and hardens the heart, and when the heart is hardened, we are only fit to be cut up for bait. Mink and otter’s traps. Well, that’s good. Now son Timothy,’ said he, ‘come below, and I’ll show you the old bear’s den, and then the young cub’s den.’ ”

“ ‘I should like to see a bear,’ said I, ‘for I never saw one in my life; father used to say there hadn’t been one near Barnstable within the memory of man. Are they very savage?’ ”

“ ‘The old one is,’ he replied, laughing, ‘as savage as the devil; he is growlin’ and snarlin’, and showin’ his teeth all the time; the young one’s claws haint growed yet. This way, my lad, follow me,’ and he led me down to this very cabin. ‘Here’s where we grub,’ said he.

“ ‘Grub what, Sir?’ said I, a-lookin’ round puzzled, for I saw no weeds and no tools.

“ ‘Hard biscuit, hard junk, and hard salt-pork, that’s grub, my boy; and the great secret of life is to learn to earn one’s grub. Now here is where the old bear sleeps,’ opening

the door of that little state-room, 'and that's me; and there's where the young cub sleeps,' pointing to another, 'and that's you. Now go in there and stow away your traps, while I give some orders on business.'

"He then rang the bell, and 'Old Satan,' as he called him, came.

" 'Come here,' said he, trying to moderate his voice, but only making it more clear and more audible, so that I could not help hearing what he had to say. 'Did you see that boy?' said he. 'Well, do you understand that's *my* son? There's no occasion to tell him or any one else that. He is under your charge; look after him, and see he don't get into scrapes, and that no one imposes on him. If anything goes wrong, report it to me. Send the mate. Mr Pike, when shall we be ready for sea?'

" 'First wind, Sir, after twelve to-morrow.'

" 'That's right, carry on with all your force, for we are a-going to have a fine run of it, by all appearance.'

" 'I rather guess so, too,' said he.

"After a little while he called me, 'Timothy,' said he, 'come here.'

" 'Yes, Sir.'

" 'Get your hat and go ashore with me to 'Old Praise-the-Lord.'"

"He set my teeth a-jar by that expression; it was irreverent. I had never heard such language, and such is the advantage and force of early training, that to this day those expressions, though my ear is hardened, and my delicacy blunted much, are, thank God, still offensive to me. He took me to a shop filled with fish, cheese, honey, candles, soap, tobacco, slop-cloathing, liquors of all kinds, and everything that is requisite to fit out sailors or vessels. It smelt very offensively, and looked dirty; the air was so foul that it was manifest all the ventilation the apartment had ever received was by the door, when open.

"As we entered, a small, thin man emerged from behind enormous coils of tarred rope, piled one on top of the other. It was Elder Jedediah Figg. He was dressed in a rusty suit of black, and wore a dirty white neckcloth tied behind, while his oily hair was brushed down straight on his head and neck; he had a very sly, but prim, sanctimonious appearance.

" 'Well, brother Jed,' said the skipper, 'how are you, and hou's times with you?'

“ ‘Not well, not well, Capting, I am troubled with the rheumatis dreadful lately, and the times is poor, very poor—praise the Lord.’

“ ‘Well, you have reason to praise him, you old, yaller sadducee,’ said he, ‘for *when grasshoppers are so plenty as to make the pastures poor, gobblers grow fat. Hard times is what you thrive in; when the ponds dry up, the pokes get the polly-wogs*’. Here, fit out this boy with a complete suit of oiled cotton waterproof, a pair of thick boots, and a nor-wester; besides these, he’ll want a pea-jacket, four flannel shirts, and four check ones. Put these into a small sea-chest, and stow away in it a mate’s blank-book, a slate, and some paper and quills. Send it aboard to-night by six o’clock.’

“ ‘Who is a-goin’ to pay for ’em?’

“ ‘I am,’ said the captain.

“ ‘Praise the Lord,’ said Jedediah.

“ ‘Don’t forge ahead that way, old boy, or you may get aground afore you know where you be. I’ll advance the money for his mother, and she is as poor as a hen partridge that’s a hatchin’ eggs.’

“ ‘Praise the Lord,’ said Jehediah.

“ ‘Now let me see the bill is all done at lowest possible cash price, or I’ll keep the goods and let you fish for the pay.’

“ ‘I’ll put them below first cost,’ said he; ‘I’ll lose by them all I can afford. Praise the Lord.’

“ ‘What an everlasting lie,’ said the skipper, ‘what a hypocrite you be, Jed,’ returning to the counter, ‘if ever you dare to talk to me that way agin, I’ll flay you alive. I shouldn’t mind your ripping out an oath or two now and then, for thunder will burst, and it clears the air—tho’ swearin’ is as well let alone, when you can help it—but cantin’, whynin’, textin’, and psalmin’ when a man means trickery—oh, it’s the devil!’

“ ‘I didn’t sleep much that night; I was home-sick and heart-sick. Two things troubled me greatly, upon which I wanted explanation. The first was, he claimed to be my father. Why was the secret kept from me? Secondly, he bought all this outfit at my mother’s expense, and spoke very disrespectfully of her, sayin’ she was as poor as an old hen partridge. What mystery is this? I resolved when I saw the warden to open my heart to him. So as soon as I got up I asked leave to go and see him.

“ ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘go and welcome, but be back by ten

o'clock, for we shall sail at one, and you must learn how a vessel is got under way. Have you any money in your pocket ?'

" ' No, Sir.'

" ' Do you want any ?'

" ' No, Sir ; I never had any, and have no use for it.'

" ' That's right, be prudent, and never be under an obligation to anybody ; and above all things, always speak the truth, your word must be your bond through life. Well,' sais he, ' we always advance to the hands for outfit if they want it. Here are two dollars, on account of your share of the airnings, and if you don't want nothin', buy some little things that your mother likes, and let Old Hundredth take them to her. Always remember her after every cruise ; you must support that family at present. Now, make tracks.'

" Well, his words sunk deep into my heart, especially what he said about truth. ' Then this man is my father,' said I ; and I went sorrowing on my way.

" The warden was alone at breakfast when I entered.

" Mr Chase,' said I, ' who is Captain Love, is he any relation of mine ?'

" ' Not that I know,' said he, ' I never heard of it. But why do you ask ?'

" Well, I repeated to him all the conversation I had heard between him and the cook, and told him how distressed I was at it.

" ' Oh,' said he, ' that was an expression of kindness, that's all ; you know it is figurative language.'

" I then told him the story of the outfit, and the way he spoke of my mother.

" ' He has no discretion in his talk sometimes,' said the warden, ' but he was joking only. Figg understood that, it's a present to you, only he didn't want to be bothered with thanks. Behave well, Timothy. That man is able and willing to serve you, he has taken a fancy to you. I think your father rendered him, many years ago, an important service, without inconveniencing himself. He referred to something of the kind in his letter to me, when I applied to him to take you, but I don't know what it was.'

" ' Well, here's the two dollars, Sir,' said I, ' will you give them to my mother, with my love ?'

" ' No,' said he, ' anybody can send money ; but you must not only do that, but take trouble beside, it's very

grateful, such little attentions. Buy something for her—tea, coffee, and sugar, how would that do?’

“ ‘There ain’t a spoonful in the house.’

“ ‘Then we’ll get them ; give me the money, and I’ll go to an old parishioner of your father’s that will be glad to make the two dollars do four dollars’ work. Now good bye, my boy, take care of your conduct, and depend upon it Providence will take care of you.’

“The second day after we sailed. As we sat to dinner, ‘Tim,’ sais he, ‘do you know what a log is, and how many kinds there be

“ ‘Two, Sir,’ sais I ; ‘there’s the back log and the back stick.’

“ ‘Creation !’ said he, ‘I wonder if ever I was so soft as that, I don’t believe it as far as I can remember ; sartainly not since I was knee high, at any rate. A log is a ship’s journal, my son, the mate keeps it, and you must copy it, there is a book in your chest for the purpose, it will show you that part of his duty. Now, do you know what throwing a log is ?’

“ ‘I suppose it means, when you have no further use of it, throwing it overboard.’

“ ‘Well, you were not so far out that time. It is a small piece of *wood** attached to a line, which is thrown overboard, when the vessel is going, and this line has knots, each of which denotes a mile, and that is throwin’ the log, and settin’ down these distances is called keepin’ the log. Now,’ sais he, ‘make yourself master of the names of the ropes, and spars, and riggin’, and all sea tarms ; but never ask a man that’s busy, and never talk to the man at the helm.’

“I mention these little things, not that there is any intrinsic interest in them, but to show you how minute his kindness has been. We were five weeks gone. On my return, he sent me to see my mother, and sent her a cheque for fifty dollars, for what he called my share.

“ ‘Fetch your books when you come back,’ sais he, ‘with you, all kinds, Latin and Greek that you did larn, and travels and voyages that you hante larned, and improve your mind. You can’t larn too much, if you don’t larn tricks.’

“In this way I have gone on ever since, always receiving far more than my share for my services ; and now I am to be advanced to the command of a whaler. I have neglected

* First called a *log* in Ireland.

no opportunity, according to his advice, of acquiring information, and continuing my study of languages. I put James thro' Cambridge, and he has removed to Boston, where he is just about commencing law. Mother has had her schemes of ambition all revived in him. He took a degree with honours; he promises to make a figure at the bar; and she thinks those other prizes in the lottery of life—a seat in Congress, a secretaryship, and the presidential chair, are held in store yet by Providence for the—*Widow's Son.*”

CHAPTER VII.

THE LANGUAGE OF MACKEREL.

THE next mornin', just at the early dawn of day, I heard the captin' jump out of bed, and as I don't like to be caught nappin', I outs too, puts my clothes on as quick as wink, and gets into the cabin before he and the mate made their appearance. I sat down to the table, took up his "patent jigger," to see if I could contrive the "snaps" for it; and was a-workin' it upwards and downwards to see what it wanted, when he came in.

"What, up already?" said the captain. "Well, you are a rael New Englander, for 'Yankees and weasels ain't often caught nappin.'"

"'It's the early bird that gets the worm,' Captin'," said I.

"Exactly," said he, "and so it is with the macarel catch too; it's first come first served in the fisheries. But, Matey, let's go on deck and see what chance there is of a wind."

"It's a dead calm," said he, when he returned, "and there will be no breeze until twelve o'clock; and then, if it does come, it will be, as fair as it can blow, east south-east half-east; it's like the crew, late a gettin' up to-day; but it will be along here byme bye."

"Captin'," said I, "I have got it. You know I am a clockmaker, and know a little about machinery?"

"What the plague don't you know something about, Mr Slick?" said he.

"Well," said I, "I don't know much about anything,

that's a fact, for I'm a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and master of none; but I have some wrinkles on my horn for all that, for I warn't born yesterday."

"I guess not," said he, "nor the first flood-tide before that neither."

"Looke here, Captin'," sais I, and I pulled the cord and drew up the arms of the jigger; "now," sais I, "put a spring on the shank, on the back of the centre bar, exactly like the springs of an umbrella, with the same sort of groove for it to play in as the handle of that has, and the jigger is complete."

"I see it," sais he, jumpin' up and snappin' his fingers. "I see it, it's complete; it's rael jam up that. That's a great invention, Mr Slick, is that jigger, that and my bait-cutter, and the dodge I discovered of makin' the macarel rise to the surface, and follow me like a pack of dogs, will cause old Blowhard's name to be remembered as long as the fisheries are carried on. I'll explain that dodge to you. You know we can't fish lawfully within three leagues of the shore. Well, the macarel are chiefly inside of that, and there they be as safe as a thief in a mill. The Blue-noses are too everlastin' lazy to catch 'em, and we can't get at 'em without the risk of being nabbed and losin' vessel and all. So I set my wits a-thinkin', and I invented a bait-cutter; see, here is one," and he opened a locker and took out a box fitted with a handle like a coffee-mill, and having a cylinder stuck full of sharp blades, that cut the bait with rapidity and ease into minute particles. "Now," sais he, "I just sails along in shore like—for there is no harm in that, as long as you don't fish there—and throw the bait over, and the fish rise to the surface, and follow me to the right distance; and then we at 'em, and in with 'em like wink. I have sailed afore now right alongside of a great long seine, and taken the whole shoal away. Creation! how Blue-nose used to stare when he seed me do that! One of 'em came on board the 'Old Eagle' onct, and said he, 'Oh! Captin', how on airth do you raise the fish from the bottom that way, when no human bein' could tell there was one there? I'll give you a hundred dollars for that are secret, cash down on the nail.'

"Well, you know it wouldn't do to sell secrets to benighted foreigners that way, it would make them grow kind of sarsy. So I always try to put 'em off, and at the same time take a rise out of 'em. So, sais I, 'Friend, it would be

a sin and a shame to take your property for nothin' that way; it would be as bad as your wreckers about your sow-sow-west shore. It's a simple thing, and I'll tell it to you for nothin'.'

“ ‘Captin,’ sais the critter, lookin’ wide awake for once, and so excited as actilly to take his hands out of his trousers’ pockets, where he had kept ’em, since the week afore, except at meal-hours and bed-time, out of pure laziness, ‘now that’s what I call clever, and I don’t mind if I go below and take a glass of grog with you on the strength of it.’ And one thing I must say for the critters, if they *are* lazy—and there’s no denyin’ that—they ain’t bashful; that’s a Yankee word they never heard on.

“ ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘I ought to have thought of that myself, that’s a fact. Come, let’s go below, for I don’t want every one to hear it, if it is so simple.’ Well, I takes him into the cabin, shuts to the door, places the liquor on the table, and draws up close, to be confidential. ‘Take a pull at that are particular old Bosting domestic rum,’ sais I. It’s some I keep on purpose for treating them gentlemen to, Mr Slick; it’s made of the lye of wood-ashes, sweetened with molasses, and has some vitriol in it, to give it spirit; it’s beautiful stuff for them that likes it. It’s manufactured by that pious old rascal, ‘Praise-the-Lord.’ The old villain got the other distillers at the Cape to jine the Temperance Society with him, so as to have things his own way, and then sot to a brewin’ this stuff; and when hauled over the coals for sellin’ liquor, sais he, ‘It’s neither rum, nor brandy, nor gin, nor whiskey,’ and so he ran on through the whole catalogue that’s in their oaths, ‘nor distilled, nor farmented liquors, nor anything tetotallized agin, but just an anti-colic cordial, praise the Lord!’

“ ‘Captin,’ sais Blue-nose, ‘that’s the rael thing, that are a fact. It ain’t reduced. What we buy along shore here is half water and half rum, and scarcely that; we are so cheated by them that gets our fish. It’s peowerful, that’s sartain.’

“ ‘Pee-owerful,’ sais I, ‘I guess it is; it wouldn’t take much of that to give weak eyes and a sore throat, I can tell you. Fire will burn, unless you keep it down with water.’

“ ‘Well,’ sais he, ‘ain’t you agoin’ to drink yourself?’

“ ‘I guess not,’ sais I; ‘I don’t calculate in a general way to drink except at meal-times.’ -

“ ‘What,’ said he, ‘don’t you take a mornin’ facer?’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘Nor an appetizer?’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘Nor a better luck still?’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘Well, well!’ sais he, ‘if that don’t pass, and you all the time having it standin’ so invitin’ alongside of you in the locker! You tie the night-cap though sometimes, don’t you?’

“ ‘Sometimes I do,’ sais I, ‘when I think on it, but I forget it as often as not. Now,’ sais I, ‘I’ll tell you the secret,’ for I got tired of this long lockrum about nothin’; ‘but,’ sais I, ‘before I give it to you, will you promise me you will try it?’

“ ‘Oh yes,’ sais he, ‘I will, and only be too glad to try it.’

“ ‘Will you try it at onct,’ sais I, ‘so that I can see you understand how to go about it?’

“ ‘I will,’ sais he.

“ ‘Well, that being settled, we shook hands on it, and sais I,—

“ ‘There is nothin’ easier in natur’. Get into a diver’s suit, be let down gently in among the mackerel, and larn their lingo; and then you call them, and they’ll follow you like dogs. I soon picked it up: it’s very easy.’

“ ‘What! fish talk?’ sais he. ‘Come, I ain’t quite so green. Who ever heard the like o’ that, as fish talkin’?’

“ ‘Aye, my man,’ sais I, ‘and larfin’ too. Did you ever see a ripplin’ on the water like air-bubbles, when a shoal of fish rises?’

“ ‘Often,’ sais he. ‘The water bubbles up like beer in a tumbler.’

“ ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘that’s the fish a larfin’ at some odd old fellow’s story. I never would have thought it possible they were such a merry set, if I hadn’t a seen it with my own eyes, and the fondest of a joke you ever see. They are a takin’ a rise out of some young goney now, depend upon it, judgin’ by the bubbles there is on the water. Onct when I was down among them, they sent a youngster off to invite a cod to come and sup with them. As soon as the old fellow saw him, out he goes to meet him, gallows polite, and swallows him down like wink. Creation! how the whole shoal larfed at the way the goney was sold.’

“ ‘Well, well!’ sais he, ‘that beats all, that’s a fact. Fish talkin’! Is it possible?’

“ ‘Don’t you know that crows talk?’ sais I.

“ ‘Well,’ sais he, ‘I do. I’ve seen that myself. Many a long day I’ve laid down in our pasture, a-stretched out at full length, a watchin’ the vessels pass, and obsarvin’ the action of the crows.’

“ ‘Hard work that, warn’t it?’ sais I.

“ ‘Well,’ sais he, ‘if you was made to do it, I suppose it would be; but I liked it, and what you like ain’t hard. I’ll just help myself to a little more of that cordial, for I like it too. Well, I have heard the crows talk to each other, and seen them plant sentries out when they seed me a watchin’ of them, and once I actilly saw them hold a court-martial. The old veterans came from all the ports about here, and from all the islands, and bluffs, and shores, up and down; and the culprit hung his head down, and looked foolish enough, you may depend. What he had done I don’t know. Whether he had run off with another crow’s wife, or stole a piece of meat, or went to sleep when he was on guard, or what, I don’t know, but arter consultin’ together, they turned to and fell on him, and killed him, and then adjourned the court and dispersed; that’s a natural fact. And now we are on the subject,’ said he, ‘I’ll tell you another thing I once seed. There were some seals used to come ashore last summer at my place, sometimes singly, and sometimes in pairs. Well, at that time I was out of powder; and I don’t know how it is with you, Captin’, but it seems to me when I get out of things, that’s the very identical time I wants ’em most. Well, the store is a matter of two miles off, and I was waitin’ for some of my neighbours to be a goin’ that way to send for some, so I had an opportunity to watch them several days, and it’s an actual fact I’m going to tell you. Them and the gulls kind of knocked up an acquaintance considerable intimate. Well, at last the powder came, and I loaded my gun and sneaked along on all-fours to get a shot at a fellow that was dozin’ there; and just as I got to about the correct distance, what do you think? a cussed gull that was a watchin’ of me, guessed what I was about, and off to the seals like wink, and gave such a scream in the critter’s ear, as he sailed over him, that he jumped right up with fright, and goes ker-wallop head over ears into the water in no time; that’s a nateral fact.’

“ ‘Why, in course,’ sais I, ‘there’s a voice in all natur’. Everythin’ talks, from a woman down to a crow, and from a crow to a mackerel. I believe your story of the crows.’

“ ‘I’ll swear to it,’ sais he.

“ ‘You needn’t swear to it,’ sais I; ‘I believe it, and besides, I never swear to any o’ my stories, it makes swearin’ too cheap.’

“ ‘Well,’ sais he, ‘seein’ that crows talk, I believe that story of the fish too; it must be so, else how could they all keep together? but I must say it’s the strangest story I ever heard since I was born, and opened my ears and heard. It does sound odd, but I believe it.’

“ ‘Well then take another drop of that cordial, for you might feel cold.’

“ ‘Oh, no!’ said he, ‘I don’t feel cold a bit.’

“ ‘But you might by and by,’ said I; but the critter didn’t see what I was at.

“ ‘Come, let’s go on deck,’ sais I; ‘and, John Brown,’ sais I, ‘bring up the diven’ dress. Jim Lynch, fetch the leads, and fasten them on to this gentleman’s feet; and do you hear there, Noah Coffin, reave an inch-rope through the eye of the studden sail-boom—be quick—bear a hand there; we are just on the right spot.’

“ ‘For what?’ said Blue-nose.

“ ‘For puttin’ you into the divin’ dress and throwen you overboard to larn your first lesson in *mackerel language*.’

“ ‘Why, Captin’, sais he, a-edjin’ off slowly, and his eyes glazen, like a wild cat that’s a facin’ of the dogs; ‘why, Captin’, you ain’t agoin’ to force me, whether I will or no.’

“ ‘That’s the bargain,’ sais I. ‘Bear a hand, boys, and see if you ain’t overboard in no time.’

“ I took one step forward, as if about to catch him, when he put a hand on the taffrail, sprang into his boat, pushed off in a minute, and rowed ashore like mad.

“ What a pity it is, Mr Slick, that such a fine race of men as these Nova Scotians should be so besotted by politics as they are. They expect England to do everythin’ for ’em, build railroads, and canals, and docks, and what not, and then coax them to travel by them, or use them, while they lay in the field, stretched out at full length, and watch crows like that chap, or bask in the sun day arter day, and talk about sponsible government, and rail agin every sponsible man in the colony. But that’s their look-out, and not ourn, only I

wish they would improve the country bet'er before we come and take it.

“Now I'll show you the use of that ere jigger. A man who goes a-fishin' should know the habits and natur' of the fish he is after, or he had better stay to home. All fish have different habits, and are as much unlike as the Yankees and Blue-noses be. Now there is the shad, I believe they have no ears, for they don't mind noises a bit; and when a feller is hard a-hearin', we say he is as deaf as a shad; but they see well, and you can't catch 'em easy enough with the hook to make it worth while. Now the mackerel don't see very plain. There's a kind of film comes on their eyes in winter that makes them half-blind, and then drops off as summer comes. Natur', to counteract it, has made their hearin' very cute, and their infirmity of sight makes them very shy and timid-like. I have actilly seen a shoal of them when they have got into an inlet, kept there by two or three boats stationed at the entrance, with the crew in 'em a-splashin' in the water with their oars. The moment they heard that, down they went to the bottom, and stayed there until they were all scooped out with nets—fact, I assure you.

“Now the use of that jigger will be when the fish are brought up to the surface, it can be let into the water easy without frightenin' of them; and when its drawn up, its arms will be full of fish. These are things that must be studied out. Every created critter has an instinct for self-preservation. If you would catch them, you must set your reason to work; and as that is stronger than instinct, if you go the right way about it, you will circumvent them in the end.

“But come, let's liquor, the sun is gettin' over the fore-yard, as we sailors say. Slick, here's your good health. I say, that warn't a bad rise, was it, I took out of Blue-nose about '*the language of mackerel?*'”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEST-NATURED MAN IN THE WORLD.

FINDING the captain really good-natured now, I took the opportunity of attending to the duties of the office I had accepted, produced and read to him my commission and instructions, and asked his advice as to the mode and manner of executing it.

“Silently, Mr Slick,” he replied, “as the Puritan minister said to the barber who asked him how he would be shaved; ‘silently, Sir,’ sais he. ‘Do it as quietly as you can.’ On business, men are on their guard: in conversation, confidential. Folks don’t like to be examined by a public officer, they don’t know the drift of it exactly, and ain’t quite sartified they won’t be overhauled for their doins, and get themselves into a fix. Right without might don’t avail much, and authority without power to force obedience, is like a boat without oars, it can’t go ahead. I wouldn’t, if I was you, let every one know what your main object was; if you do, you will get more plans than facts, and more advice than information.”

He then entered minutely into the description of the fisheries, their extent, the manner in which they were carried on, and the improvements they were capable of, furnished me with a vast deal of useful information, and gave me the names of the persons on the coast I was to pump dry, as he called it. He also gave me some tables and calculations he had made on the subject, which he had privately prepared for Mr Adams some time since.

“These figures and details won’t interest you much, Squire, for you hante a turn that way, and beside, it ain’t our custom, as it is in England, to publish everything in newspapers, that our public men or national departments are doin’ for the country. Blartin’ out a discovery afore you take a patent may help others, but it keeps you poor. But I must say this, neither your folks, nor ourn, know the vast importance of these fisheries, though we are a more wide-awake people than provincials be. *That which made Amsterdam ought to make Halifax.*”

I knew Blowhard had great experience, but I had no idea

what a clear head and enlarged views he had. It don't do to judge men by their appearance, and *conversation is more than half the time a refuge from thought or a blind to conceal it.*

Having fixed this matter up snug, sais I, "Captin, I have come here on a very disagreeable business, and I want your advice and assistance. That vessel a layin' outside there is the 'Black Hawk.'"

"I know it," he said, "I could tell her among a thousand; next to the 'Eagle' she is the most beautiful craft of the whole American mackerel fleet."

"Well," sais I, "the skipper has gone mad."

"Mad," said he, and the word seemed to annoy him, "not a bit of it—odd like a little, perhaps, but a good sailor I warrant: mad, hay! Why they say I am mad, just cause I go where others darsen't follow me, and keep order, and will have it on board; I am the best-natured man living."

At that moment the cook made his appearance, accompanied by the cabin boy, to whom he gave some instruction about the table. The instant Blowhard saw the former, he suddenly boiled over with rage and looked the very picture of a madman.

"Come here, you old Lucifer," said he, "or I'll make the whites of your two great goggle eyes the same colour as your face, black as midnight."

"Tank you, massa," said the negro, holding the door in his hand, "but you mad now, and I berry busy gettin' dinner ready; you said half-past eleven, and it is just gone eleven, and I see the breeze off Ragged Island."

"Eleven, you villain," said the captain, "I wish I could get my paw upon yqu; it's half past now."

"Oh, massa Commodore, you mad now; just look at are ole crometer turnip of yourn."

The captain pulled out a large silver watch, resembling that vegetable more than a modern time-piece, and instantly recovering his good humour said,—“Well, cooky, you are right for oncet in your life, that are a fact, come here, here is a glass of monogohela for you, cookey. Tip that off, and then stir your stumps.”

"Massa, your berry good health, same to you, massa Sam, and massa mate." Drinking it off he returned to the door, which he held as a screen in his hand, and then showing two rows of ivory that extended almost from ear to ear, he turned

and said,—“Now next time, massa, don't go get mad for noten,” and vanished.

“Mad! You see they say I am mad,” he said again; “but there never was so good-natured a man as I be. I never was mad in my life, except I was put out; and there is enough on board a vessel to drive a man distracted. I never saw a rail Yankee mad nother, except he made a bad speculation. No, we don't go crazy, we got too much sense for that, and Blue-nose has too little—the Dutch is too slow for it, and a nigger has no care; but a mad Frenchman is a sight to behold. I shall never forget a fellar once I drove ravin' distracted. I was bound for Prince Edward's Island fishery; and I never made such a run afore or since, as that from Cape Cod to Arichat. There the wind failed, and not feelin' well, I took the boat, and went ashore to the doctor.

“Sais he, ‘You must take five powders of calomel and colycinth, one every other night,’ and he did them up as neat as you please in white slips of paper, quite workmanlike.

“‘What's the damage?’ sais I.

“‘Eighteen-pence,’ sais he.

“‘Eighten what!’ sais I, a raisin' of my voice, so as to be heard in airnest.

“‘Eighteen-pence,’ he said. ‘I can't sell 'em no cheaper, that colycinth is expensive, and don't keep well; and you must import it from London yourself.’

“‘I hope I may never see Cape Cod again if I do,’ sais I.

“‘I don't mean you,’ he said, quite cool; ‘I mean me.’

“‘Then why the plague didn't you say so?’ sais I.

“‘I can't take no less,’ said he. ‘This is a poor country here. Sometimes I ride five or six miles to see a sick woman; well, half the time I don't get paid at all, sometimes I get only a few dried fish, or a little butter, or may be a dozen of eggs, and often nothin' but a dozen fleas. If it's too dear take it for nothin', for I won't take less.’

“‘Why you old salts and sinna,’ said I, ‘do you think I am complainin' of the price? I was complaining of you bein' such a fool as to charge so little. Who the plague can live arter that fashion? There,’ sais I, ‘is a dollar, keep that,’ a throwin' of it down on his counter, ‘and I will keep the medicine, for I'll be hanged if I take it. The smell of your shop has half cured me already, and lots of molasses and water, I guess, will do the rest.’

“ Well, I picked up the powders, and put them into my waistcoat-pocket, and thought no more about ’em. I pitied that are doctor, for I took a kind of likin’ to him, seein’ he was like me, had great command of himself, and kept cool. So when I was ready to leave, ‘Dr Pain,’ sais I, ‘I am the best-natured man in the world, I do believe; but I hope I may be most particularly d—d if I could stand such patients as you have. Take my advice, cuss and quit.’

“ ‘Don’t swear,’ said he, ‘it’s apoplectic, and it’s profane.’

“ ‘Swear,’ sais I, ‘who the devil made you a preacher? If it warn’t for your fleas I’d flay you alive, you old—’

“ ‘Take care,’ said he, ‘you’ll break that retort.’

“ ‘Retort!’ sais I; ‘to be sure I will retort, it’s my fashion to give as good as I get.’

“ ‘The man is drunk,’ said he, mumbling to himself; and he slipt into an inner room, and bolted the door.

“ It appears to me people tease me a purpose sometimes, just because I am good-natured.

“ Well, as I was a sayin’, as soon as I got on board, the breeze sprung up agin, and we slipped through the Gut of Canso quite easy, but owin’ to the eddies and flaws of wind, sometimes one eend foremost and sometimes the other, and we passed Sand Point, Ship Harbour, Pirate’s Cove, Plaister Bluff, McNair’s Bight, and all the other hiding and smuggling places, one arter the other. Just as we got off Indigue ledges, a fishing-boat bore down on us.

“ ‘Any fish, Captane?’

“ ‘What’s your name?’ sais I; for I always like to ask one question before I answer another.

“ ‘Nicholas Baban,’ said he.

“ He was a little dried-up wizened Frenchman, that looked more like a babboon than anything else. He had a pair of mocassins on his feet, tanned and dressed, with the hair on the outside; his homespun trousers didn’t come much below the knee, and the calf between that and the little blue sock was bare, and looked the colour of a smoked salmon. His jacket, like his trousers, had shrunk up too, and only came to the pockets of his waistcoat, while the blue cloth it was first made of was patched all over with another kind, having white stripes, such as the Frenchwomen wear for petticoats. His cap, for hat he had none, had been cobbled up out of old red worsted, and a piece of fox-skin, with the tail hanging down rakishly behind. In the front was stuck two little

black pipes. He was a pictur' to behold, and so was the other critter in the bow of the boat.

" 'Any fish, Captane? Best Roke code-fish jist caught, vary good.'

" 'Well,' sais I, 'Mr Babboon, I don't care if I do. Throw us up on deck two dozen, for a mess of chowder.'

" 'Well, they was as pretty a lot of cod as I most ever seed. Them ledges is the best boat-fishing ground I know on, on the whole coast. 'Now,' sais I, 'Mr Babboon, what's to pay?'

" 'Anyting you like, Captane.'

" 'Anyting is nothin',' sais I. 'Name your price, for time is money, and we must be a movin' on agin. Come, what's the damage?'

" 'Oh, anyting you like, Sare.'

And the deuce a thing else could I get out of him, but 'anyting you like, Sare,' which I didn't like at all; at last I began to get ryled. Thinks I, I'll teach you to speak out plain next time, I know; so I put my hand in my waistcoat-pocket, and took out something to give him. 'Here,' sais I, 'Mr Babboon,' a stretchin' out my hand to him; and he reached up his'n to receive his pay, and began to thank me gallus polite afore he got it.

" 'Tank you, Sare, vary much obliege.'

" 'Here's five calomel powders,' said I, and I dropt them into his hand. 'Take one every other night agoin' to bed, in some sweatenin' or another, and it will clear your complexion for you, and make you as spry as a four-year-old.'

" 'Oh! I never saw anything like that mad Frenchman. He fairly yelled, he tore off his old cap and jumped on it, and let out a bald pate of a lighter colour than his face, that made him look something not human. He foamed, and raved, and jabbered, and threw his arms about, and shook his clenched fist at me, and swore all sorts of oaths. French oaths, Gaelic oaths—for there is a large Highland settlement back of Indigue—Indian cusses, and Yankee and English and Irish oaths. They all came out in one great long chain; and I am sartin' if anybody had taken hold of one eend of it, afore the links broke, and stretched 'em out straight, they would have reached across the Gut of Canso.

" 'Well, arter I thought he had let off steam enough for safety, I took out of my pocket a handful of loose silver, and held it out to him. 'Come Mr Babboon,' said I, 'come and

take your pay, I don't want your fish for nothin', and go I must; so come now, like a good feller, and let us part friends.'

"But it only sot him off agin as bad as ever; but this time it was all abuse of us Yankees. Well, I can stand a glass or two of that, but more gets into my head and excites me. Thinks I, my boy, I'll cool you. I always have a hand-engine on board for wettin' sails; it makes them thicker, heavier, and hold the wind better. We had been usin' ourn that morning to help us through the Gut, for the currents were bothersome at the time. 'Give me the hose,' said I; 'and let a hand stand ready to work the pump. Are you ready?' sais I.

"'Yes,' sais the man.

"'Now,' sais I, 'Mr Babboon, I'll wash your face for you afore you go home to see the old lady,' and let go a stream all over him. Some of it actilly went down his mouth and nearly choked him; he and t'other feller pulled off out of reach, hoisted sail, and made tracks for the shore as straight as the crow flies. I felt kinder sorry for him, too, for he lost two dozen beautiful cod, and got a duckin' into the bargain; but it was his own fault, he ought to have kept a civil tongue in his head. Yes, I think Parly voo Frenchman will beat any created critter at getting mad."

"But, Captin," sais I, "our skipper is actilly mad, and no mistake."

"What's his name?" said he.

"Jabish Green."

"What! Jabish Green of Squantum?" said he, a jumpin' up on eend.

"The same," sais I.

"Mad!" said he. "To be sure he is; as mad as a March hare. That's poor old Jim McGory, as they call him, as good a critter and as good a seaman as ever trod shoe-leather. Oh, I guess he is mad. It's all day with him, poor feller! and has been ever since that everlastin' scoundrel, Jim McGory, came out of the South, and got up protracted meetins in our parts, so as to keep the hat passin' round all the time. Gracious knows he was bad enough that feller, but he made himself out a hundred times wus than he was. He lied as fast as a horse could trot. He said he had been a Vixburg gambler, a horse-stealer, a nigger-kidnapper, a wracker, a pirate, and I don't know what he didn't own to. The greater the sinner, the greater the saint, you know.

Well, he said he was converted in the middle of the night, by an evangelical call, 'Jim McGory, come to glory!' Oh, the crowds of foolish women and men that followed arter that man would astonish you. It appears to me, the more unlikely things are, the more folks believe them. Poor Jabish attended a protracted meetin' of that critter's down to Squantum, that lasted three days and three nights; and the following night he was so excited he didn't sleep a wink, and they couldn't get no sense out of him; he couldn't say anything, but that are profane rhyme over and over, and they had to send him to the asylum. Who on airth could have shipped that man? Who are the owners of the 'Black Hawk?'

"I don't know."

"Have you a tradin' cargo of notions on board?"

"Yes."

"Then it's the Boston folks. They don't know nothin' about the fishery. They have hired this man 'cause they have got him cheap, and they think they are doin' great things, 'cause they get such a large profit on their goods; but they don't count the time they lose, and it's no better than pedlin' at last; and if there is a created critter I hate and despise, it's a pedlar—the cheatin', lyin', ramblin', lazy villain."

"Except a clock pedlar," sais I, winkin' to him.

"No," sais he, a raisin' of his voice, until he roared almost, (*for when a man is wrong, and won't admit it, he always gets angry*). "No, I won't except them. There hain't been an honest one here since your time; they is the wust of all; and a wooden clock now is like a wooden nutmeg, or a hickery ham—a standin' joke agin our great nation. Well, what do you want me to do, Mr Slick?"

"Take this skipper home with you."

After a pause of a moment, he said, "No, I can't do that. I am the best-tempered man in the world, but I hain't got patience; and if he went for to go for to give me any of his nonsense about Jim McGory, I suppose I should turn to and thrash him, and that would only make him wus. Here's the 'Nantasket,' of Nantucket, alongside here. The captin is fonder of quack medicines than Babboon, the Frenchman, was, by a long chalk. I'll get him to give him a passage home. So that's settled."

"Well," sais I, "there is another chap that must go

home ;” and I told him all about Enoch Eells tantalizin’ the skipper, and settin’ him out of his mind ; “ but,” sais I, “ I am afraid he won’t quit the vessel.”

“ Won’t he ?” said he. “ Then I’ll make him, that’s all. I’ll soon larn him the difference between Jim McGory and Old Blowhard, I know. He’s jist the chap I want—something to tame : it keeps one in good humour. I had a bear on board onst ; I had him for three seasons. He was a great comfort to me when I had nothin’ to do. I used to let him loose, take a short iron bar in my hand, and give him lessons in manners. It was great fun ; but being so well fed, he grew to be so strong a brute, he became obstropolus and troublesome, and used to drive the men up the riggin’ sometimes. Nobody could manage him but me ; for a crack over the nose with the iron-bar always made him civil. A bear’s nose, you know, Mr Slick, is as tender as a feller’s, that’s got a cold in his head. It kept us all in good humour. I used to like to get him near Satan, tail on, give him a whack on the rump, and put my rod behind me as quick as wink, when he’d turn short, lay right hold of the cook’s leg with his claws, and give him a nip. But somehow, I consait, bears don’t like niggers ; for he always let go soon, and then sneezed for a minute or so, as if he smelt pyson. Well, one day, cook was called aft, just as the men’s dinner was ready ; and in slipt bear, and began to pay away at it in rail airnest ; but he scalded his paws, and skinned his nose with the soup, and the meat was so hot, he had to bolt it. The pain set him ravin’ distracted mad ; and when he came out of the cabouse, he cleared the deck in less than half no time. He was dangerous, that’s a fact. Well, I got the rod, and he gave me a stand-up fight for it ; and at last, after he had warded off a good many blows, I hit him a crack on the snout ; and he turned, and went into his den, slowly and sulkily, a lookin’ over his shoulder as he went, and grinnin’ awful wicked. The short, quick way he lifted up his scalded paws off the deck, instead of his usual slouching gait, was the funniest thing you ever saw.

“ Next mornin’, when I turned out, I seed all the men was on deck, and Bruin’s door standin’ open. ‘ Where’s the bar ?’ sais I.

“ ‘ He got out afore day,’ sais they ; ‘ and as his paws were scalded and sore, we kinder guess he went overboard to cool ’em.’

"I seed how it was: the villains had made him walk the plank. Oh, Solomon! didn't I bile up, ready to run over the lid! for I don't like fellers to make free with me or mine. But I threw a little grain of prudence into it, and it went right down in a minute, jist as a drop of water puts down bilin' maple-sugar. I have great command over myself—I believe I am the best-tempered man in the world. Sais I to myself, 'It ain't right to keep this brute to bother them, and he's got dangerous; and if he was to make mince-meat of any of 'em, it would be heavy on one's conscience, if a feller was on his beam-end.' So sais I, 'Well, it's jist as well he has taken a swim to shore, for he ain't safe, is he? and sheep seems more nateral food than humans for him. I should have liked though,' said I, 'if you could a caught him as he went over by the ears, and drew his skin off, as he sprung out; the hide was worth twenty dollars.'

"Well, they larfed at that joke, but they didn't know me. I always joke when I am aggravated, it's like driving down the wad well, when the gun goes off it makes a louder report. I warn't well pleased, and yet I can't say I was sorry, only I wished they had asked leave, and I turned and went below. *It's better to be cheated than chafed* when you can't help yourself. Presently I heered an awful noise on deck, all the hands shoutin' and cheerin' and callin' out at the top end of their voice.

"'Hullo!' sais I, 'what in natur' is all this? has States Prison broke loose?'

"'Look there,' sais they, 'look at Bruin the bear.'

"We was about a mile and a half from Louisburg; and it was nearly calm. Two French fisherman had come out in a boat to take up their nets, and while their backs was turned, Bruin claws over the bow, and there he was a sittin' on his haunches a grinnin' and a makin' faces at 'em, and a lickin' of his chops with his great red tongue, as if he had heard of French dishes, and wanted to try one.

"Well, they yelled and roared with fright, but the bear was used to noises, and didn't onderstand no language but Indgian and English, and held his ground like a man. At last one of the Frenchers got the boat-hook and made a poke at him; but he knocked it out of his hand away up into the air ever so far, and then actilly roared, he was so mad.

"'Lower the boat,' sais I, 'my men. Be quick. Mate,

you and I must go with our rifles; and, Tim Lynch, you are a good shot too, bear a hand, we must be quick, or he'll breakfast off those chaps. Take your knives with you.'

"Well, we pulled off, and got within good shootin' distance, when I told the Frenchmen to lie flat down in the boat, and we'd shoot the bar. Well, jist as they throwed themselves down, bar began to make preparations for ondressin' of 'em, when the mate and I fired, and down he fell on one of the seats and smashed it in two. The man at the helm jumped overboard and swam towards us, but the other neither rose nor spoke. The bar had fallen on him, when he gave himself up for lost, and fainted. We shipped the bar into our boat, put the helmsman back into his'n, and raised t'other feller on his feet, arter which we returned to the 'Eagle.'

"No, I'd like to tame Enoch Eells. There would be fun in it, wouldn't there? Cook, keep the dinner back, till further orders. Four hands in the boat there—move quick. Come, let's go on board the 'Black Hawk.'"

"Massa," said Satan, "I know you is de best-natured man in de world, 'cept six, and derefore I retreat you dine fust; it's half-past eleben now, and dinner is pipin' hot, and dat are Jamaiky does smell so oloriferous," and he held back his head and snuffed two or three times, as if he longed to taste of it agin; "and Massa Sam ain't well, I is sure he ain't, is you, Massa Sam?"

That familiar word, Sam, from a nigger was too much for poor Blowhard.

"Sam! the devil," said he, raisin' his voice to its utmost pitch, "how dare you, you black imp of darkness, talk before me that way?"

And he seized his favourite jigger, but as he raised it in the air, Satan absquotulated. The captin glared at the closing door most savagely; but being disappointed of his prey, he turned to me with a look of fury.

"I agree with you, Captin," sais I, quite cool; "I think we might as well be a-movin'."

"Come then," said he, suddenly lowerin' his tone, "come then, let us go ahead. Mr Slick," said he, "I believe they will drive me mad at last; every fellow on board of this vessel takes liberties with me, thinking I'll stand it, because they know *I am the best-natured man in the world.*"

CHAPTER IX.

THE BAIT-BOX.

“So he won’t leave the vessel, eh?” said Captain Love, “well, a critter that won’t move must be made to go, that’s all. There is a *motive* power in all natur’. There is a current or a breeze for a vessel, an ingine for a rail-car, necessity for poverty, love for the feminine gender, and glory for the hero. But for men I like persuasion; it seems to convene better with a free and enlightened citizen. Now here,” said he, openin’ his-closet, and taking out his ‘rope-yarn’ (the formidable instrument of punishment I have spoken of), “here is a persuader that nothing can stand. Oh! he won’t come, eh? well we’ll see!”

As soon as we went on board the ‘Black Hawk,’ we descended into the large cabin, and there sat Mr Enoch Eells apart from the rest, with his head restin’ on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, lookin’ as if he had lost every friend he had in the world, and was a tryin’ to fancy their faces on the floor.

“Mornin’ to you, Mr Eells,” said the skipper, “come to invite you on board the ‘Bald Eagle,’ to take a trip hum to see your friends again.”

“Well, I won’t go,” said he, “so just mind your own business.”

“Hold up your head, man, and let me look at you,” he replied, and he seized him by the collar, lifted him on his feet, and exposed his face to view. It was a caution, you may depend, swelled, and cut, and bruised and blackened dreadful.

“Hullo!” said the skipper, “what’s all this: who has been ill-using the man? It must be inquired into. What’s the matter, here?” and he pretended to look all surprised.

“Why,” said the second mate, “the matter is just this, Enoch, instead of mindin’ his business, aggravated the captin and set him mad; and, instead of mindin’ my-business, as I had ought to do, I returned the compliment, first aggravated, and then set him mad, and we fit. I must say, I took him in, for I know how to box scientific.”

“Workmanlike, you mean,” the captain said, “I hate and despise that word ‘scientific;’ it is a cloak to cover impu-

dence and ignorance. A feller told me, as we started last voyage, he fished scientific. 'Then you are just the hand for me,' said I. 'What's the cause of that film on the mackerel's eye in winter?'

" 'What film?' said he.

" 'And what's the scientific cause that the cataract drops off of itself without a doctor to couch it with a needle?'

" 'What cataract?' said he.

" 'Why, you imposter,' said I, 'you said you fished scientific; get up your traps; go ashore and finish your schoolin',' and I put him into the boat and landed him. Finery in talk is as bad as finery in dress; and our great country is overrun with it. Things ain't solid and plain now-a-days as they used to be; but they are all veneered and varnished. Say workmanlike, and I won't nonconcur you, for I must say the business was done thorough."

" Well," said Bent, "call it what you like, I was taughten the art, and he warn't, or he would have made small bait of me in no time, for he is as brave as he is strong, and I don't believe there is an untaught man of his iaches could stand before him."

Eells jumpt right up on eend at that, and caught him by the hand. "Mr Bent," said he, "you have spoke like a man. I feel I was wrong; I am very sorry for it; let us part friends. It is better I should go; the lesson won't be lost on me."

"Exactly," said Blowhard, "the lesson is deeper than you think. Your father owns half this here vessel; now a man that is richer than his neighbour is expected to be liberal of his civility as well as his money; civility is a cheap coin that is manufactured for nothin', and among folks in general goes further than dollars and cents. But come, we must be a movin'. Mr Eells,"—and he marked the word 'Mr' to show he was pleased,—"as soon as you are ready, come on board, it will look better than goin' with me, it seems voluntary and free-will like.

"Now, Mr Slick, let us go on board of the 'Nantasket' and see Capting Oby Furlong, old Sarsiparilly Pills, as I call him. He is a good kind of man in his way, but death on quack medicines, and especially sarsiparilly, for which he is going to take out a patent. Mate, when you see a flag hoisted, come on board with the capting, fetch him without his luggage, and then he will think there is no compulsion,

and you can return for that arterwards. Come, boys, shove off."

"Mr Slick," said the mate, "do you think I'll be sued? It's a great risk and a heavy responsibility this."

"Stand a one side," said I, "how dare you talk that way to me?"

"Yes, Mr Slick," said the skipper, "every man has his hobby, and on board ship it is actilly necessary to have some hobby or another, or the bottle is apt to be sent for as a companion. It is a dull life at sea, sometimes, and a sameness in it even in its varieties, and it is a great thing to have some object for the mind to work on where there are no passengers. Now there is my bait-box and patent-jigger inventions, there is Matey with his books and studies, and here is Oby Furlong with an apothecary's shop on board. The want of these things makes captings of men-of-war tyrants; when they don't study, their hobby is to bother their men, and their whole talk is discipline.

"Commodore Marlin, of the 'Ben Lomond,' a British seventy-four, once hailed me off Fox Island, to ask some questions about the passage thro' the Gut of Canso. He was a tight-built, well-made, active, wiry man, and looked every inch a sailor; but the word *tyrant* was writ over all in big print. There was a fightin' devil and a bullyin' devil at the same time in his eyes and mouth, and it ain't often they go together, for it's mostly cowards that bully; but that man looked as if he warn't afeard of old Scratch himself. It ain't always necessary to look fierce; I ain't skeered of old Nick nuther; but I am as meek as a lamb. I do believe in my soul I am the best-natured man living; but that is neither here nor there.

"When I went aft to him—for he didn't meet me a step, tho' he sent for me himself—he eyed me all over, from head to foot, silent and scorney like, as much as to say, What a queer old thrasher you be! I wonder if you are any relation to the sea-sarpen, or the hippopotamus, or any of these outlandish animals? He never so much as asked me to sit down, or to go into his cabin, or take a glass to drink with him, or said a word in favour of my beautiful little craft, which sailors always do, when they can with truth.

"It seems to me, all created critters look down on each other. The British and French look down on the Yankees, and colonists look down upon niggers and Indians, while we

look down upon them all. It's the way of the world, I do suppose; but the road ain't a pleasant one.

"'Are you acquainted with the navigation of the Straits of Canso?'" said he.

"'I guess I ought to be,'" said I.

"'That's not the question,'" said he. "'Are you, or are you not?'"

"'Do you know it?'" said I. "'If you do, perhaps you have seen Sand Pint.'"

"'Sais he, 'My friend, I asked you a plain, civil question; will you give me a plain, civil answer?'"

"'Thinks I to myself, Commodore, the question is civil enough, but you ain't civil, and your manner ain't civil; but however here's at you. I'll pay you off at last, see if I don't, for you sent for me; I didn't come unaxed, and it was to give, and not ax, favours. 'Yes,' sais I, 'as many as you like.' Well, I told him all about the navigation, and finally advised him not to try to go through without a stiff breeze, with so large a ship, as the currents were strong, and the wind, when light, always baffling.

"'At last, sais I, 'This witness-box of yourn, Commodore, has a plaguey hard floor to it; I don't care if I sit down,' and I jist squatted down careless, with legs across the breach of a large gun, so big I could hardly straddle it, a most on-pardonable sin, as I knowed, on board of a man-of-war; but I did it a purpose. Then I jist sprinkled over the beautiful white deck a little tobacco-juice, and coolly took out my jack-knife and began to prepare to load my pipe and whittle. I did this all intentional, to vex him, on account of his rudeness—for rudeness is a game two can play at. Oh, Jerusalem! if you had a seen him, how he raved, and stamped, and swore, when he seed I was so juicy! and the more he stormed, the more the officers on the other side of the deck sniggered in their sleeves; for some how or another, in big ships or little ones, men like to see the skipper rubbed up agin the grain, when they ain't like to catch it themselves. *Wherever there is authority, there is a natural inclination to disobedience.*

"'Don't you know better than that, Sir?'" said he. "'Have you no decency about you?'"

"'Do you swaller when you chaw?'" said I, lookin' innocent. "'Some folks do, I know; but I never could for the life of me. It goes agin the grain, and I consait hurts the

digestion.' Oh, what a face he made! how he wagged his head, and shut his mouth and his eyes close to! He looked like a landsman jist agoin' to be sea-sick, and he gave a kind of shudder all over his frame.

" ' You may go, Sir,' said he.

" ' Thank you,' sais I; ' I suppose I needn't ask leave for that. Captin,' sais I, still keepin' my seat on the gun, ' you want a bait-box.'

" ' A spittle-box, you mean,' said he.

" ' No I don't,' sais I. ' I have been too long afloat not to know the meanin' of sea-terms. You want a bait-box.'

" He was fairly puzzled. First he looked at the lieutenant, and then at me, and then he looked as if he had better drop further talk; but his curiosity got the better of him.

" ' A bait-box,' said he; ' I don't understand you.'

" ' Well,' sais I, ' I invented a bait-box for cuttin' up bait small and fine, for enticin' fish,' and I explained it as short as words could make it, for fear he'd cut stick and leave me alone talkin' there. ' Now,' sais I, ' that invention, beautiful and simple as it is, cost me great thought and much tobacky,' said I, lookin' innocent again; ' but it occupied my mind at leisure hours for two seasons, and that's a great thing. Now, invent a bait-box, or a new capstan, or an improved windlass, or something or another of that kind; it will keep you busy, and, what's better, good-natured, and you won't rave when a gentleman jist spits on a floor that has a thousand men to clean it.

" ' Now,' sais I, a risin', puttin' up my knife and tobacky, ' Captin, depend upon it, you want a bait-box. And, Commodore, let me tell you, you sent for the right man to get information. I am Commodore of this everlastin' splendid American fishing-fleet, of more than two hundred fore-and-afters. A fleet the world can't ditto for beauty, speed, and equipments. They call me Old Blowhard. If you ever do me the honour to visit my flag-ship, I will prove to you an old Commodore knows how to receive a young one. There is a cabin in my vessel, small as she is, and chairs in it, and a bottle of the best wine for the like of you, and old Jamaiky for them that has sense to prefar it, and that's more than there is in this seventy-four, big as she is, as far as I can see. Oh, invent a bait-box! it will improve your temper, and that will improve your manners, depend upon it. I wish you good mornin'.'

" I then went on board, and hoisted a Commodore's flag,

and my men—eighteen in number—saluted it with three cheers as it went up, and every other of our vessels becalmed there, seeing somethin' was goin' on above common, took up the cheer, and returned it with a will that made the shores echo again.

“But here we are almost alongside of the ‘Nantasket.’ I will introduce you to Capting Oby Furlong; he will be a character for you, and if you ever write a book again, don't forgit ‘*Old Sarsiparilly Pills.*’

CHAPTER X.

THE WATER-GLASS; OR, A DAY-DREAM OF LIFE.

As the men rowed us towards the ‘Nantasket,’ the captin and I couldn't very well talk afore 'em on the subjects we wanted to speak of, so we held a sort of Quakers' meetin', and said nothin'. I pulled the peak of my cap over my eyes, for the sun dazzled me, and afore I knowed where I was, I was off into one of my day-dreams, that I sometimes indulge in. I was musin' on what a strange thing life is, what a curious feller man is, and what a phantom we pursue all the time, thinkin' it points the way to happiness, instead of enticin' us into swamps, quagmires, and lagoons. Like most day-dreams it warn't very coherent, for one thought leads to another, and that has an affinity to something else; and so at last the thread of it, if it don't get tangled, ain't very straight, that's a fact. I shall put it down as if I was a talkin' to you about everythin' in general, and nothin' in particular.

Sais I to myself, the world has many nations on the face of it, I reckon, but there ain't but four classes among them: fools and knaves, saints and sinners. Fools and sinners form the bulk of mankind; rogues are numerous everywhere, while saints—real salts—are few in number, fewer, if you could look into their hearts, than folks think. I was once in Prospect Harbour, near Halifax, shortly arter a Boston packet had been wracked there. All that could float had been picked up or washed away; but the heavy things sank

to the bottom, and these, in a general way, were valuable. I saw a man in a boat with a great long tube in his hands, which he put down into the sea every now and then, and looked through, and then moved on and took another observation.

It was near about dinner-time, so I thought I'd just wait, as I had nothin' above particular to do, and see what this thing was ; so when the man came on shore, "Mornin' to you," sais I. "That was an awful wreck that, warn't it?" and I looked as dismal as if I had lost somethin' there myself. But there was nothin' very awful about it, for everybody was saved ; and if there was some bales and boxes lost, why, in a general way, it's good for trade. But I said awful wrack, for I've obsarved you have to cant a little with the world, if you want even common civil usage.

In fact, in calamities I never knew but one man speak the truth. He lived near a large range of barracks that was burnt, together with all the houses around him, but he escaped ; and his house was insured. Well, he mourned dreadful over his standing house, more than others did over their fallen ones. He said, " He was ruined ; he lived by the barrack expenditure, and the soldiers were removed, and the barracks were never to be rebuilt ; and as he was insured, he'd a-been a happy man, if his house had been burnt, and he had recovered the amount of his loss."

Now that man I always respected ; he was an honest man. Other folks would have pretended to be thankful for so narrow an escape, but thought in their hearts just as he did, only they wouldn't be manly enough to say so. But to get back to my story.

"Awful wrack that!" said I, dolefully.

"Well, it was considerable, but it might have been wuss," said he, quite composed.

Ah! sais I to myself, I see how it is, you hain't lost anything, that's clear, but you are lookin' for somethin'.

"Sarching for gold?" said I, laughin', and goin' on t'other tack. "Every vessel, they say, is loaded with gold now-a-days."

"Well," sais he, smiling, "I ain't sarching for gold, for it ain't so plenty on this coast ; but I am sarching for zinc: there are several rolls of it there."

"What was that curious tube," sais I, "if I might be so bold as to ax?"

"Sartain," sais he, "it's a water-glass. The bottom of that tube has a large plate of glass in it. When you insert the tube into the sea, and look down into it, you can perceive the bottom much plainer than you can with a naked eye."

"Good!" sais I; "now that's a wrinkle on my horn. I daresay a water-glass is a common thing, but I never heard of it afore. Might it be your invention, for it is an excellent one?"

He looked up suspicious like.

"Never heard of a water-glass?" he said, slowly. "May I ask what your name mought be?"

"Sartainly," sais I, "friend; you answered me my question civilly, and I will answer yours. I'm Sam Slick," sais I, "at least what's left of me."

"Sam Slick, the Clockmaker?" sais he.

"The same," said I. "And never heard of a water-glass?"

"Never!" "Mr Slick," said he, "I'm not so simple as you take me to be. You can't come over me that way, but you are welcome to that rise, anyhow. I wish you good mornin'."

Now that's human natur' all over. *A man is never astonished or ashamed that he don't know what another does; but he is surprised at the gross ignorance of the other in not knowin' what he does.* But to return. If instead of the water-glass (which I vow to man I never heard of before that day), if we had a breast-glass to look into the heart, and read what is wrote, and see what is passin' there, a great part of the saints—them that don't know music or paintin', and call it a waste of precious time, and can't dance, and call it wicked, and won't go to parties, because they are so stupid no one will talk to them, and call it sinful—a great lot of the saints would pass over to the sinners. Well, the sinners must be added to the fools, and it swells their numbers up considerable, for a feller must be a fool to be a sinner at all, seein' that the way of the transgressors is hard.

Of the little band of rael salts of saints, a considerable some must be added to the fools' ranks too, for it ain't every pious man that's wise, though he may have sense enough to be good. Arter this deduction, the census of them that's left will show a small table, that's a fact. When the devoted city was to be destroyed, Abraham begged it off for fifty righteous men. And then for forty-five, and finally for ten;

but arter all, only Lot, his wife, and two daughters was saved, and that was more from marcy than their desarts, for they warn't no great shakes arter all. Yes, the breast-glass would work wonders, but I don't think it would be overly safe for a man to invent it; he'd find himself, I reckon, some odd night a plaguey sight nearer the top of a lamp-post, and further from the ground than was agreeable; and wouldn't the hypocrites pretend to lament him, and say he was a dreadful loss to mankind? That being the state of the case, the great bulk of humans may be classed as fools and knaves. The last are the thrashers and sword-fishes, and grampuses and sharks of the sea of life; and the other the great shoal of common fish of different sorts, that seem made a-purpose to feed these hungry onmarciful critters that take 'em in by the dozen at one swoop, and open their mouths wide, and dart on for another meal.

Them's the boys that don't know what dyspepsy is. Considerable knowin' in the way of eatin', too, takin' an appetizer of sardines in the mornin' afore breakfastin' on macarel, and havin' lobster sauce with their cod-fish to dinner, and a barrel of anchovies to disgest a little light supper of a boat-load of haddock, halibut, and flat-fish. Yes, yes! the bulk of mankind is knaves and fools; religious knaves, political knaves, legal knaves, quack knaves, trading knaves, and sarvent knaves; knaves of all kinds and degrees, from officers with gold epaulettes on their shoulders, who sometimes condescend to *relieve* (as they call it) a fool of his money at cards, down to thimble-rigging at a fair.

The whole continent of America, from one end of it to the other, is overrun with political knaves and quack knaves. They are the greatest pests we have. One undertakes to improve the constitution of the country, and the other the constitution of the body, and their everlastin' tinkerin' injures both. How in natur' folks can be so taken in, I don't know. Of all knaves, I consider them two the most dangerous, for both deal in pysinous deadly medicines. One pysons people's minds, and the other their bodies. One unsettles their heads, and the other their stomachs, and I do believe in my heart and soul that's the cause we Yankees look so thin, hollow in the cheeks, narrow in the chest, and gander-waisted. We boast of being the happiest people in the world. The President tells the Congress that lockrum every year, and every year the Congress sais, "Tho' there ain't much truth in you,

old slippiry-go-easy, at no time, *that's* no lie, at any rate." Every young lady sais, "I guess that's a fact." And every boy that's coaxed a little hair to grow on his upper lip, puts his arm round his gall's waist, and sais, "That's as true as rates, we are happy, and if you would only name the day, we shall be still happier." Well, this is all fine talk; but what is bein' a happy people? Let's see, for hang me if I think we are a happy people.

When I was a boy to night-school with my poor dear old friend, the minister, and arterwards in life as his companion, he was for everlastingly correctin' me about words that I used wrong, so one day, having been down to the sale of the effects of the great Revolutionary General, Zaddoc Seth, of Holmes' Hole, what does he do but buy a Johnson's Dictionary for me in two volumes, each as big as a clock, and a little grain heavier than my wooden ones. "Now," sais he, "do look out words, Sam, so as to know what you are a-talking about."

One day, I recollect it as well as if it was yesterday—and if I loved a man on earth, it was that man—I told him if I could only go to the Thanksgiving Ball, I should be quite happy.

"Happy!" said he, "what's that?"

"Why happy," sais I, "is—bein' happy, to be sure."

"Why that's of course," sais he, "a dollar is a dollar, but that don't inform me what a dollar represents. I told you you used words half the time you didn't understand the meanin' of."

"But I do," sais I; "happy means being so glad, your heart is ready to jump out of its jacket for joy."

"Yes—yes," sais he; "and I suppose if it never jumped back again, you would be unhappy for all the rest of your life. I see you have a very clear conception of what 'happy' means. Now look it out; let us see what the great and good Dr Johnson says."

"He sais it is a state where the desires are satisfied—lucky—ready."

"Now," said he, "at most, as it applies to you, if you get leave to go to the ball, and you may go, for I approbate all innocent amusements for young people, you would be only lucky: and in a state where *one* desire is satisfied. It appears to me," said he,—and he put one leg over the other, and laid his head a little back, as if he was a-goin' to lay

down the law,—“ that that eminent man has omitted another sense in which that word is properly used, namely, a state of joyfulness—light-heartedness—merriment, but we won't stop to inquire into that. It is a great presumption for the likes of me to attempt to criticise Dr Johnson.”

Poor dear old soul, he was a wiser and a modester man than ever the old doctor was. Fact is, old dictionary was very fond of playin' first fiddle wherever he was. *Thunderin' long words ain't wisdom, and stoppin' a critter's mouth is more apt to improve his wind than his onderstandin'.*

“ You may go to the ball,” said he ; “ and I hope you may be happy in the last sense I have given it.”

“ Thank you, Sir,” said I, and off I cuts hot foot, when he called me back ; I had a great mind to pretend not to hear him, for I was afraid he was a-goin' to renig—.

“ Sam,” said he, and he held out his hand and took mine, and looked very seriously at me ; “ Sam, my son,” said he, “ now that I have granted you permission to go, there is one thing I want you to promise me. I think myself you will do it without any promise, but I should like to have your word.”

“ I will observe any direction you may give me, Sir,” said I.

“ Sam,” said he, and his face grew so long and blank, I hardly knew what was a-comin' next,—“ Sam,” said he, “ don't let your heart jump out of its jacket ;” and he laid back in his chair, and laughed like anythin', in fact I could not help laughin' myself to find it all eend in a joke.

Presently he let go my hand, took both hisn, and wiped his eyes, for tears of fun were in 'em.

“ Minister,” sais I, “ will you let me just say a word ? ”

“ Yes,” sais he.

“ Well, according to Dr Johnson's third sense, that was a happy thought, for it was ‘ ready.’ ”

“ Well, I won't say it warn't,” said he ; “ and, Sam, in that sense you are likely to be a happy man all your life, for you are always ‘ ready ;’ take care you ain't too sharp.”

But to get back, for I go round about sometimes. Tho' Daniel Webster said I was like a good sportin'-dog, if I did beat round the bush, I always put up the birds. What is a happy people ? If havin' enough to eat and drink, with rather a short, just a little mite and morsel too short an allowance of time to swaller it, is bein' happy, then we are so beyond all doubt. If livin' in a free country like Maine,

where you are compelled to drink stagnant swamp-water, but can eat opium like a Chinese, if you choose, is bein' happy, then we are a happy people.

Just walk thro' the happy streets of our happy villages, and look at the men—all busy—in a hurry, thoughtful, anxious, full of business, toilin' from day-dawn to night—look at the women, the dear critters, a little, just a little care-worn, time-worn, climate-worn, pretty as angels, but not quite so merry. Follow them in the evening, and see where them crowds are going to; why to hear abolition lectures, while their own free niggers are starvin', and are taught that stealin' is easier than workin'. What the plague have they to do with the affairs of the south? Or to hold communion with evil spirits by means of biology, for the deuce a thing else is that or mesmeric tricks either? Or going to hear a feller rave at a protracted meetin' for the twelfth night, to convince them how happy they ought to be, as more than half of them, at least, are to be damned to a dead sartainty? Or hear a mannish, raw-boned-looking old maid, lecture on the rights of woman; and call on them to emancipate themselves from the bondage imposed on them, of wearing petticoats below their knees? If women are equal to men, why shouldn't their dress be equal? What right has a feller to wear a kilt only as far as his knee, and compel his slave of a wife to wear hern down to her ankle? Draw your scissors, galls, in this *high* cause; cut, rip, and tear away, and make *short* work of it. Rend your garments, and Heaven will bless them that's '*In-kneed.*' Well, if this is bein' happy, we are a happy people.

Folks must be more cheerful and light-hearted than we be to be happy. They must laugh more. Oh! I like to hear a good jolly laugh, a regular nigger larf—yagh! yagh! yagh! My brother, the doctor, who has an immense practice among the ladies, told me a very odd story about this.

Sais he, "Sam, cheerfulness is health, and health is happiness, as near as two things, not exactly identical, can be alike. I'll tell you the secret of my practice among the ladies. Cheerfulness appears to be the proper remedy, and it is in most cases. I extort a promise of inviolable secrecy from the patient, and secure the door, for I don't want my prescription to be known; then I bid her take off her shoes, and lie down on the sofa, and then I tickle her feet to make her laugh (for some folks are so stupid, all the good stories

in the world wouldn't make them laugh), a good, joyous laugh, not too long, for that is exhaustin', and this repeated two or three times a-day, with proper regimen, effects the cure."

Yes, cheerfulness is health, the opposite, melancholy, is disease. I defy any people to be happy, when they hear nothin' from mornin' till night, when business is over, but politics and pills, representatives and lotions.

When I was at Goshen the other day, I asked Dr Carrot how many doctors there were in the town.

"One and three-quarters," said he, very gravely.

Well, knowing how doctors quarrel, and undervalue each other in small places, I could hardly help laughing at the decidedly disparaging way he spoke of Dr Parsnip, his rival, especially as there was something rather new in it.

"Three-quarters of a medical man!" sais I. "I suppose you mean your friend has not a regular-built education, and don't deserve the name of a doctor."

"Oh no! Sir," said he, "I would not speak of any practitioner, however ignorant, in that way. What I mean is just this: Goshen would maintain two doctors; but quack medicines, which are sold at all the shops, take about three-quarters of the support that would otherwise be contributed to another medical man."

Good, sais I to myself. A doctor and three-quarters! Come, I won't forget that, and here it is.

Happy! If Dr Johnson is right, then I am right. He says happiness means a state where all our desires are satisfied. Well now, none of our desires are satisfied. We are told the affairs of the nation are badly managed, and I believe they be; politicians have mainly done that. We are told our insides are wrong, and I believe they be; quack doctors and their medicines have mainly done that. Happy! How the plague can we be happy, with our heads unsettled by politics, and our stomachs by medicines. It can't be; it ain't in natur', it's onpossible. If I was wrong, as a boy, in my ideas of happiness, men are only full-grown boys, and are just as wrong as I was.

I ask again, What is happiness? It ain't bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman ever was happy, since the world began. Eve was idle, and that's the way she got tempted, poor critter; employment gives both appetite and digestion. *Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast.*

When the harness is off, if the work ain't too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. *When pleasure is the business of life it ceases to be pleasure; and when it's all labour and no play, work, like an onstuffed saddle, cuts into the very bone. Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness, one has no room for the heart and the other corrupts it.* Hard work is the best of the two, for that has, at all events, sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and onrefreshin' slumbers—one is a misfortune, the other is a curse; and money ain't happiness, that's as clear as mud.

There was a feller to Slickville once called Dotey Conky, and he sartinly did look dotey like lumber that ain't squared down enough to cut the sap off. He was always a wishing. I used to call him Wishey Washey Dotey. "Sam," he used to say, "I wish I was rich."

"So do I," I used to say.

"If I had fifty thousand dollars," he said, "I wouldn't call the President my cousin."

"Well," sais I, "I can do that now, poor as I be; he is no cousin of mine, and if he was he'd be no credit, for he is no great shakes. Gentlemen now don't set up for that office; they can't live on it."

"Oh, I don't mean that," he said, "but fifty thousand dollars, Sam, only think of that; ain't it a great sum, that; it's all I should ask in this world of providence; if I had that, I should be the happiest man that ever was."

"Dotey," sais I, "would it cure you of the colic? you know how you suffer from that."

"Phoo," sais he.

"Well what would you do with it?" sais I.

"I would go and travel," sais he, "and get into society and see the world."

"Would it educate you, Dotey; at your age give you French and German, Latin and Greek, and so on?"

"Hire it, Sam," sais he, touching his nose with his fore finger.

"And manners," sais I, "could you hire that? I will tell you what it would do for you. You could get drunk every night if you liked, surround yourself with spongers, horse jockies, and foreign counts, and go to the devil by rail-road instead of a one-horse shay."

Well, as luck would have it, he drew a prize in the lottery at New Orleans of just that sum, and in nine months he

was cleaned out, and sent to the asylum. It tain't cash then that gains it; that's as plain as preaching. What is it then that confers it?

"A rope," said Blowhard, as we reached the side of the 'Nantasket,' "in with your oars, my men. Now, Mr Slick, let's take a dose of *Sarsaparilly Pills*."

CHAPTER XI.

OLD SARSAPARILLA PILLS.

"COME, Mr Attachy," said Blowhard, as we mounted the deck of the 'Nantasket,' "let's go down to Apothecary's Hall;" and he larfed agin in great good humour.

When we entered the cabin, which sartinly looked more like a herb and medicine shop than anythin' else, we found the capting seated at the table, with a pair of small scales in his hand, carefully adjustin' the weight of somethin' that had just been prepared by a boy, who sat in the corner, and was busy with a pestle and mortar.

"How are you, Doctor?" said Blowhard, in his blandest manner. "This is Mr Slick. We have come to ask you if you will take a patient on board, who wants to return home, and whom Providence has just sent you in here to relieve?"

"What's the matter with him?" inquired the quack captin, with the air of a man who had but to hear and to cure.

Love explained briefly the state of the case; and having obtained his consent, asked me to request one of the hands to hoist a flag, as the signal agreed upon for bringing the invalid on board.

"Proud to see you, Mr Slick," said the quack captin. "Take a chair, and bring yourself to an anchor. You are welcome on board the 'Nantasket.'"

Instead of an aged man, with a white beard, large spectacles, and an assumed look of great experience, as I expected to have seen, from the nickname of "Old Sarsaparilla Pills," given to him by the skipper, I was surprised to find he was not past five-and-thirty years of age. He was a sort of French graft on a vigorous Yankee stock. His chin and face were

covered with long black hair, out of which twinkled a pair of bright, sparkling, restless eyes. His dress and talk was New England, but French negligence covered all, and was as unpleasant and as disorderly as the deck; for the Yankees are a neat people, in a general way, and like to see things snug and tidy. If, in his appearance, he was half French and half Yankee, it was plain he was also half knave and half goney. The only thing I saw to like about him was, that he was a man with a theory; and a theory, to my mind, whether in political economy or in medicine, is the most beautiful thing in the world.

They say an empty bag can't stand straight. Well, who the plague cares if it can't, when you have nothin' to put into it? for it would only be in the way and take up room if it could. Now, a theory will stand as straight as a bullrush, without a fact at all. Arguments, probabilities, and lies will do just as well. But if folks must have facts, why the only plan is to manufacture 'em. What's the use of the Crystal Palace, and all its discoveries, if statesmen can't invent facts? Sometimes one fact depends on another, and that on a third, and so on. Well, to make anything of them, you must reason. Well, what on airth is the use of reason? Did you ever see a man that could reason? A dog can, but then a dog has some sense. If he comes to a place where four roads meet, he stops and considers, and weighs all the probabilities of the case, *pro* and *con*, for each road. At last he makes up his mind; goes on confident; and ninety-nine times out of a hundred he is right. But place a man there, and what would he do? Why, he'd look like a ravin', distracted fool: he'd scratch his head, and say, "I don't know, I declare; I don't know, I am sure;" the only thing the critter is sure about. And then he'd sit down on a stone, and wait till some one come by to tell him.

Well, after waitin' there till he is een amost tired out, the first man that rides by, he'd jump up so sudden he'd scare the horse, that shies awfully, and nearly spills the rider; and wouldn't he get more blessings than would last him a whole whalin' voyage? Well, the next man that comes by drivin' in a gig, he goes more coolly to work to stop; when traveller pulls out a pistol, and says, "Stand off, you villain! I am armed, and will fire!" Well, the third sets a fierce dog on him, and asks him what he is a doin' of there? And when he inquires the way, he puts his finger to his nose and says, "That

cat won't jump, old boy." Well, the next chap that comes along is a good-natured feller. He is a whistlin' a tune or singing an air, as light-hearted as you please; and a hittin' of loose stones with his cane as he trips along; and when he axes him the way, he shows it to him as perlite as possible, and says it is the very road he is going, and will walk abit with him to the next turn, where they must part.

This world ain't so bad, after all, as it looks; there are some good-natured folks in it, that's a fact, that will do a civil thing now and then for nothin' but the pleasure, but they ain't quite as thick as blackberries, I can tell you.

Well, at the turn of the road there is an ale-house, and the good-natured stranger pulls out some money, like a good Samaritan, and gives him a drink for nothin'.

"Now," sais he, "friend, suppose you qualify?"

"Qualify?" sais the critter, more puzzled than he was at the four roads. "Qualify! does that mean to stand treat? for if it doeth, I don't care if I doos."

"Come, none of that nonsense, my good feller," sais the other, whose air and manner is changed in a minute, so that he don't look like the same man. "Come, come, you ain't so soft as that, you are listed. Feel in your waistcoat pocket, and there is her Majesty's shilling."

"Danged if I do," sais this vartuous and reasonable being, "danged if I do, I'll fight till I die fust—" when he is knocked down, hears a whistle, and three men come in, iron him to another feller that didn't know the road any better than him, and off he is marched to see his officer."

I saw that critter mountin' guard at the Ordnance Gate, at Halifax, last winter at night, mercury sixteen below zero, cold enough amost to freeze the hair off a dog's back. That's because he couldn't reason. Little doggy we've seen could reason and reason well, and was home half an hour before 'thirteen-pence a-day' was listed, to have a finger, or a toe, or an ear froze off on duty. There is no pension for a toe, unless it's the gout in an old admiral or ginerals' toe.

No, reasonin' is no good. That that is good reasonin' ain't marketable, bad reasonin' is like some factory cloth, half cotton, half old clothes, carded over agin' at Manchester, and is low-priced, just fit for fellers that don't know the way, and get listed under a party leader. That's the case too with frec-traders, they sing out 'cheap bread;' it don't want reasonin' except cheap reasonin'. Don't cheap bread cost less

than dear bread? Why yes, in course it does. Well then, free-trade does that; don't you wish you may be better of it. No, reasoning is no good, and facts are no good; for they are as cheap as words, which only cost a halfpenny a hundred, and two farthings change given back.

I like a theory; it is a grand thing to work a farm by when you have no experience, and govern a nation by when the electors are as wise as that are recruit, that couldn't even follow his nose. Captin Furlong had a theory, and hadn't he as good a right to have one as Peel, or any other practitioner, either in politics, or medicine, or farmin', or anythin' else? Why to be sure he had.

"Mr Slick," said he,—and he put one leg over the other, threw his head back, and gave me a sort of fixed stare, just one of those stares you see a feller now and then put on who shuts to his ears and open his eyes wide, as much as to say, "now don't interrupt me, for I mean to have all the talk to myself." Whenever I see a critter do that, I am sure to stop him every minute, for I have no notion of a feller taking me like a lamb, and tying me hand and foot to offer up as a sacrifice to his vanity. "Mr Slick," said he, "I have a theory."

"'Zactly," said I, "it's just what you ought to have; you can no more get on in medicine without a theory to carry out, than a receipt to work by. I knowed a chap onct—" but he gave me the dodge, cut in agin, and led off.

"I have a theory that for every disease natur' has provided a remedy, if we could only find it."

"'Zactly," said I, "let natur' alone, and nine times out of ten she will effect a cure; it's my theory that more folks die of the doctor than the disease. I knew a fellow onct—" but he headed me agin.

"Now this remedy is to be found in simples, herbs, barks, vegetables, and so on. The aborigines of no country ever were sappers and miners, Mr Slick; many of them were so ignorant as not even to know the use of fire, and therefore the remedy was never intended to be hid, like mercury and zinc, and what not, in the beeowels of the earth."

"'Zactly," said I, "but in the beeowels of the patient."

He lifted up his hairy upper lip at that, and backed it agin his nose, for all the world as you have seed a horse poke out his head, and strip his mouth, that was rather proud of his teeth; but he went on,—

“There is a specific and an antidote for everythin’ in natur’.”

“’Zactly,” sais I. “Do you know an antidote for fleas? for I do. It’s a plant found in every sizable sarce garden; they hate it like pyson. I never travel without it. When I was in Italy last, I slept in a double-bedded room with the Honourable Erastus Cassina, a senator from Alligator Gully to Congress, and the fleas was awful thick. So I jist took out of the pocket of my dressin’-gown four little bags of this ‘flea-antidote;’ two I put on the bed, and two under it. Oh! if there warn’t a flight in Egypt that night, it’s a pity! In a few minutes, Erastus called out,—

“‘Slick! Slick!’ said he, ‘are you awake?’

“‘What in natur’ is the matter?’ sais I.

“‘Oh, the fleas! the fleas!’ said he. ‘Clouds on ’em are lightin’ on my bed, and I shall be devoured alive. They are wus than alligators, for *they* do the job for you in two twos; but these imps of darkness nibble you up, and take all night to it. They are so spry, you can’t catch ’em, and so small, you can’t shoot ’em. I do believe every flea in the house is coming here.’

“‘That’s the cane-juice that’s in you,’ sais I; ‘you are the sweetest man alive—all sugar; they are no fools, are fleas.’

“‘Do they bother you?’ said he.

“‘No,’ sais I, ‘I hante one.’

“‘Then,’ said he, ‘let me turn in with you, friend Slick, that’s a good feller, for I’m in an awful state.’

“‘That cat won’t jump, Senator,’ sais I, ‘for they will foller you here too, for the sake of the cane-juice. You must drink vinegar and get sour, and smoke tobacky and pyson them.’ Now, Captin’,” sais I, “I have an antidote for bugs too—better, simpler, and shorter than any ‘pothecary’s ointments. I hold them two critters to be the pest of the world. The Nova Scotia Indgians calls fleas *walkum-fasts*, and bugs *walkum-slows*. They say fleas travel so fast, they can’t shake ’em off.

“Now I have a theory about fleas. I don’t believe one word of history about the Goths, and Vandals, and Huns. I believe it was an irruption of fleas that followed the legions back, and overrun Rome. And my facts are as good as Gibbon’s for a theory any day. I told that story about the fleas to the Pope, who larfed ready to kill himself, but kept

a scratchin' rather ondignified all the time. 'Mr Slick,' said he, 'I will give you a thousand dollars for that receipt,' and he smiled very good-natured; 'for fleas,' said he, 'have no respect for the Church.' But our minister to St James's, who was at Rome at the time on business, told me it would lower our great nation for an *attaché* to sell flea-antidotes and bug-exterminators, and his Holiness and I didn't trade.

"But if a man was to travel with that little simple remedy through Portugal, Spain, France, and Italy, Switzerland, and shores of the Mediterranean Sea, where fleas are as big as horse-flies, he would make the largest fortin ever bagged by any one man in this universal world."

"Will you take what the Pope offered you, now?" said Capting Furlong.

"Oh, oh, old boy!" sais I to myself, "you have opened your ears, have you. I thought I'd improve your hearin' for you. Say three," sais I, "and the secret and patent is yours."

"Can't come it," sais he.

"Then I withdraw the offer, Capting; if you want it, you must pay higher. But go on; you interest me greatly." I thought I should have split when I said that, for I hadn't allowed him to say a word hardly.

"Well," said he, but that story of the fleas nearly upset him, "everything has its specific and its antidote. Now my sarsaparilly pills has made a fortune for old Jacob Worlds-end, to whom I was fool enough to sell the secret for three thousand dollars, and it raily is all it's cracked up to be. But, Mr Slick, I have at last made a discovery that will astonish the world. I have found a certain and sure cure for the dropsy. It is an extract of a plant that is common in the woods, and is applied externally as a lotion, and internally as pills. I have proved it; I have the affidavits of more than fifty people I have cured."

And he smote the table, stroked his beard down, and smiled as pleased as a feller that's found a nugget of gold as big as his head, and looked at me with a self-satisfied air, as much as to say, Mr Slick, don't you wish you was me?

Now, thinks I, is the time to cut in. Whenever a feller is fool enough to stand up in the stirrups, and you can see daylight atween him and the saddle, that's your chance; give him a lift then onder one foot, and he is over in no time.

"I shouldn't wonder," said I, "if that was a sartin cure."

"Wonder," said he, "why I know it is."

"Zactly," said I; "I have know'd it this long time—long before you ever see this coast."

"What is it?" said he. "Write the word down, for partitions have ears."

Well, I took the pen, as if I was going to do as he asked, and then suddenly stopped, and said,—

"Yes, and give you my secret. Oh, no! that won't do; but it has a long stalk."

"Exactly," said he.

"And leaves not onlike those of a horse-chesnut."

"Which gender is it?" said he, gaspin' for breath, and openin' of his ugly mug, till it looked like a hole made in a bear-skin of a sleigh to pass a strap through.

"Feminine gender," said I.

"The devil!" said he, and I thought he would have fainted.

"Mr Slick," said Blowhard, "I'll back you agin any man I ever see for a knowledge of things in gineral, and men and women in particular. What the deuce don't you know?"

"Why I'll tell you," said I, "what I don't know. I don't know how the plague it is a squid can swim either end foremost, like a pinkey steamer, without having eyes in the starn also, or why it hasn't a bone at all, when a shad is chock full of 'em. And I can't tell why it can live five days out of water, when a herring dies slick off at onct."

"Well—well," said Love, "who'd a-thought you'd have observed such things!"

Furlong was so astonished at my having his dropsy secret, he didn't hear a word of this by-talk; but lookin' up, half-scared, he said,—

"That's witchcraft."

"Well, it might be," said I, "for two old women found it out; they actilly didn't look onlike witches. Old Sal Slaughtery, that lives to the Falls, on the south branch of the river at Country Harbour, and keeps a glass of good whiskey for salmon-fishers, fust told me, and old Susan, the Indian squaw, was the one that discovered it."

"That beats the bugs," said the skipper, looking aghast, and drawin' off his chair, as if he thought old Scratch had some hand in it.

"No," said I, "not the bugs, but the dropsy."

"Phoo!" said he: "I didn't mean that."

"Don't be afeard of me," said I; "I scorn a mean action as I do a nigger. I won't blow you; part of the invention is yourn, and that is, reducing it to pills, for the old gal only knew of the decoction, and that is good enough. But you must give Sall fifty dollars when you take out your patent; it is a great sum to her, and will fill her heart, and her whisky-cask to."

"Done," said he. "Now, Mr Slick, have you any more medical secrets of natur'?"

"I have," said I. "I can cure the jaundice in a few days, when doctors can make no fist of it, any how they can fix it; and the remedy is on every farm, only they don't know it. I can cure in an hour or two that awful ague in the face, that folks, and 'specially women, are subject to; and can make skin grow when it is broken on the shin-bone, and other awkward places, even in the case of an old man, that doctors only make wus; and effect a hundred other cures. But that's neither here nor there, and I ain't a-goin' to set up for a doctor; I didn't come to brag, but to larn. That is a great herbal cure you have got hold of tho'—that's a fact," said I. "What are you goin' to call it?"

"Sure and safe remedy for the dropsy," said he.

"You won't sell a bottle," said I. "Simples will do very well inside (and the simpler they are the safer they be), but not outside of patent medicines. Call it 'the Vegetable Anasarca Specific,' an easy, safe, pleasant, and speedy cure for anasarca, or dropsy in the skin; the ascites, or dropsy in the stomach; the hydroops pectoris, or dropsy in the breast; and the hydrocephalus, or dropsy of the brain. Put the first in gold letters on the labels, the second in green, the third in pink, and the fourth in blue. You must have a fine name to please the ear, a nice-looking bottle to please the eye, and somethin' that is perfumed and smells nice to please the nose. But everything is in a name.

"When I was to Windsor, Nova Scotia, I met an old nigger, which we call a Chesapeak nigger, one of them Admiral Sir John Warren was fool enough to give Blue-nose to support. I was then about three miles out of the village. 'Well, Cato Cooper,' said I, 'what little church is that standin' there?'

"'Dat nigger church, massa,' said he. 'Built a purpose for niggers.'

"'Well I hope you go often?'

“ ‘Dat is jist what I do, massa. College students preach dere, and dere is one ob de most beautifullest preachers ’mong ’em you eber did hear respond a text. Oh! he splains it rail handsome. Nebber was nuffin like it, his sarmon is more nor half Latin and Greek, it are beautiful to hear, there ain’t a nigger in de settlement don’t go to listen to him; its rail dictionary. He convarted me. I is a Christian now, since I know all blacks are to be received into de kitchen ob Heaven.’

“ Now that nigger is a sample of mankind, big words look larned, and please them.

“ Well, I have a theory about that,” said the quack captain. “ Mankind are gullible, that’s a fact, they’ll swaller anything amost, if you only know how to talk ’em into it; that’s the only secret, how to persuade ’em. Mankind lives on promises.”

“ Well,” sais I, “ gullible means taking things down like gulls, and they are awful hungry birds. They go screamin’ about the mud flat of the river in the basin of Minas, like mad, and swaller a whole herring one after another without winkin’; and now and then a clam, shell and all, as fowls do gravel to help digestion; but cover a herring over with your nasty stuff, and see if they wouldn’t scream loud enough to wake the dead amost. You must treat men as you would children. Tell them to shut their eyes and open their mouths and take what you give them, as you do when you play with the little dears, and as long as it is sweet and pleasant they will swaller anythin’. Why the plague do doctors, who live by the sellin’ of medicine, make it so nasty? no created critter can get it down without makin’ faces that would scare a horse. The balm of Gilead man, Doctor Scloman, knew this secret, his balm was nothin’ but a dram, and that’s the reason all the old ladies praised it. But go on,” said I, “ I am afeard I have interrupted you; you interest me greatly.”

“ Well,” sais he, “ it’s very kind of you to say so, but it strikes me,” and he scratched his head, “ I haven’t said much to interest any one.”

“ Oh, yes,” sais I, “ that theory of yours, that natur’ has a remedy for everythin’, is very curious and original; go on, Sir.”

Well, the goney was tickled with that touch of the soft sawder brush. Whenever you see a feller who can flatter

himself into the opinion that a hairy face is becomin', it ain't no difficult thing for anybody to wheedle *him*.

"Well," sais he, "I have a theory, that everything that pertains to the secret workings of natur' ought to be invested with mystery. Women especially love mystery. Only tell them there is a secret, and see how their curiosity wakens up, and their eyes twinkle. Disguise is the great thing in medicine. Now the difficulty is, so to disguise this dropsy cure, that botanists and chemists wouldn't find it out."

"'Zactly," sais I; for as he sot out detarmined not to hear, I was detarmined he shouldn't talk long. "'Zactly," sais I; "now that's what I call sense, and a knowledge of human natur'. I see you warn't born yesterday. Now see how you're disguised."

"Me!" said he, looking all adrift.

"Yes," sais I, "you. Who in the world would take you for what you be? You are the master of a mackerel-vessel, with a considerable knowledge of medicine; but you look like a French dragoon officer. If old Buonaparte was to wake up, he would swear you was Marshal Grouchy, for you two look as much alike as two peas."

"Well," said the feller, strokin' his beard down, and looking pleased, "my face is in disorder now, Mr Slick, but when trimmed it ain't without its effect on the ladies, I do assure you."

"I shouldn't wonder if it had a peowerful effect," sais I, "'specially if they was in delicate health, and came sudden on it."

The consaited goney made me so mad, I had a great mind to give him chloriform, and shave him: and I actilly would too, if I had a had time, hang me if I wouldn't.

"Yes, yes," sais I, "everybody is in disguise. Politicians pretend to be patriots; women cover their designs and their temper with smiles; hypocrites look pious to cheat you, or are so frank and manly, look you so friendly in the face straight in the eyes, and shake hands so warmly with you, that I defy you not to be took in. Innkeepers are so glad to see you, it makes you kind of ashamed of your friend's coldness; but the moment you can't pay the bill they kick you right out of the house. Servants bow and smile, and curtsey and scrape before you, and go right down-stairs, and say, 'There's no pleasin' that old devil. I'll give him notice he must quit, if he don't behave better;' and then they all

larf ready to die at the joke. Then they mimic your voice, and say to each other, 'You really must leave the house if you make such a noise;' and then they larf louder than ever, and take a regular game of romps, and say, 'Who cares?' I tell you the world is all in disguise. But go on, Sir, I like to hear you talk, you interest me greatly. Finish about your theory."

"Mr Slick," said he, "have marcy, I knock under, I holler. I have talked foolish, I do believe, but I forgot who I was talkin' to, though in a ginerall way that sort of laying down the law does answer, that's a fact. But tell me, please, how in the world did you pick up so many medical secrets?"

"Well, I have promised not to blow you, and I hope you won't be offended with me if I do tell you?"

"Sartainly not," said he.

"Well," sais I, "excuse me, if you please, but you like to do all the talkin' yourself, and don't want to listen to others. Now I open my eyes as well as my mouth, hear, see, and learn what I can, as well as talk. *You can't be an autocrat in conversation, any more than you can in politics. Other people have rights, and they must be respected.*"

"Gentlemen," said old Blowhard, who appeared uncommonly amused at the conversation, "I have a theory of my own; will you allow me to put in my oar?"

"Sartainly!" we both said.

"Well, then, my theory is, that it is high time for us to go on board."

Thinks I to myself, I was rather hard on that chap. I intruded on him, and not he on me. I was his guest, and he wasn't mine. He was in his own house, as it were, and had a right to lead the talk. So I thought I owed him a good turn, and as I expected the jobation I gave him would make him ill, I said,—

"Captin Furlong, I'll give you my cure for the jaundice. You will make your fortin out of it, and common as the article is, all the doctors under heaven will never find your secret out." And I wrote it out for him, tho' it was a tough job; for as he leaned over my shoulder as I was a-doin' of it, his nasty, coarse, stiff, horse-hair sort of beard tickled me so, I thought I should have gone into fits, but I got through it, and then shook hands, and bid him good-bye.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOUSE THAT HOPE BUILT.

EARLY the following mornin', every vessel in the fleet got under way with what is called a soldier's wind, that is, it was fair for those goin' both east and west. Captain Love not only consented to his mate takin' charge of the "Black Hawk" instead of the poor deranged skipper, but pressed him to do so, sayin',—

"I guess I can find where the Cape lies, Matey, without askin' the way of any one. There ain't much above common for you to do to hum just now; so go, my son, and enjoy yourself with friend Slick. He ain't perhaps quite so good-natured as I be, for I believe I am the best-tempered man in the world when they let me alone, and don't rile me; but he is better informed than me, and will spin you yarns by the hour, about the Queen of England, whose nobles, they tell me, eat off of silver dishes with gold forks; and the Pope of Rome, where it's the fashion to shake hands with his big toe; and the King of France, where it is the custom to fire at him once a week, and instead of hitting him, kill one of his guards. Great shots, them Frenchmen! I don't doubt but that they could hit a barn door, if it was big enough, at ten yards' distance. Slick has been everywhere amost, and as he travels with his eyes open, has seen everythin'. I don't suppose his stories are all just Gospel, but they ain't far off the mark for all that; more like a chalk sketch of a coast made on the deck, perhaps, than a printed chart, not done to measurement, but like enough to steer by. And then, when you are a-shore, if you want to see fun, set him to rig a Blue-nose, as he did old Sarseperilly Pills yesterday, till he hollered and called for mercy, and it will make you split. Come, that's settled now, sposed we have a glass of grog at partin'. Mr Slick, here is your good health, and the same to you, Matey, and a pleasant voyage to you both. You will return, Matey, by the supply vessel, and its captin and you will change places; and, Mr Slick," said he, "I forgot to tell you, friend Cutler can give you all the information you want about the fisheries. He knows the history

and habits of the fish, their feedin' grounds, and the mode of takin' and curin' of them."

When we got in the boat to leave the "Bald Eagle," the sailors, to testify their regard for their old officer, gave three cheers, a compliment that was returned when we reached our vessel, with a hearty good will. It was a splendid sight to see this fleet of thirty-six sail of fishin'-craft that now got under way, all of them beautiful models, neatly and uniformly painted, well rigged, and their white cotton canvas sails cut, so as to lay up to the wind like a board, and the whole skimmin' over the water as light as sea-gulls. When we consider this was only an accidental meetin' of some scattered outward and homeward bound vessels, and was merely a specimen of what was to be seen from this to the Gulf of St Lawrence, I actilly do think, without any crackin' or boastin' on the subject, that we have great reason to be proud of our splendid mackerel fleet.

As the "Bald Eagle" left her anchorage, Cutler said, with a smile,—

"Do you hear my dear old friend, the most good-natured man in the world, how he is stormin' ? This is one of the exceptions he himself makes—he is riled now. Poor old Blowhard ! If you are not the best-tempèred, as you so often boast, you certainly are the kindest-hearted man in the world, and no one knows it better and appreciates it more highly than I do."

In the mean time, instead of going with either portion of the fleet, we sailed past M'Nutt's Island into the entrance of the magnificent harbour of Shelburn, the largest, the best, the safest, and the most beautiful on the whole American coast, from Labrador to Mexico, where we came to anchor. Takin' two hands in the boat, I steered to the point of land that forms the southern entrance, and crossin' the little promontory, proceeded to search for Mr Eldad Nickerson, whom I intended to hire as pilot and assistant to the coward mate in his land trade, and as a hand in the place of Mr Enoch Eells, for I knew him to be a trustworthy, intelligent, excellent man. Near the first house on the way, I met a smart, active-looking boy of about thirteen years of age.

"Whose house is that, boy ?"

"Ourn, Sir."

"Who lives there ?"

"Feather, Peter Potter, Sir."

“ Is he at home ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Do you know Mr Eldad Nickerson ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Is he at hum ? ”

“ Yes, I saw him just now cross the fields to his house.”

“ Well, do you run after him as fast as your legs can carry you, and tell him that Mr Slick is at Squire Peter Potter’s a-waitin’ for him.”

“ Feather bean’t a squire, Sir,” said the boy.

“ Well, he ought to be then. Tell him Mr Slick wants to see him down to the squire’s.”

“ I tell you Peter Potter bean’t a squire, Sir.”

“ And I tell you he ought to be a squire, then, and I’ll just go in and see about it.”

“ Well, I wish you would, Sir,” said the boy, “ for some how feather thinks he ain’t kind of been well used.”

“ Tell Mr Nickerson,” said I, “ to come at once ; and now run as if old Scratch kicked you on eend, and when you come back I will give you half-a-dollar.”

The boy darted off like an arrow from a bow ; half-a-dollar certain, and the prospect of a seat in the quarter sessions for his *fee-ather* were great temptations ; the critter was chock full of hope. Boys are like men, and men are like boys, and galls and women are both alike, too ; they live on hope—false hopes—hopes without any airthly foundation in natur’ but their own foolish consaits. *Hope!* what is hope ? expectin’ some unsertin thing or another to happen. Well, sposen it don’t happen, why then there is a nice little crop of disappointment to disgest, that’s all. What’s the use of hopen at all then ? I never could see any use under the sun in it. That word ought to be struck out of every dictionary. I’ll tell Webster so, when he gets out a new edition of hisn. Love is painted like a little angel, with wings, and a bow and arrow, called Cupid—the name of mother’s lap-dog. Many’s the one I’ve painted on clocks, little, chubby-cheeked, onmeanen, fat, lubberly critters. I suppose it typifies that love is a fool. Yes, and how he does fool folks, too. Boys and galls fall in love. The boy is all attention and devotion, and the gall is all smiles, and airs, and graces, and pretty little winnin’ ways, and they bill and coo, and get married because they *hope*.

Well, what do they *hope* ? Oh, they hope they will love

all the days of their lives, and they hope their lives will be ever so long just to love each other; it's such a sweet thing to love. Well, they hope a great deal more I guess. The boy hopes arter he's married his wife will smile as sweet as ever and twice as often, and be just as neat and twice as neater, her hair lookin' like part of the head, so tight, and bright, and glossy, and parted on the top like a little path in the forest. A path is a sweet little thing, for it seems made a purpose for courtin', it is so lonely and retired. Natur' teaches its use, he says, for the breeze as its whispers kisses the leaves, and helps the flowering shrubs to bend down and kiss the clear little stream that waits in an eddy for it afore it moves on.

Poor fellow, he ain't spoony at all. Is he? And he hopes that her temper will be as gentle and as meek and as mild as ever; in fact, no temper at all—all amiability—an angel in petticoats. Well, she hopes every minute he has to spare he will fly to her on the wings of love—legs ain't fast enough, and runnin' might hurt his lungs, but *fly* to her—and never leave her, but bill and coo for ever, and will let *her* will be *his* law; sartainly won't want her to wait on him, but for him to tend on her, the devoted critter like a heavenly ministreing white he-nigger.

Well, don't they hope they may get all this?

And do they? Jist go into any house you like, and the last two that talks is these has-been lovers. They have said their say, and are tired talking; they have kissed their kiss, and an onion has spiled it; they have strolled their stroll, for the dew is on the grass all day now. His dress is ontidy, and he smokes a short black pipe (he didn't even smoke a cigar before he was married), and the ashes get on his waist-coat; but who cares? it's only his wife to see it—and he kinder guesses he sees wrinkles, where he never saw 'em afore, on her stocking ancles; and her shoes are a little, just a little, down to heel; and she comes down to breakfast, with her hair and dress lookin' as if it was a little more neater, it would be a little more better.

He sits up late with old friends, and he lets her go to bed alone; and she cries, the little angel! but it's only because she has a headache. The heart—oh! there's nothing wrong there—but she is lately troubled with shockin' bad nervous headaches, and can't think what in the world is the cause. The dashing young gentleman has got awful stingy

too, lately. He sais housekeepin' costs too much, rips out an ugly word every now and then, she never heerd afore; but she hopes—what does the poor dupe hope? Why, she hopes he ain't swearin'; but it sounds amazin' like it—that's a fact. What is that ugly word "dam," that he uses so often lately? and she looks it out in the dictionary, and she finds "dam" means the "mother of a colt." Well, she hopes to be a mother herself, some day, poor critter! So her hope has ended in her findin' a mare's nest at last.

More things than that puzzle her poor little head. What does he see to be for everlastin' a praisin' that ugly virago of a woman, Mrs Glass—callin' her such an excellent house-keeper and capital manager; and when asked if she understands music, sayin' she knows somethin' much better than that?

"What, dear?"

"Oh! never mind."

"But I insist" (*insist* is the first strong word: take care, you little dear, or it will soon be one of the weakest. Mind your stops, dear; it sends a husband off like a hair-trigger gun); "but I insist."

"What, *insist!* Well, come, I like that amazingly."

"I mean I should like to know, dear" (Ah! that's right, my sweet friend, for I do love the little critters; for it's bad trainin' and bad handlin' arterwards, by bad masters, that so often spiles them. That's right; lower your tone, dear; you'll have occasion to raise it high enough, some of these days, perhaps); "I should like to know, dear, what she knows better than that? You used to say you was so fond of music, and stand by the piano, and turn over the leaves; and be so angry if anybody talked when I sang, and said I could have made a fortin on the stage. Tell me what she knows better, dear? Is it paintin'? You used to be so fond and so proud of my painting. Tell me, dear, what does she know better?"

That little touchin' and nateral appeal about the music and paintin' saved her that time. She got put off with a kiss, which she didn't hardly hope for, and that made it doubly sweet. *What people hope for, they think at last they have a right to, and when they are disappointed, they actilly think they are ill-used*; but unexpected luck makes the heart dance, and it saved her from hearin' what she did arterwards, for the unfeelin' rascal was a-goin' to tell her that what Mrs Glass

knew that was better, was how to make a puddin'. Well, the child hope painted was to be a blessin', not a little angel, that ain't good enough; but a cherubim or seraphim at least. Well, it did resemble them in one respect, for "they continually do cry." What a torment it was. Teethin', hoopin'-cough, measles, scarlatina, the hives, the snuffles, the croup, the influenza, and the Lord-knows-what, all came to pay their respects to it. Just as fast as one plague of Egypt went, another came.

Well, if the nursery told 'em how foolish it was to hope, the world told 'em in rougher language the same thing at a time when the temper was too sour to bear it. The pretty boys, what are they? Pretty birds! Enough to break their parents' hearts, if they was as hard as flints. And their galls, their sweet galls, that had nursery-governesses, and fashionable boarden-schools, and music masters, and French masters, and *Eyetalian* masters, and German masters (for German is worth both French and *Eyetalian* put together; it will take you from Antwerp to Russia, and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic), and every other master, and mistress, and professor, and lecturer worth havin'; and have been brought out into company according to rule—(I never liked that regular-built bringin' out of galls; it's too business-like, too much like showin' a filly's paces at a fair, like hangin' a piece of goods out of the window—if you fancy the article, and will give the price, I guess it's likely we'll come to tarms, for she is on hand, and to be disposed of)—well, arter all this hope of dear Minna, and Brenda, and Ulla, and Nina, what did hope do, the villain? Why he looked into the drawin'-room, where they were all ready to receive company, with mamma (that dear little mamma, that it seems as if she was only married the other day, so slight, so sweet, so fairy-like, and so handsome. I don't wonder "Hubby," as she called her husband, fell in love with her; but now a great, fat, coarse, blowsy, cross woman, that I wouldn't swear didn't paint, and, don't mention it—yes! drink her Cologne water too). Well, hope peeped in at the winder, and looked at those accomplished young ladies, with beautiful foreign and romantic names, and screamed like a loon at the sight of a gun. He vowed they nearly scared him to death; for they were as ugly as old Satan's eldest daughter, her they call Deadly Nightshade.

Hope is a slippery gentleman, and has cheated more fools

than ever love did, for many people pretend to love that don't. Many a feller, while he was a kissen of a gall, and had one arm round her waist, slipped the other into her pockets to feel what was there, and many a woman has inquired (no that ain't fair, I swow, I won't say that, I ought to be kicked if I did); but there is many a gall whose friends inquire, not into a man's character, but into his balance at his banker's, and if that ain't good, into his family interest, for "friends are better than money," and fish that won't take a worm will jump clean stark naked out of the water at red hackle.

But love is neither here nor there; the rael neat article, like rael best Varginy backey, is a scarce thing; it's either very coarse, or a counterfeit, something you wouldn't touch with a pair of tongs, or something that is all varnish, venear, and glue. The moment it is heated it warps, and then falls to pieces. Love is a pickpocket—hope is a forger. Love robs a gall and desarts her, and the sooner she is rid of him the better, for she is young, and the world is left to her at any rate. Hope coaxes her to hoard up for the future, and she listens to the villain, and places her happiness in years to come; and when that long future arrives (a pretty short story arter all, for it so soon comes), and she goes to draw on this accumulated fund, the devil a cent is there; hope has drawd it all out, and gone to California.

Love and hope are both rascals. I don't pity any folks that is cheated by hope, it sarves them right, for all natur' is agin hope. "*Good and evil seldom come where they are expected.*" We hante no right to rely on anybody but on Providence and ourselves. Middle men, or agents in a general way, are evil spirits, but hope is the devil.

I do pity a feminine, tho', that is cheated by love, for, by listenin' to the insinivations of the accomplished rascal, she don't know that the voice of natur' is in his favour, tho' he does. But I don't pity a he critter at all. His strength, vanity, and want of principle will carry him through anythin'. *The spur won't hurt where the hide is thick.* I don't go agin love, it's only Cupid's love, boy love, calf love, and Cupid ought to be sarved like a calf. With us we veal a calf at four weeks, in England they keep him three months; but Cupid, like the calves, ought to have his throat cut at one age or the other.

Man's love and woman's love is a sensible thing, and a

natural thing, and I approbate it, provided it is founded on—but I ain't a goin' to preach. Day and night are given to work, to glorify, to jollify, and sleep. What right have we to take this day's happiness, bottle it up and put it away for ten years, and say, "We will then have a splendoriferous spree, uncork it, and get riproarious with delight?" Take your daily bread, and be thankful; but don't pray to the Lord to lay up for you the loaves for years to come to make you rich. *Many a man has died about the time his great baking of bread came out of the oven.*

✓ Love, like the small-pox, comes in the nateral way, and you can't help it; but hope is different; all experience is agin it; and yet, like sin, every one indulges in it, privately or publicly. Look at that boy, now; he hopes I am goin' to make his father a squire or justice of the peace. I haven't the power, and don't know as I would if I could. But, tarnation! I never said I would. All I did say was, he ought to be. Well, so he ought, if he was worth a farthin'. On that little compliment he has framed, raised, boarded in, and shingled up a considerable buildin' of hope. And don't everybody do the same? Why to be sure they do. "When my Uncle Sam dies," sais my nephew, Sam Munroe, "I shall get all his money."

He is quite sure of it; his hope is so strong, and so is his mother's and father's too. They all hope as hard as they can. Well, I intend to marry soon, and I guess I don't hope, for I ain't such a fool; but I guess I may have a little Sam Slick of my own, and then where is all their hopes? Gone to the four winds and all their pints, includin' *Oilyander* the black cook's favourite one—west and by east, half south. Then new hopes spring up; Uncle Sam will get me a situation under government, for he knows everybody amost. And Uncle Sam guesses he may; but as it don't depend on him altogether, and it as like as not he might fail, all he sais is he'll try; but in the mean time, don't depend on it; work as if you never thought of it. You can't live on hope, and hope deferred makes the heart sick.

Well the critter don't look pleased at that answer—that sensible answer—that answer that is accordin' to the natur' of things and the workings of Providence, and he is huffy, slams his hat on, sticks his lips out, and bangs the door arter him as he struts off, and his father is sulky, and his mother looks down in the mouth. They hoped better things of Uncle

Sam. He ain't got no nateral affection; he has travelled about the world so much, he don't care for no one now. Single men get selfish. But still they *hope*, because they intend to tease me into it. So they at it again. They *hope* to wheedle me too, if teazin' won't answer.

"Oh, Sam!" sais sister Sall, and raily there is no resistin' of her when she gets at you, she has such winnin' ways about her, and smiles so sweet, and looks to my mind handsomer than when she was a gall. Well, she watches her chance—for hope keeps her wide awake—and when she sees me dressed up for a party, in my best London and Paris dress, she takes hold of my whisker, and gives it a little better curl and set with her finger. "Sam," sais she, "how well you *do* look! I wouldn't go out to this party, only I feel so proud of *you*, and I *do* like to see folks look up to you so. Your last visit to Europe did a great deal for you; it improved you so much."

"Do you think so?" sais I.

"Think!" sais she, a tossin' up of her pretty little head and a shakin' of her beautiful curls and ringlets, and a kissin' of me. "I don't think about it at all, I know it, and it's generally allowed to be so; it has made you quite a man of the world, it has rubbed off all rusticity, or what Cooper calls provincial look."

"Oh! ho!" sais I to myself, "I see how the cat jumps, there is a gold chain, or a bracelet, or a cameo, or somethin' or another wanted. Well, I'll play her off a little while and she shall have it, the dear little critter, and welcome. Oh! Lord, a man of the world! Sally," sais I, "Sally," pretending to look all taken aback, "I'm sorry to hear that."

"Why, dear?" sais she.

"Because, Sally, a man of the world has no heart, and I begin to think mine ain't so big or so soft as it used to be."

"How can you say so, Sam?" sais she, and then comes another kiss.

"Better so, Sally dear," sais I. "If I was as soft as I onct was, when I was always in love with every gall I romped with (and I never see one that I didn't make right after), perhaps I'd go strait off, marry in haste and repent at leisure."

Well, that word marry always sot her a swollerin' her breath, as folks do to keep down the hickups. Sally raily does love me, and no mistake; but somehow or somehow else, it strikes me it would take her a good while to like

my wife (though she will have to try some day), for that would knock her hopes all to squash.

"Marry!" said she; "why I'm sure there ain't any one half good enough for you here, Sam, so you needn't be afeard of fallin' in love to-night; but I wasn't thinkin' of the galls," said she, a-colourin' up out of consciousness, "I was thinkin' of the men."

Somehow or another, natur' don't seem to approbate anything that ain't the clear grit. The moment a lady goes to conceal an artifice, if, instead of hiding it with her petticoats, she covers it with blushes, "Guilty!" sais you at once. "There is the marks of blood in your face."

"So you warn't thinkin' of the galls, eh, Sally? How like a woman that was!"

"Sam," sais she, a-colourin' up again most beautiful, "do behave yourself. I thought you was improved, but now I don't see you are a bit altered. But, as I was a sayin', the men all look up so to you. They respect you so much, and are kind of proud of you—they'd do anything for you. Now, Amos Kendle is to be there to-night, one of the Secretaries of State. Couldn't you speak to him about Sam? He'd provide for him in a minute. It's amost a grand chance; a word from you would do the business at onct—he won't refuse *you*."

Well, it ain't easy to say No to a woman, especially if that woman is a sister, and you love that sister as I do Sally. But sometimes they must listen to reason (though hope don't know such a tarm as that), and hear sense (though hope says that's heathen Greek), so I have to let her down easy.

"Sally dear," sais I, a-takin' of her hand, "Amos is a democrat, and I am a Whig, and they mix about as easy as ile and water; and the democrats are at the top of the ladder now; and in this great nation each party takes all the patronage for its own side. It's a thing just onpossible, dear. Wait until the Whigs come in, and then I'll see what I can do. But, Sally, *I don't approbate offices for young men. Let them airn their own grub, and not eat the bread of the State. It ain't half so sweet, nor half so much to be depended on.* Poor Sally;" thinks I, "hope will be the death of you yet," for she said, in a faint voice,—

"Well, Sam, you know best. I trust all to you; my hope is in you;" and she sot down, and looked awful pale, held a smellin'-bottle to her nose, and I thought she would have fainted.

Well, to make a long story short, one fine day in flies Sally to my room, all life, animation, and joy.

"Oh! Sam," sais she, "I have great news for you."

"Has the blood-mare got a colt?" says I.

"Ho!" sais she; "how stupid you are!"

"Has the Berkshire pig arrived from England?"

I knew in course what was comin', but I just did it to tease her.

"No, Sam," said she, a-throwin' her arms round my neck, a-laughin', kissin', and cryin', half-distracted all at the same time, "no, Sam, the Whigs have carried their man for President. Now's the time for Sam! you'll get an office for him; won't you, dear?"

"I'll try, dear. Pack up my things, and I'll start for Washington to-night; but, Sally dear, somehow I don't think I can do much for Sam; he ain't known in politics, and it's party men, active men, and influential men that gets places. I might obtain a foreign appointment for myself, if I wanted it."

"Oh! of course you could if you wanted it," she replied, "for you'd try then."

There is no keepin' off a woman; if coaxin' won't do, they give you a sly touch on the raw; but I takes that poke, and goes on.

"Because they ain't always confined to party; but as for a boy like Sam, I don't know, but I'll try."

Well, what sais President? "Collector of Customs at New Port, Rhode Island? Why, Mr Slick, it's worth three thousand dollars a-year."

"Exactly; that's the reason I asked for it."

"It's onpossible, Sir."

"Well, Cape Cod? Let me see, two thousand five hundred dollars."

"Too large, Sir, the party will never consent to it for an unknown boy; and even you, Mr Slick, though one of us, don't mix in politics; but stop, I'll see what I can do," and he turns over a large book of places, names, and salaries; at last he sais,— "Here's a vacancy that nobody has asked for. I'll make him United States' Consul for Turks Island, in the West Indies; it's worth three thousand dollars a-year, if he don't object to the yaller-fever," he said, laughin', "the ophthalmia, the absence of whites, and the presence of too many blacks, and can do without fresh provisions; it's a good

office, for I defy him to spend his income, and he may add to it by trade. I am sorry I have nothin' better to offer him; but if you, Mr Slick, would like a diplomatic station I shall be happy to nominate you to the Senate, for other considerations weigh there as well as party. Washington Irving goes to Spain, which he has illustrated. You are favourably known as *attaché* to our embassy to St James'; if you would like any part of the Mediterranean, or the north of Europe, why—;

"Thank you, Sir," said I, "I prefer private to public life, and will let you know the young gentleman's determination as soon as I return."

When I came home, Sally didn't cry: oh! of course not, women don't know how, when she saw all her hopes broken to pieces, like a flower-pot that falls off a stand, leaving nothing but dirt, broken crockery, and squashed roses on the carpet. And Sam didn't stalk about the room, and hold up his head straight like a crane that's half choked swallowin' a great bull frog, and talk nonsense, and threaten to kick the President if ever he caught him to Slickville: oh no! boys never do that. And they didn't coax and persuade me to take a foreign mission, on purpose to have Sam as *attaché*: oh no! of course not; that would have looked selfish, and been askin' too much of Uncle. I wonder if there is such a thing as asking too much of an uncle. Thinks I, when the Lord don't send children, the devil sends nephews and nieces. Well, hope, like an alder-bush near a ditch in the dyke, as soon as it is cut down springs right up again, and puts forth five or six stems instead of one. There is a new hope for Sam, who raily is a handsome feller, and if he was a little taller would be most as handsome as his Uncle.

"Well, what is it, Sally?"

"Why, I think he will marry Miss Crowningshield, the great heiress! Her father made a million of dollars in ile, and left it all to her. Oh! I hope to goodness he will take my advice. She is very fond of him, and meets him more than half way. Wouldn't that be grand, Sam?"

Well, I didn't say a word.

"Sam, why don't you speak? Why, Sam, what ails you?"

"Sally dear," said I, "take care. This fortin' commenced in ile, and will eend in blubber, as sure as the world, see if it don't."

Well, it did; either he didn't go the right way to work,

or she jilted him; but they didn't hitch horses together. Sall took to her bed, and nearly cried her eyes out, and Sam took to a likely young heifer, that had just money enough to pay their passage, and spliced and set off to California. He will do better now he is away from his mother, if he works like a nigger day and night, ain't afraid of hot suns and cold rivers, has good luck in diggin', and don't get robbed, burnt out, or murdered.

Hope will be the death of poor Sally yet. She goes it as strong as ever now on Joshua Hopewell Munroe, the second boy; and if they would only let hopin' alone, I make no doubt but he'd do. "No, no!" as I said to my nephew when he went to the Pacific, "hope ought to be struck out of the dictionary. *Do your duty, Sam, and trust to Providence; have no hope and no fear; regard the present and not the future, except that future beyond the grave, and for that the word is faith.*"

Squire, what effect do you think that had on him? and this I will say, though I say it that shouldn't say it, it's good advice. Why the hopeful youth just winked to his wife, as much as to say, How wise he is, ain't he? "Exactly, uncle," sais he, "we shall have as happy a life of it as the jolly old pair in the song had, who

" 'Nor hoped, nor feared, nor laughed, nor cried,
And so they lived, and so they died.'

Good bye, uncle;" and after they got out into the entry, I could hear them laugh like anything at it. Poor boy! he is the wrack of a house that hope built.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT HOPE.

WHILE the boy was goin' for Eldad Nickerson, I walked into the house of Mr Peter Potter, the door of which stood invitinly or carelessly open, and went to the fire, where Peter sat smokin' a pipe. He was about as cross-grained, morose, ongainly, forbiddin' a lookin' man as ever I sot eyes on. He was tilted back on his chair, which he balanced with the toes

of his boots. He wore his hat, to save the trouble of taking it on or off, and a month's beard, to save the trouble of shavin'. He neither got up, nor looked up, nor spoke, but seemed listening to a green stick of wood, that was what is called singing or hissing, as the heat of the fire drove out the sap. Poverty, despair, and dogged bad temper was stamped on his face in big print. I guess he had got out of bed the wrong way that mornin'.

Everything depends on how a man gets up. It's a great secret that. If it is done wrong leg foremost, or wrong eend fust, you are wrong all day, cross as old Scratch; and the wisest thing is to give you a wide berth, lest you should fly off the handle. And if the right leg, or the right side, or right eend, as the case may be, comes up as it ought, why then you'll do pretty well that day, like old Blowhard, if they don't rile you. But t'other way is like the sun risin' and goin' into a cloud right off; it's a sure sign of a storm, or a juicy day.

Peter had got up wrong, or never turned in right, or didn't know the dodge of gettin' out of bed properly. The apartment in which he sat was both a kitchen and common sitting-room. It was clean, but scantily and wretchedly furnished. Everythin' betokened great poverty. Much of the glass of the windows was broken, and its place supplied by shingles, and what was left was patched with the fragments of those that had been shattered. The dresser contained but few articles of crockery, and those of the commonest kind, of different patterns, and of indispensable use. A common deal table, a bench, and three or four ricketty chairs, with two round pieces of birch, apparently sawed from a log of fire-wood, for seats, that stood on each side of the chimney, was all that the room contained.

Onlike other houses of the same kind, belongin' to people of his class, which are generally comfortable, and bear some marks of thrift and good cheer, this exhibited nothin' to feed or work upon. No hams hung temptin' from the rafters. No hanks of yarn kivered the walls, and no spinnin'-wheel showed a partnership with sheep. High up, within the large open fire-place, and on either side of the jams, were two hard-wood rods, that severally supported about a dozen gaspereaux, or alewives, that were undergoin' the process of smokin'; while in one corner of the room stood a diminutive scoop net, by the aid of which the eldest boy apparently

had provided this scanty supply of food for the family. A heavy, old-fashioned musket was slung between the windows, and was probably the travellin' companion of its owner, for the special benefit of constables and wild-fowl, both of which are naturally shy in a place so much frequented by sailors.

It was a scene not easily forgotten, especially in a country like Nova Scotia, where common industry supplies in abundance all the ordinary wants of a family. Proceedin' to the fire-place, I addressed the immoveable and silent owner.

"Mornin'," said I, "friend. By your leave I'll light a cigar by your fire." And suitin' the action to the word, I took up a coal, blowed it, and lit one.

"That's right," said he, "help yourself fust, and then ask leave."

"Peter, ain't you ashamed?" said his wife, who stood near the dresser, apparently desirous of escaping observation.

"No, I ain't."

"Well, then, you ought to be."

"Friend," said I (for if I blow a coal, I never blow up contention), "friend," said I (and I took no notice of what he said, for I was detarmined to make him talk in spite of himself. I never see the man yet, where I had the chance, that I couldn't draw him out, as easy as nail-rod iron), "friend," said I, "will you try a cigar? it's a first chop article."

"No; I don't smoke them," he said; "I can't afford them."

"Well, here is a fig of best Varginny tobacky. You don't often see the like in these diggins; take that."

He held his hand out without speakin' a word, half-ashamed to refuse, and half-unwillin' to accept it, and I dropt it in.

"And now," said I, "friend, I must be a movin'. Good-bye. I am obliged to you for the loan of that are coal, for I left my fireworks behind." And I turned and went to the door, to intercept the boy, so that he mightn't give my name; for I am well known on the Shelburne coast, having set up a clock in every house in the county almost. We met at the threshold.

"Mr Nickerson," said he, "will be here torectly, Sir."

"All right, my lad. Now, here's the half-dollar you airned. You see how easy money is airned by them that's willin' to work. You're a smart lad, and would make a

smart man, if you had a chance. Now, cross over that neck ; under the bank is a boat. Tell them that's in it to hold on there for me ; and do you wait till I come, and I will give you a quarter-dollar more."

"Yes, Sir," said the boy, all animation, and was going to start off again, when I said,—

"And boy !"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you know Jabe Lunn ?"

"Yes, Sir ; he lives close by."

"Well, he used to be the laziest rascal in all Shelburne county. If you will ax him to come and swing on the gate with me for half-an-hour, and suck sugar-barley, I will give you another quarter-dollar, for I hante got a soul to talk to, and my tongue is getting rusty on the hinge. Now off like a shot."

I followed him an instant with my eye, and then said, loud enough to myself to be heard inside,—“A plaguy smart boy that—well-mannered, too—and the gracious knows where he got such nice manners from !” Then I took a step or two forward, and then suddenly returned, and looked in. “Good-bye, old man,” sais I, a raisin’ of my voice, “I see you are dumb ; I hope you ain’t deaf ;” and I sauntered towards the road, for I knew I should be called back. I had sowed the seeds of curiosity—perhaps jealousy—about Nickerson. High words succeeded my departure ; and the wife soon followed me, and besought me to wait for Mr Nickerson. She said her husband was subject to these gloomy fits, and this one was passin’ off. Poor thing ! like all wives, she made every excuse but the right one, and that was that he was a nasty cross-grained critter, that wanted a good quiltin’ to warm his blood—for warm blood makes a warm heart, that’s a fact. Well, back I went. I gained my pint. I wanted to examine the critter, and probe the sore spots, and see what on airth ailed him.

“Come, Sir,” sais she, “sit down please.” And she took her apron, and wiped the dust off the chair—a common country practice—and took another herself.

“Come to preach, I suppose ?” said old Peter, who had found his tongue at last.

“No, my friend, I am not ordained ; and them that ain’t have got somethin’ to larn themselves.”

“Come to lectur’, perhaps ?”

"No," said I, "I have not come to lectur' you."

"I don't mean that," he said, for curiosity, when once started, ain't easy kept in; "I mean call a meetin', read a lectur', and pass round the hat."

"No," said I, "I don't put my money in my hat, but in my pocket. Come here," said I, "my beautiful little curly-headed boy, and I'll show you the pocket is better than the hat;" and I took out a silver threepenny bit, and a large copper halfpenny.

"Go to the gentleman," said the mother.

"Now," said I, "which will you have?"

Well, child-like, he took the biggest.

"My friend," said I, "that big fellow promises the most, but can do the least. That small white chap is just worth three of him, tho' he don't look like it. Don't trust professions when you grow up."

"Oh! I see," said Peter, relapsin' into his sulkiness, "I see now, you are a canvasser?"

"No, I ain't," said I. "I hate, and despise, and detest politicians of all sorts, sizes, shapes, and names."

"The devil you do!" said he. "So do I."

"Ah, ha!" said I, "that's one o' the places the shoe pinches."

"But maybe," and he still looked dissatisfied, "maybe you are a lawyer chap?"

"Maybe I ain't," said I; "for I don't calculate to live on the follies, the vices, the crimes, and the misfortins of others, but to airn my bread like an honest man. Take care of that bit of silver, my little boy," said I. "Don't give it to a lawyer when you grow up."

"What mout your name be?" said Potter, turning half round, and takin' a look at me.

"Well," said I, "it mout be Mr Samuel;" I thought I'd keep back Slick, for I knew he wouldn't talk if he discovered who I was.

"Samuel!" said he. "I knew a man oncet of that name. He was a Jew. He used to come from Meremachi, and traded here in jewel'ry."

"I've heard of him," said I; "Samuel the Jew. But don't you know that a man may have an everlastin' long beard like you, or be called Samuel like me, and yet neither of us be Jews. I never had but four jewels in my life, and them my father gave me. They have made my fortin."

“ ‘ Master Samuel,’ said he (I came very near lettin’ the cat out of the bag by sayin’ Sam), ‘ I have four jewels for you.’

“ Well, it made my eyes twinkle.

“ Now, thinks I, ‘ won’t I make the galls stare. What might they be like, Sir ? ’ said I.

“ ‘ Why,’ sais he, ‘ *first*, rise early ; *secondly*, work hard ; *thirdly*, be frugal ; *fourthly*, pay as you go.’ Heavens and airth ! how disappointed I was.

“ Ain’t that a nice story, my little boy ? ” for he had got interested, and had come close to me.

“ Yes, Sir, it is.”

“ Well, it is almost as pretty as you be. But never forget it, they will make you a man as they have me. ‘ Do you call them jewels, father ? ’ said I.

“ ‘ Yes, I do,’ said he ; ‘ and worth more, too, than all the gewgaws of stones, glass beads called brilliants, and gold settins and fixins in the world.’

“ No, I am no Jew.”

“ Well arter all this palaver,” said old Stick-in-the-mud, “ what are you arter ? ”

“ I am arter another coal of fire,” said I, “ to light a fresh cigar with. For goodness gracious sake don’t grudge me that. Give me a light ; and if you don’t, you may go to the devil, and I will go to Texas.”

“ Peter ! Peter ! ” said his wife, risin’ up, “ are you a goin’ for to drive the gentleman out of the house agin ? Oh dear ! oh dear ! My goodness, it ain’t often we see the likes of him here, who merely asks to light his pipe, sits down and talks like one of us, and has no pride.”

Oh ho ! sais I to myself, there is another place the shoe pinches. I’ll find the sore spots by-and-by.

“ Hold your jaw,” said he, “ will you ? You don’t know what you are a talkin’ about. Who the devil are you ? ” said old Peter, addressing me. “ I don’t know, and you don’t seem willing to tell me ; but I like your talk, and you are welcome to wait here for Eldad. You warn’t born yesterday, I know.”

“ I guess not,” said I ; “ I was born thirty-five years ago. Well,” sais I, “ there is another thing I want.”

“ I thought so,” said he ; “ I knew you were arter some-
thin’. People don’t force their talk or their company on

others for nothin' ;" and he sot down and looked as ugly and as cross as ever. "What is it you are arter ?"

"Why," sais I, "you have given me a little fire, couldn't you give me a drop of water? The Shelburne water is the best in the world. I have got a little mite of brandy in this flask," taking it out of my pocket, "and I should like to take some with you before we part, unless you grudge the water as much as you did the fire: if you do, you may keep it to put it out afore you go to bed. Come, old fellow," said I, tappin' him on the shoulder, "don't be grumpy, you will never see me agin arter to-day; and if you hain't no objection, give me the bucket, and I'll go and draw a little fresh water from the well, and we'll liquor."

"Draw water?" said he, risin' up slowly in astonishment. "How the plague do you know where the well is?"

"How the plague do I know that you owe Lock and Key of Ragged Island, and Snow of Shelburne? How do I know that Muir builds for Fairbanks and Allison? That you ain't a squire, tho' you ought to be? That Jabe Lunn is lazy, and Eldad Nickerson is a good pilot? Come, give me the bucket, the well is under the willow-tree there to the right near the road."

"Mother," said he, "did you ever hear the like of that?"

"Never," said she.

"Nor I either," said he; "but needs must when the devil drives, so here goes," and off he went for the water.

"Mister," said his wife, when he was gone, "I see you have been about here afore, and know who we are, tho' we don't know who you be."

"That's a fact," sais I.

"My poor husband is dissatisfied and discouraged; talk to him, do, Sir, if you please, for you talk different from anybody else. I saw you was detarmined to make him speak to you, and nobody, I do believe, could have done it but yourself, because you don't want nothin' of him, and now he will tell you anythin' you like. Do encourage him if you can, pray do, Sir; he is down-hearted, and down in the world, he says he is past hope. It's dreadful to hear him talk that way!"

"Come bear a hand," sais I, "my old boy, for I want a drop of somethin' to drink (not that I cared about it, but I guessed *he* did). Try that, it will warm the cockles of your heart, and then let us have a dish of chat, for my time is short,

and I must be a movin' soon. How do you like that, eh? It ain't bad, is it?"

"Well, it ain't," said he, "that's a fact."

"Now," said I, "my friend, sit down and talk. I have told you what I ain't, now tell me what you ain't."

"Well," said he, "I ain't a Papist, I can't abide them, with their masses, holy water, and confessions."

"They have as good a right to be Papists as you have to be a Protestant," said I; "and the world is wide and large enough for both of you. Let them alone, and they will let you be, *if they can*. Perhaps you are a churchman?"

"No, I don't hold to them either, their ministers are too proud; they talk down to you like as if you only onderstood a little common English, but don't take you up to them, do you comprehend?"

"Exactly," said I, "I take; but help yourself to a little of that are old particular Cogniac, for talking is dry work. Exactly, but *you* don't comprehend. You couldn't understand plain English if you was to die for it. If you was to go to Yorkshire, or Somersetshire, or Cornwall, or any of them counties where plain English is spoken, you couldn't understand one word of it, any more nor if it was French. Plain English ain't plain at all; it's like common sense, the most oncommon thing in the world. And if they was to take you up to them, it would be half Latin and Greek, and you couldn't comprehend that; and as for pride, ain't there a little rite or morsel of that in your not acknowledgin' a superior?"

"That are a fact," said his wife, "I am a churchwoman myself; and I often tell him it ain't the parson that's proud, but him."

"Mother," said he, "will you hold your tongue? because if you won't you had better leave the room. You don't know what you are a-talking about."

"Come," said I, "go on; for there is nothin' next to work I love so much as talk. *By work you get money, by talk you get knowledge.*"

"Well, the methodist preachers are as proud as the church parsons, and better paid," said he.

"So much the better for you," said I, "for they want the less from you."

"Want, is it?" said he. "Why they all want something or another. There was a Latter-Day Saint came here last Sabbath month from the Cape to preach. They say he

is a great wracker, helps the poor people's things ashore, and lets the owners swim for it. Well, his horse was as fat as a seal, and shined in the sun so as nearly to put your eyes out.

"'Friend Potter,' said he, they all call you friend when the hat is to go round, 'a marcifal man is marcifal to his beast.' Thinks I to myself, I wonder if you are marcifal to your wife, for she is as thin as a crow, and if all your wracks are no better than her, the trade wouldn't be worth follerin'.

"Peter, Peter," said his wife, "how loosely you talk."

"I wish your tongue warn't so loose," said he; "what business is it of yours how I talk? 'Mr Potter,' said the preacher, 'have you are a lock of hay to spare?'

"'No,' sais I, 'I hain't. Hay is six pounds a ton here, and mine is fed out long ago. My cattle is most starved, and is now to the liftin'.'

"'Well,' sais he, 'have you are a dog-fish you don't want?'

"'Yes,' sais I, 'plenty. Some I try out for ile, and some I use for manure. What do you want of 'em?'

"'I'll tell,' said he. 'That are horse that is so fat and shiny has eat only a few hundredweight of hay since last fall; two dog-fish a day did all the rest of the feedin', and look at him, ain't he a pictur'?'"

"Is that a fact, Mr Potter," sais I?

"A nateral truth," said he.

"Well, my friend, that is the good of talk, as I told you, you larn something by it. I never heard that afore, and to poor fishermen it's worth more than all the boards of agriculture ever did for them. By-and-by I'll tell you somethin' you don't know, *for swapping facts is better than swapping horses any time.*"

"Yes," said Peter, looking wise, "I go to hear all religionists, but hitch on to none."

"*That's natural,*" sais I, "*for a man that knows less than any or more than all of them.* But I didn't mean to ax you what sect you belonged to. Like you, I don't belong to any sect; but, like your wife, I belong to the Church; however, I never talk of these things. What I should like to know is—what you are?"

"Oh, now I understand you," said he; "oh! I am neither Consarvative nor Liberal. I have no hope in either of them. In fact, I am desperate, and I have no hope. I don't put my hope in princes, for I never saw one; nor on any son

of man, for all men are liars ; nor any son of a gun of a governor, for though they don't lie, they don't speak the truth. All they say is ' I'll see,' which means I'll see you out of the house, or ' I'll inquire,' which means I'll inquire for an excuse, I hope I may be hanged—"

" Oh ! Peter Potter, how you talk," interrupted his wife.

" Mother, will you hold your tongue now, I tell you ;" said her spouse.

" Your wife is right," sais I, " don't hope to be hanged, or you will be disappointed ; say wish."

" Well, call it what you like. May I be hanged if ever I hope again."

" Why what on airth's the matter ?"

" Matter," said he, " everythin' is the matter. Things is so high you can't live here now."

" So much the better for a poor man all over America," sais I, " for if you raise less, the price rises in proportion ; all you've got to do is to work harder, and you'll grow rich."

" The fish," he continued, " ain't so plenty as they used to be ; the rot's in the potaters ; and the weavel in the wheat ; and the devil in everythin'."

" Why man alive," sais I, " how easy it is to grumble ; if it was only as hard as work, all the world would be well to do in a general way I reckon. As for wheat, you never raised any, so you can't complain of the weavel, and as to potatoes, fifty bushels was about your biggest crop, for you like superfine Yankee flour better. And as to luck in the mackerel fishery, do you calculate to be so lucky as for them to come to you, or are you too lazy to go to them ? There ain't a single vessel gone from this coast yet, folks are so tarnel sleepy ; and I saw with my own eyes thirty-six sail of Yankee fishermen, this blessed day, one half returnin' deep loaded, and the other goin' on the second trip. Some folks are too lazy to live."

" That are a nateral fact," said his wife again, who, after all, seemed determined to have her own way a little, as well as her husband.

" Woman," said he, imploringly, finding the current against him, " now do hold your tongue, will you ?"

" No, I won't hold my tongue," she replied with spirit ; " I have as good a right to talk as you have. Oh, wife ! oh, husband !" said she, " the gentleman talks sense, and you know it."

To preserve the peace, I said, "I wonder what keeps Eldad Nickerson so long?" and then I took out my watch, and pretended to look puzzled. "If he don't come to me soon," said I, "I must go to him, that's a fact. But what on airth had either Consarvatives or Liberals to do with the weavel, the rot, or the run of fish?"

"Well, not exactly all mixed up that way," said he; "but added up, they are too much to stand. There is no hope for a poor man but to lie down and die."

"It would be better for their widders," said I, "if one half of 'em did?"

"So say I," said his spouse, who seemed to think there might be some hope then.

"Well, but what have politicians done?"

"Done!" said he, "why, done nothin', or done things brown. Didn't the Consarvatives appoint that consaited nincumpoop and jackass, Mr Ryder Kitchum, to lay out the road-money right in front of my door, year after year? Warn't that enough to raise the dander of a Quaker? And then, arter I turned tail, and voted for the Radicals, and fit and got licked awful, they actilly wouldn't appoint me hog-reave."

"I shouldn't account that office no great honour," said I, "nor profit nother."

"Well," said he, with a sigh of regret at this review of the extent of his misery, "the honour, perhaps, was no great loss; but the profit was considerable. Most of the male folks here go a fishing: well, in course, while they are away in the fall, their pigs will get out into the highway; and then a man that does his duty, which I always strive my best to do, nabs them in a minute, advertises them for sale right off; and as there is no one to bid, buys them up for half nothin'. They actilly fed my family all winter."

"Well, I never," said Mrs Potter, "in all my born days! Why, Peter, you have told that fib so often, you actilly believe it now yourself."

"Well, well," said I to myself, "this chap is a bit of a scounderal at bottom, after all; or else he is so ignorant, he don't know right from wrong. Mr Potter," said I, "that may be accordin' to Province law, but, depend upon it, it's agin the moral law. I don't wonder them hogs was hard to disgest, and made you feel all the time as if you had nothin' to do, but lie down and sleep till you died. It was your

pork, and not your care, that was too heavy. Come, cheer up, man."

After a pause, he said, "You have the eye of a lawyer, and the tongue of a minister; but, after all, what is the use of talking? I am in a regular tormented, eternal frizzle of a fix. I am tied hand and foot, and I can't help myself no-how I can work it. But it's my own fault; I can't blame nobody but myself. What's done, is done; but sometimes, when I sit down and think over what is past, and what a fool I have been, I nearly go distracted;" and he struck his forehead with his clenched fist, and looked the very pictur' of despair; and in the bitterness of his heart, said he wished he was dead. "You can't swim long agin the current, stranger," he continued, "without cuttin' your throat as a pig does; and if that don't happen, you soon get tired out, and the waters carry you down, and you are foundered for ever."

"Try an eddy," said I: "you ought to know enough of the stream of life to find one of them; and then you would work up river as if it was flood-tide. At the end of the eddy is still water, where you can rest for another struggle."

"Yes," said he, bitterly; "and at the end of life, there's the grave, where the struggle is over. It is too late now: I have no hope."

"Mr Potter," said I, "poverty is full of privations, vexations, and mortifications, no doubt, and is hard to bear. The heart of man is naturally proud, and poverty humbles it to the dust; but poverty can be endured—honest poverty; and so can misfortin', provided memory don't charge it to our own folly, as it does in your case."

"Oh, Sir!" said he, "when I look back sometimes, I go well nigh mad."

"What has made you mad ought to make you wise, my friend," I replied. "A good pilot has a good memory: he knows every current, sunk rock, shoal, breaker, and sand bar; havin', as like as not, been in a scrape onct or twice on all of them. *Memory is nothin' but experience. The memory of the wrong way keeps us in the right one, and the memory of the right road reminds us of pleasant journeys. To mourn to-day over the wreck of yesterday only increases the loss, and diminishes the value of what little is left to us.* If you are in a fix, back-water, throw the lead, look out for a channel, and pull into some cove or another."

"Nothin' but Providence can help me!" he said, shaking his head; "and I have no hope of that, for I don't deserve its interference."

"I guess not," said I, "for Providence requires three things of us afore it will help us—a stout heart, a strong arm, and a stiff upper lip. Can you fish?"

"I guess I can! I won't turn my back on no man in these parts, either for the mackerel or cod, the shore or deep-sea fishing."

"Why the plague don't you go to work, then, like a man?"

"Because I can't get the supplies. If I go to Birchtown, they grab all the catch for the outfit, and an old balance; and if I go to Shelburne I hante got no credit. It's no use talkin'. *When you are down, poverty, like snow-shoes, keeps your feet fast, and prevents your rising:* a man can't hope agin hope."

"Why not engage as a hand on board another man's craft, then?"

"What! go as a hand, when I have always gone as a skipper? No, no! stranger, that cat won't jump!"

"Lord John Russell has done it," said I, "and a bigger man than him afore his day, and that's John Adams. So, my friend," said I, "let's drop the subject, for I don't like talkin' nonsense. It ain't your misfortens, nor the memory of the past, nor your poverty, that ails you, but your tarnal pride. I don't pity you one bit; but I do your wife and children. Your panes of glass in your winders are all shingles, as the Patlanders say, and the room is so dark I can't hardly see Mrs Potter; but your two boys I have seen, and smart little chaps they be too, it's a pity you should bring 'em up to be ashamed of their father. Be a man!—above all, be an honest man! for a poor man that won't work ain't honest, that's a fact."

He covered his face with his hands at that poke: *if the hide is thick on the ribs, it's thin on the flanks, and there is nothing like trying for tender spots.*

"*Work,*" said I, followin' up that jibe; "*airn your own pork, and see how sweet it will be. Work and see how well you will be. Work and see how cheerful you will be. Work and see how independent you will be. Work and see how happy your family will be. Work and see how religious you will be, for before you know where you are, instead of repinin' at Pro-*

vidence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy. Our vessel is just below, on a coastin' voyage down east. Come along with me, and you shall have five pounds cash a month, and be found. And when you return put your pride in one pocket, and your wages in the other, and see which will weigh heaviest. Come, *hope* for the best."

For a few minutes he remained silent, when he suddenly sprung up, seized my hand, and said,—

"Done; it's a bargain."

"Thank God for that," said Mrs Potter, and burst into tears.

"Now, Peter," said I, "we sail to-night if the wind's fair, so look up your traps: but first of all shave, and make yourself look like a Christian. Come, stir your stumps, and *hope for the best.*"

"I do," said he; it's the first glimpse of hope that has entered this house for many a long day. I'll be ready in no time."

Arter all, I had to use that word hope; and I believe it must actilly be kept a little longer in the dictionary, in spite of all prejudice for such poor devils as Peter Potter. *It is a dark room that has no ray of light in it.* Hope is a slender reed for a stout man to lean on, but it's strong enough, I do suppose, for them that's infirm of mind and purpose. *The houses hope builds are castles in the air. The houses of the wretched, who are altogether without hope, are too dismal to live in.* A slight infusion of hope may be prescribed in bad cases; but strong doses weaken the mind, loosen the morals, and destroy the happiness of those who indulge in them. The true rule is, perhaps, not to let hope build a house for you, or to live with you in it; but he might come to visit you sometimes, to cheer you up a little, by talking pleasant, and getting you to look on the bright side of things, when you are in a solemncholy mood. *Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. He'll do on a pinch for a travellin' companion, but he is not the man for your banker.*

CHAPTER XIV.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

As Potter retired into one of the bed-rooms, for the purpose of carryin' his good resolutions into effect, I took my hat and was about to proceed by the path to Mr Nickerson's house, when Mrs Potter, hastily puttin' on a bonnet, followed me out. The moment I saw her in the broad day-light, I recognised her as Patty Schneider, the belle of the coast, but now sadly changed by her many and sore trials, and retainin' but little that vouched for her former beauty and vivacity. *A good temper must be kept cool to retain its sweetness.* Even sugar, when fermented, makes vinegar, and sour draughts makes wry faces. Her cheerfulness was destroyed, and her husband's temper made worse, by the poverty into which they had fallen.

Folks talk of nations and colonies being capable of self-government. Show me one man or woman in either that is able to govern themselves. Pride and consait ruin us all, and we know it, and yet we flatter the pride and consait of the public to rule them. Political self-government means the blind leading the blind. A government is an asylum, in which imbeciles imagine themselves kings, queens, and statesmen, and are indulged in their delusions, to preserve the peace of the community.

I wish they would make a statesman of Peter Potter, for the sake of his wife. If he lived on the pork of others, so do Generals and Admirals, and so does the manufacturers' patriot *on clear sheer*, with his subscription fortin. Confiscatin' his neighbour's pigs is only an humble imitation of Louis Napoleon's seizure of the Orleans' estates. Peter has been enough at the helm to larn how to back and fill. What more does any Prime Minister know? But I must leave him to shave, and talk to his wife, Patty Schneider. Poor thing! she had known better times, for her father was the richest trader on the coast in his day. *Where all are poor, it don't take much to make a rich man.*

"Oh, Mr Samuel!" she said, "how happy you have made me to-day!"

"Happy!" sais I to myself, as I turned and looked at

her pale, melancholy, holler, dragged-looking face, her old yaller smoky bonnet, her faded calico gown, lookin' still more so from its contrast with a clean white apron, which, woman-like, she had quietly slipped on while I was convarsin' with her husband in the house. She had also thrown on a shawl, to cover the ravages of wear and tear on her dress, and as she spoke, hastily and almost stealthily, adjusted it in its place, and rapidly passin' her hand under her bonnet, confined her still luxuriant and beautiful hair within its narrow limits. Even in this hour of mingled trouble and of joy, the becomins were not wholly forgotten. Woman is ever true to her nater; and what we are pleased to call vanity and female folly is the mere fulfilment of the law of her bein', without obeying which she would soon cease to fill the station she deservedly enjoys in every civilized nation. "Happy!" sais I to myself. "Dear me! if so little can make you happy, what a brute beast your husband must be to make you ever unhappy. Patty," sais I, "you seem thankful for small favours."

"What?" said she. "What did you say? Did you call me Patty? How did you know my name?"

"Didn't Peter call you Patty?" sais I.

"No, no," she said. "It is a name of love that, and I haven't heard it for a long time," and she burst into tears.

"Why, Mrs Potter," sais I, "for I won't call you Patty no more, first, because it sets you a-cryin'; and secondly, because, as you say, it is a word of love, Peter may not like it. Why, Mrs Potter, just now you told me I had made you happy, and here you are a-cryin' away like an April shower, jist to prove it."

"Oh, Sir! that word Patty called up times that's gone so sudden, that it quite upset me."

"I came to thank you with all my heart," she said. "Your kindness—"

"Do tell!" sais I. "Now don't talk that way" (for there's nothin' I hate so much as thanks, especially from a woman; it makes a feller feel foolish, and you don't know exactly what to say). So, sais I, "don't talk that way; I've done no kindness. We have made a fair trade. I've got a good hand, and your husband has got good wages. There ain't no obligation in it any way, so say no more about it."

"Oh, that's not it!" she said; "you didn't want him at all, and you know it. He could have got wages always, but

he wouldn't work; he said it was useless. You have made him feel his duty, opened new hopes and new prospects to us all, and made us quite happy. I shall never forget—"

"Yes you will, Pat—Mrs Potter," said I.

"Call me Patty," said she; "only friends do that, and you have been the best friend I ever had. But that word beats me; how did you know it?"

"Didn't you hear him say, 'Don't cry, Patty,' " said I, "when you cried for pleasure seein' him consent to go to work?"

"No," said she, doubtfully; "I don't recollect," and she looked at me scrutinizin'ly, as if I was tryin' to conceal something from her. Said she, "I shall never forget."

"Yes you will, Patty. Sit down here on this windfall of a tree, and I'll tell you what we have both forgot. How are you a-goin' to get on without him?" Poor thing! her eyes filled with tears. I know'd what she was thinkin' of; times gone by, when she couldn't have borne the partin'; but she didn't say a word for a space. Said I, "it's usual to advance some of the wages when men ship that way," and I took out my pocket-book, and opened it, and began to look for province bills. "How much would you like?" said I.

"I won't take any money, Sir," she said. "Settle that with him, and he will do what's right. He makes himself out worse than he is, and as he is detarmined to throw the blame on the shoulders of others, he paints everything as black as possible. That story of his neighbours' pigs is an embellishment of his own imagination. I would have died before I would have tasted provision so unjustly gotten."

Thinking she might be left to starve in his absence, and that her refusal arose from diffidence, I repeated the offer, and advised her to take it; but she promptly but civilly refused. As I was returnin' the notes to the pocket of the book, she put out her hand, and said,—

"Oh, Mr Samuel! what a beautiful ring that is!" and she bent over it to look at it. It was paste for common use, but a capital imitation, and no great value nother.

"Do you like it?" said I.

"It's the handsomest one I ever saw," she said.

When I went to take it off, I found she had a portion of my hand in hers, and was not a little surprised to feel her rapidly passing her forefinger lengthways and across the palm; but I thought it was accidental, and talked on. "Look at the

workmanship," sais I, handin' it to her. "Oh, woman, woman!" sais I to myself, "ain't you a puzzle, that's all! In the midst of hunger and tears, and almost rags, a diamond ring has charms in your eyes." It lowered her in my estimation, that's a fact, more nor her refusal of her husband's wages had raised her. "Will you do me the favour to accept it?" sais I. "I have another, and I guess I have no use for this."

"Nor I nuther, Sir," said she. "That ring would ill become one that wants the common necessaries of life. It would hardly match this gown, would it?" holdin' up a small piece of her faded calico. "No, Sir, thank you, I can't take it; but let me put it on you, please. How soft, and white your hand is," she remarked, "in comparison with mine," holdin' the two together side by side, and I felt the same light pressure of her forefinger across the palm of my hand, as before.

"Poor thing!" sais I to myself, "I have wronged you both times; I did think you would have had the precaution to put the advance to your husband, where it ought to go—into your pocket. But your sense of honour was stronger than your sense of hunger or expediency; and I did think you longed for the ring, and that your vanity was stronger than your judgment. Man like, I have wronged you, and I believe in my soul it ain't the first time, by a long chalk, that I have put a wrong construction on a woman. Poor critter! the higher I thought of her, the more I pitied her. But while I was a tryin' to find out her character, she was busy a tryin' to find out mine. That word "Patty" had created doubts; takin' the trouble to preach to "stick-in-the-mud" her husband, and to hire him when she thought I didn't want him, offerin' her money, and then a handsome gold ring, all put together, made a considerable case of suspicion agin me. I began to sink in value accordin' to her appraisalment of me. When she put the ring on my finger, she contrived to sit down agin on a stump just opposite to me, and not on the trunk of the same tree.

"Mr. Samuel," said she, "who in the world are you? Is this what they call mesmerism, or what is it? You have bewitched my boys, you have altered Potter into a new man, and you have made me so happy. I only want to know one thing to make it perfect, and that is, is it all real? I feel scared. You are not what you seem to be."

“What makes you think so, Patty?”

“Oh, there it is agin!—Patty! Oh, that’s reading backwards—that’s mesmerism. I have seen you when I was a child,” she said; “I saw you to Boston, to school there. I know your voice; I played with you in the churchyard. When you first spoke, you startled me; it was like a far-off sound on the ear!”

She was excited; her eyes lighted up brilliant, and she raily did look beautiful. “Don’t deceive yourself,” I said. “I never was at school at Boston in my life, and our childhood days were spent far apart, as our after days will be.”

“Still you are not what you seem to be,” she said. “While you thought my aching eyes, that were filled with tears, were admirin’ your ring, I was examinin’ your hand. Look here, Sir,” and she rose, and taking it in hers, turned up the palm.

“You are no sea captin, Sir. Those fingers never handled ropes. There is no tar there, and hard callous skin—it’s softer than a woman’s. What does the like of you want of a seaman?”

“Well, I am not a skipper,” sais I, “that’s a fact.”

“In the name of goodness then,” she said, “who and what are you? Did you ever hear of a man having control of a vessel, captin, crew and all; or half a dozen vessels fitted and manned? Is that an oncommon thing?”

“I think, Mrs Potter, you are gettin’ on too fast when you are frightened because a man’s hand is not hard that don’t work with it; that wears a ring because he can afford it; and hires a man, either because he wants him, or because he pleases, and then stand off as high cock-spotty as a partridge, and sing out mesmerism. You are welcome to your thoughts,” sais I. “I can’t stand lower in your estimation than I do in my own. I never pretended to be a great man, or great shakes of any kind. No woman ever took me for either. If she had, she’d a snapped me up long ago as quick as a duck does a June bug. If it pleases you to make fun of me, you’d better be quick then, or Eldad will be here, and that’s the last you will ever see of me.”

“Oh! I am foolish or light-headed!” she said. “This unexpected turn of happiness seemed incredible—impossible! I couldn’t realise it all at once! I thought I had know’d you in childhood. I see how it is now. I have seen you in a dream—a long-forgotten dream—and now you are fulfillin’

it! Yes, that's it. I see it now—it's the hand of Providence! I'll never forget you, my kind, good friend, as long as I live;" and she shook me cordially by the hand.

"Yes you will, Patty; you won't as much as remember my name soon, let alone my face. A word of advice is a small matter, and not worth rememberin' but to foller. As to memory, you don't know as well as I do. A dear old friend of mine used to say,—*'The memory of past favours is like a rainbow, bright, vivid, and beautiful; but it soon fades away. The memory of injuries is engraved on the heart, and remains for ever.'*"

"It may be so with men, Sir," she said, "and I believe it is; but it ain't so with women. Men are selfish, and take everything as their due; and if their memory is bad, it is because they are too consaited to charge it. But women—have you a woman? If I may be so bold, are you married?"

"No," I replied, "I have no wife, and never had. I am a bird of passage—here to-day and gone to-morrow—and haven't had leisure to think of marriage."

"Well, it's time you did," she said. "You deserve a good wife, and I hope you will get one. I am sure you would be kind to her."

"The time is past now," said I, mock modestly. "I am too old; and, as an old aunt of mine onct said,—*'them that I'd have, wouldn't have me, and them that would have me, the devil wouldn't have.'* Patty," said I, "the fox that had his tail cut off, wanted to persuade every other fox to try the short dock too."

As I said that, I saw she took it wrong, for her eyes filled with tears. She thought I meant more than I said. It is strange, but true notwithstanding: the faith and the courage of women is indomitable. A gall makes shipwreck of everything by gettin' married in haste, and repentin' at leisure. No sooner is she a widder, than she ventures to sea again, risks her all in another voyage as full of confidence as ever; and when the storms come, and the ship is dismasted, and she is picked up in the life-boat half-drowned, half-starved, half-naked, and alone in the waste of waters; no sooner does she reach land and mix in the gay world agin, before the idea crosses her mind that better luck is still in store for her.

The storms are over—storms don't rage for ever—the sky looks serene, and not a ripple is seen on the ocean. Fair weather sailin' is a pleasant thing, the temptation is too strong,

and she is ready to embark again. Why not? Does it follow, because the leeward is all black, wild, and dreary, that the sweet windward sky shall ever again be overcast by the tempest and the thunder-clouds? Not a bit of it. Go it, my little widder, while you are young. The game of life is not played out in one or two hands. Who knows what are on the cards; and diamonds is trumps now if *hearts* ain't. I was sorry I alluded to the fox's tail. She thought it was a jibe. *Wounded pride should be touched lightly. The skin is thin and plaguey sensitive.*

"Patty," said I, "you are generous to say you won't forget me, but you feel more grateful on account of your pretty boys than yourself. You see light breakin' ahead already for them—don't be offended. I know you will forget both me and my name too."

"Never, never," said she, with great emphasis; "never as long as I live. What makes you think so meanly of me? I think you have been a guardian angel sent by Providence."

Well, I repeated them words, "guardian angel," slow.

"The very same," said I. "How strange! were you Patty Schneider?"

"Yes, Sir," she said.

"A guardian angel, sent by Providence," said I. "Exactly! that's the very words he said you used. It's a favourite word of yours; and yet you forgot him."

"Forgot who, Sir? It's a false accusation. Forgot who, Sir? Pray do tell me?"

"Well," said I, "I was in England last year, and there I met a man who told me a capital story about you. He larfed ready to kill himself."

"I am much obleeged to him, I am sure," she said, with a toss of her head; "he is welcome to his good story. Who was he, the impident fellow?"

"He said he was travelling once on the Barrington road, the matter of some years ago now, in his waggon, with a fast-trotting horse he had. It was a lonely part of the road, and a woman mistook him for a doctor, and called to him to stop and advise her about her children; one had just died of scarlet-fever, and two others were dangerously ill. Well, while he was talking to the poor woman, one of the most beautiful girls he ever laid eyes on passed by on foot. A rael clipper—tall, straight, well-built, perhaps overly tall,

plump as a partridge, eyes like a snappin' turtle, teeth like ivory, lips like—"

"Well, never mind her lips. Who was she, tell me quick?"

"Stop," said I, "till I get this plaguey knife open, I can't talk unless I whittle. Her lips were so—"

"Never mind her lips."

"Well, her neck and bust—"

"Well, never mind them; who was that gall? Who did he say? I think I know what he is at now."

"'Who is that splendiferous gall?' said he."

"He didn't say no such thing," she replied; "them is embellishments of your own."

"'That,' said she, 'is Patty Schneider, the darter of old Capting Schneider, of Roseway, the most sponisible man in these parts.'

"Well, arter he had instructed the poor critter, the best way he could, what to do about her children—for he was a man that by travelling about everywhere had picked up a little of everything amost—and encouraged her the best way he could, he proceeded on his journey; and as he was joggin' on, he thought to himself, how in the world did that beautiful young lady get across them places in the swamp, where the water covers the road, without wettin' her shoes and stockings? She must have taken them off, and waded as the snipes do.

"I didn't do no such a thing," she said. "Oh dear! oh dear! To think I should have been talked of in that way by that feller. It's too bad, I declare," and she rested her elbows on her knees, and put her hands to her face. "Go on," she said, "what else did he say?"

"Well," he said, "arter a while he heard the screams of a woman in distress, and he pushed on, and he saw a head and bonnet stickin' out of the bog. And when he came up, the water was across the road; and it appeared the young woman that had passed him some time afore, in tryin' to cross over on a fallen tree that lay there, had slipped off, and was up to her neck in the quag, and would have sunk over her head, if she hadn't caught hold of the log with both hands, and was screamin' and screechin' for dear life."

"Well, that part is true," she said.

"Well, he said he was puzzled to know what to do next,

or how in the world to get her out, for fear her weight would pull him in head first, the ground was so slippery. But bracin' one foot agin the log, and the other agin the road, he stooped his head close down to her. 'Now,' sais he, 'put your arms round my neck, and I will lift you up.'

"'I can't,' said she. 'If I let go my hold, I shall sink out of sight, for I can't touch bottom here, and my strength is een a'most gone.'

"'Try,' said he; 'put one arm round first, and I will hold on to it, and then try the other, and if you can hook on that way, I think I can haul you out.'

"Well, arter a while, she was a huggin' of his neck instead of the log, and he streighted himself up, and, after a most desperate pull, fetched up the upper part of her; and a most powerful pull it was too, the bog sucked so hard. But what to do then he didn't know, for it was necessary for him to take a fresh hold of her, and there was no restin'-place for her feet to help him.

"'How much more of you is there left?' sais he; and he couldn't help larfin', now that the worst was over. 'Take a higher hold of me, and I will take a lower grip of you, and give you another bouss up.'

"'Oh dear!'" said Mrs Potter with a groan, "that I should ever hear of this again. It warn't the part of a man to go and tell of such an accident."

"Well, he gave her another start, and out she came, all covered over with black slime, and without her shoes, for the suction was so great, it was a wonder it hadn't drawn her feet off too. 'Well,' he said, 'the young lady thanked him kindly, said she never would forget him the longest day she ever lived, he had been sent by Providence as a 'guardian-angel' for her (the very words you used to-day to me), and that he replied you was the angel, and not him; and that these two angels stood in the road there for a few seconds all covered with black mud, dirty sluime, and green water, exchangin' a few kisses of gratitude, and that he never could think of it arterwards without larfin', it was so droll a scene.'"

"Did he now actilly say all that, or are you making of it?"

"Why you know whether it is true, or not; is that correct?"

"Well, it's none of your affair, whether it is or not. A body at such a time could hardly say what they did."

"Well," said I, "he wouldn't be much of a man, with a handsome woman in his arms, and her face rubbin' agin hisn for so long a time, if he didn't manage to let the lips meet; and I don't think the young lady would have acted naterally to be angry—at least, that's my opinion. But the worst is to be told yet. He sais it's a pity they ever met again."

"They never did meet again," she replied; "I never sot eyes on him from that day to this."

"Are you sure?"

"As true, Sir, as I am talking to you, I never saw him, and never heard of him since; and what's more, never found out his name."

"He went to your house some years arterwards, he said, but you didn't or wouldn't know him. Whether you was afraid of Mr Potter hearin' it, or didn't wish to recall the obligation to mind, he didn't know, but you took no more notice of him than any other stranger. He felt hurt, I assure you. He said he didn't blame you; you might have had your reasons, but he must have been greatly altered, if you had really forgot him that way."

"I tell you, Sir, honestly and fairly, there ain't a word of truth in saying, I didn't know him again; for I tell you I never saw him afterwards."

"Oh! yes," sais I; "I can tell you time and place; I can bring it to your mind exactly."

"When and where then?" said she.

"This very day," said I, "in your own house, and now here. I am the man; and my name is Sam Slick, the Clock-maker."

CHAPTER XV.

CHAT IN A CALM.

HAVING shipped Mr Eldad Nickerson as a pilot, and Mr Peter Potter as a "hand," we set sail for the settlement at Jordan. We were becalmed off the entrance of the river; and as we lay motionless on the glassy surface of the sea, we found ourselves at no great distance from an Indian en-

campment on the extreme point of the beach, from which several canoes issued in pursuit of the porpoises, which were revelling in a shoal of herring. As these sleek, aldermen-lookin' fellows rose to the surface in their roly-poly sort of way, or leapt from the water to show their pretty figures (for even fish pride themselves on what they haint got), they were shot at by the man in the bow of the canoe, and the two in the stern paddled with all their might in chase, while the former exchanged his gun for a spear, and stood ready to strike the critter, and draw him in over the bows, a slight of hand that nobody but an Indian could perform in so totlish and dangerous a craft as a bark-canoe. The first fish that was pursued, tho' hit by the ball, escaped the spear, dived, and disappeared from view.

"Well done, feminine gender," said Eldad, adressin' himself to the cabin party on the after part of the deck, "well done, feminine gender," alludin' to the porpoise; "you gave Tony Cope, the Indjin, the dodge that time any how. You must put on more steam, Tony, if you want to catch them ere sea-going craft; they have high-pressure engines them navvies, and never bust their boilers neither. He had better a gi'en in tho' to you than run thro' the fleet, as she will have to do now. You ain't half such a savage, Tony, as her own seed breed and generation is—that's my logic at any rate."

"How can you tell it's a female porpoise?" said the captain.

"Ay," said I, "how can you say so at this distance?"

"What will you bet," said the mate, "it's a she-porpoise?"

"Five dollars," said the pilot. "Cover them," holding out the silver coins in his hand; "cover them," which was no sooner done than he quietly put them into his pocket.

"Who shall decide?" said the mate.

"I'll leave it to yourself," said Eldad coolly. "I'll take your own word for it, that's fair, ain't it?"

"Well, it is so, that's a fact."

"Jump over board then, and swim off and see if I ain't right." The loud laugh of the men who heard the catch, rewarded the joke. "But here is your money," he said; "I know it to be fact, and a bet is only fair when there is a chance of losin', that's my logic, at any rate."

"How do you know it then?" said the skipper.

“Because it stands to reason, to natur’, and to logic?”

“Well, come,” said the captain, “let us sit down here and see how you prove the gender of the fish by reason, natur’, and logic?”

“Well,” said Eldad, “there is natur’ in all things. Among humans there is three kinds, white natur’, nigger natur’, and Indjin natur’; then there is fish natur’, and horse natur’, musquito natur’, and snakes natur’, and he-natur’, and she-natur’, at least that’s my logic. Well, it’s the natur’ of porpoises, when a she one gets wounded, that all the other porpoises race right arter her, and chase her to death. They show her no marcy. Human natur’ is the same as fish natur’ in this particler, and is as scaly too. When a woman gets a wound from an arrow shot out by scandal, or envy, or malice, or falsehood, for not keeping her eye on the compass, and shapin’ her course as she ought to, men, women, and boys, parsons and their tea-goin’ gossipin’ wives, pious galls and prim old maids, all start off in full cry like a pack of bloodhounds arter her, and tear her to pieces; and if she earths, and has the luck to get safe into a hole fust, they howl and yell round it every time she shows her nose, like so many imps of darkness. It’s the race of charity to see which long-legged, cantin’, bilious-lookin’ critter can be in first at the death. They turn up the whites of their eyes like ducks in thunder, at a fox-hunt, it’s so wicked; but a gall-hunt they love dearly, it’s servin’ the Lord.”

“But that still don’t prove it’s a female porpoise,” said Cutler.

“Yes it does,” replied Eldad; “they darn’t sarve a man that way; if they get up a hunt on him, he don’t run, he shows fight; he turns round and says, ‘Come on one at a time, and I’ll handle you, or two together, if you like, you cowards, or all in a heap, and I’ll fight till I die, but I won’t run;’ that’s he-natur’, you see. Now if the wounded porpoise was a male, wouldn’t he turn also, butt with his head and thrash with his tail like a brave fellow? he’d a seen ’em all shot and speared first afore he’d run. No, the natur’ of a wounded gall and a wounded she-porperse is to run for it; so that fish is feminine-gender, according to my logic. And now, Captin,” he continued, “I reckon it would be as well to order the boat out, and we will give the ‘Black Hawk’ a pull a few hundred yards further out. She is driftin’ too near that point, and the water shoals rapidly there; an ounce of

precaution is worth a pound of cure, at least that's my logic."

"All right," said Cutler. "Mate, attend to the orders of the pilot."

While this little operation was being performed, the skipper and I paced the deck, and discoursed on the subject of the pilot's analogy between female porpoises and women.

"Is it true, Mr Slick," said he, "that mankind show so little charity to a woman, who is so unfortunate as to attract observation? I have moved so little in the world, I was not aware of it, altho' I know Scott says,—

" ' And ev'ry fault a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.' "

"It is a melancholy truth," said I; "*it is cowardice in man, and cruelty in woman.* It is the worst trait in human natur', and the most remarkable fact is that women whose conduct is not altogether free from blame, are the loudest in their outcry. They yelp shriller than if they was hit themselves. It is a bad sign. *A woman who wants a charitable heart, wants a pure mind. The measure of a female's judgment must be her own feelings; and if she judge harshly, her feelings are not delicate.* Her experience is her own, and if that is adverse, it ought at least to impose silence. *Innocence is not suspicious, but guilt is always ready to turn informer.* But here is the pilot; he is an odd chap ain't he? and a bit of a humourist, too. That fellow will amuse us when we have nothin' to do."

When Eldad resumed his place, I took up the conversation where he had left it.

"If the female creation," said I, "Mr Nickerson, suffer parsecution sometimes, particularly women, perhaps it's as like as not they hain't been prudent; but sometimes they give it to the males properly, you may depend; and they ain't without defence neither. If a woman ain't able for a stand-up fight, and her little hand ain't no good to box, her tiny fingers can clapper, claw, and scratch, like thorns flay a mau alive amost."

"Exactly," said Eldad; "they attend meetin' oftener nor men, and have the ten commandments *at their fingers' ends.*"

"Oh! Mr Nickerson," said Mr Cutler, "that's very irreverent."

"And then natur' has given her a tongue," sais I, "so

loose and iley on its hinge, it's the nearest thing in creation to perpetual motion. Oh! if ever you was in a fish-market to London, you'd hear 'em use it in perfection! Don't the words come easy, and such words too, no livin' soul ever heerd afore, not jaw-breakin' words, such as black 'gentlemen use to show their knowledge of dictionary, but heart-breakin' words, not heavy, thick, and stinging. Why they call a feller more names in a minit than would sarve half the Spanish grandees, and one of them chap's names cover the whole outside of a letter, and hardly leave room for the place of direction at the eend of it. Pretty names they use too do those fish women, only they have a leetle—just a leetle—taint about 'em, and ain't quite as sweet as stale fish. There never was a man yet could stand them. Well, if they can't fight, and are above slang, and scorn scoldin', they can tease beautiful, drive a man rav'n' distracted mad.

“Did you ever see a horse race and chase? tear and bang, jump and kick, moan and groan, round and round, over and over a paster' with his mouth open, his nostrils spread wide, his eyes starin', his tail up, his body all covered with foam, and he ready to drop down dead? Well, that great big critter ain't hurt, he is only teased, touched on the flank, and then in the ear, tickled where the skin is thin, and stung where it is off. Why its nothin' after all that does that but a teasin', tormentin' hornet; you couldn't do it yourself with a whip, if you was to die for it. Well, a woman can sarve a man the same away; a sly little jibe here, another touch there, now on his pride, then on his faults, here on his family, there on his friends, and then a little accidental slip o' the tongue, done on purpose, that reaches the jealous spot; away the poor critter goes at that last sting, he can't stand it no more, he is furious, and throws down his hat and kicks it (he can't kick her, that ain't manly), and roars and bellows like a bull, till he can't utter no more words, and then off he goes to cool his head by drivin' himself into a fever.

“Oh! it's beautiful play that; you may talk of playin' a salmon arter he is hooked, and the sport of seein' him jump clean out of the water in his struggles, a-racin' off and being snubbed again, and reeled up, till he is almost bagged, when dash, splash, he makes another spring for it, and away he goes as hard as he can lick, and out runs the line, whirr-rr! and then another hour's play afore he gives in.

“Well, it's grand, there's no doubt. It's very excitin'.

but what is that sport to seein' a woman play her husband. The wife too is just such another little gaudy-lookin' fly as that which the salmon was fool enough to be hooked with, and got up just as nateral. Oh! how I have watched one of 'em afore now at that game. Don't she enjoy it, the little dear, smilin' all the time like an angel, most bewitchin' sweet; bright, little eyes, sparklin' like diamonds, and her teeth lookin' so white, and her face so composed, and not a breath to heave her beautiful bosom, or swell her allerbaster neck, but as quiet and as gentle throughout as one of the graces; and her words so sweet, all honey, and usin' such endearin' names too, you'd think she was courtin' amost. But the honey makes the words stick, and the fond names cover a sting, and some phrases that are so kind have a hidden meaning that makes poor hubby jump right on eend, and when he roars with pain and rage, she lays down her pencil or her embroidery, and looks up in surprise, for she was occupied before, and didn't notice nothin'. Oh! what a look of astonishment she puts on.

" 'Why my dearest love,' sais she, 'what is the matter with you, ain't you well? How wild you look! Has anything excited you? Is there anything in the world I can do for you?'

" He can't stand it no longer, so he bolts. As soon as he is gone, the little cherub wife lays back her head and smiles.

" 'Succumb is a charming man, Mr Slick, and one of the kindest and best husbands in the world, only he is a little touchy and hasty-tempered sometimes, don't you think so?'

" And then she goes on as cool as if nothin' had happened, but casts round for a chance to let go and laugh out. So she says,—

" 'Pray, Mr Slick, do tell me what sort of folks the Blue-noses are. Is it true the weather is so cold there, that their noses are blue all winter? Blue-noses! what a funny name!'

" That's the chance she was looking for, and then she indulges in a laugh so hearty, so clear, so loud, and so merry, you'd think her heart was so full of joy, it required that safety-valve to keep it from bustin'.

" Oh! I'd rather see a man played than a salmon any time, and if women are bad-used sometimes, and can't help themselves in a general way, I guess they are more than a match for the men in the long run. But I was going to tell you

about the seals down Sable Island. They come ashore there every now and agin to dry their jackets, blow off steam, and have a game of romps; and what do you think them roguish, coquettish, tormentin' imps of she ones do? Why, they just turn to and drive all the old buffers, fathers, husbands, wrinkled bachelors, and guardian uncles, further inland, and there they make them stay by themselves, while they and the young gentlemen, beaux seals, ogle, and flirt, and romp about like anything close to the water, where they can give them the dodge if they get obstroperous. It would make you die a larfin', if you was to see how sulky the old fellers look, a-wipin' their ugly mugs with their paws, showin' their teeth, at least what is left of them, and gruntin' and growlin' like politicians kicked out of office. I believe, in my soul, they put them there a-purpose to get rid of them altogether; for when the hunters come, they rush right in between them young assembly-men and them old senators, and attack the big boys with great heavy-loaded sticks, and tumble them over quick stick, and then the young ones just take a dive for it, and enjoy the joke in safety.

"Perhaps all natur' can't show such a soft, lovely, liquid eye as a young lady seal. It seems as if flirtin', coquettin', oglin', rompin', and larkin', was just what this was made for. Yes, yes, natur' balances all things admirably, and has put the sexes and every individual of each on a par. *Them that have more than their share of one thing, commonly have less of another. Where there is great strength, there ain't apt to be much gumpption. A handsome man in a ginerall way ain't much of a man.* A beautiful bird seldom sings. Them that has genius have no common sense. A feller with one idea grows rich, while he who calls him a fool dies poor. The world is like a baked-meat pie: the upper crust is rich, dry, and puffy; the lower crust is heavy, doughy, and underdone. The middle is not bad generally, but the smallest part of all is that which flavours the whole.*"

"Well, that are a fact," said the Pilot; "at least, that's my logic."

"Now, Squire, I am going to give you my ideas of the feminine gender in general. I flatter myself I know some-

* That a *pretty* man has seldom much to recommend him beyond his good looks, was a favourite maxim of Martial. On one occasion he calls him a stony affair—"Res petricosa est bellus bellus homo;" and on another, a weak man—"Qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est."

thin' about them. As usual, I suppose you will say, 'You *do* flatter yourself; it's a bit of your Yankee brag.' Well, I am a modest man, as I always say, when I know what I am a-talkin' about; and if I am wrong, perhaps you will set me right. Now, I *do* say, I know somethin' of women. I ain't a scientific man. I warn't brought up to it; and you never heard me talk professor-like; but I have studied the great book of human natur', and have got it at my fingers' ends, as dear old minister had his Bible. I can quote chapter and varse for all I say. I read this book continually; it's my delight: and I won't turn my back on any one, when he talks of that. I hain't travelled for nothin', I hain't listened for nothin', I hain't used a magnifyin' glass for nothin', and I hain't meditated for nothin'. Now, females I divide into three classes: first, petticoat angels; second, women; and third, devils. Petticoat angels there are, beyond all doubt, the most exalted, the most pure, the most pious, the most lovin', the most devoted; and these angels are in low degree as well as high; they ain't confined to no station—prizes that clockmakers as well as princes may draw. Is that Yankee brag? Well, then, there is women. Well, women commonly are critters of a mixed character, in gineral more good than bad about 'em, by a long chalk (for men don't do 'em justice in talkin' of 'em), but spoiled like filleys in trainin'. The mouth is hard from being broke with too small a bit, or their temper ruined by being punished when they don't desarve it, or ontrue by being put to work they can't stand, or ain't fitted by natur' for. *There never was a good husband that warn't a good horseman*, for the natur' of the critters is just alike. You must be gentle, kind, and patient, but you must be firm, and when there is a fight for mastery, just show 'em its better not to act foolish. Unless a critter is too old, and too headstrong, it's a man's own fault if he can't manage to make 'em travel the road pleasantly. Is there any Yankee brag in that?

Well, then, there are the devils. Well, some kick; don't put 'em in harness agin, that's all; they are apt to cut their little pasterns, and hurt your little gig. Some stop, and won't go. Treat 'em as I did a hoss once who wouldn't draw up hill. I set off from Slickville once with a regular devil to put her through her facins, at three o'clock in the mornin', and took books, and cigars, and my dinner with me, to be ready for *inaction*, as it was fine weather.

“ Well, two miles from hum was a high hill, and as usual my hoss stopped short, lay back in the breechin’, and wouldn’t budge an inch. She thought she was a-goin’ to have a regular-built frolic, and I intended she should. She whisked her tail, laid back her ears, and looked wicked, a-thinkin’ the more you wallop me, the more I won’t go; and I’ll upset you, and break a shaft if I can; but she didn’t know what was in store for her.

“ ‘Don’t you hope you may get the chance?’ sais I.

“ So I threw down the reins, lit my cigar, and began to read, and took no more notice of her than if she was in the stable. When twelve o’clock came, she looked round as much as to say, if you ain’t a-goin’ to fight, will you make friends, old boy? Well, I took no notice, as much as to say, go to the devil; eat my dinner, and I turned to again, and began to read. Well, as the sun was goin’ down, she began to get dreadful oneasy and fidgetty, and to put one foot before the other, but I stopped her, and called out, ‘whoh!’ At last she got very impatient, but I held on till she should take the word from me. Finally, I took up the reins, gave her a lick of the whip, and away she went up the hill, as if she smelt oats at the top of it; and to show her what a fool she was, I drove her twenty miles right straight on eend afore I hauled up. She never baulked at a hill again.

“ Well, this is more trouble than they are worth amost; another time, but we won’t foller it up; it’s too long a story to illustrate that way. Some want to race off. Well, a hoss that has onct run away in harness, will always do it again when it gets a chance—slip the bridle over their head, and let them go to old scratch; they ain’t worth follering. Is that Yankee brag? Well, perhaps it is. Give me your Blue-nose brag now. I say, petticoat angels, women, and devils. Now what is your division? You are a College man, and I ain’t; you are a province man, and I am a man of the world, which, tho’ it ain’t quite as big as Nova Scotia, is big enough for the likes of me. I know your Halifax notions. You will say high and low, genteel or vulgar, rich or poor. You are wrong, Squire, a woman may be high and vulgar, and there may be a person not quite so common, but far above her, and worth a thousand such cattle, called a ‘poor lady.’ If she is an angel—and I maintain there are such—do as is writ in the marriage-sarvice, ‘with my body I thee worship.’ If she is a woman, say, ‘with this caveson

and halter I thee break.' If she is a devil, lead her to the door, take the bit out of her mouth, and say, 'I'll make a fair division of the house with you; I'll take the inside, and do you take the outside, now cut and run, and be hanged to you.' Now, Squire, as Eldad says, that's my logic at any rate."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SABLE ISLAND GHOST.

"TALKING of the Isle of Sable," said Cutler, "did you ever land there? I should like amazinly to visit it. I have seen it in the distance, but never could spare time to go on shore. What an interesting place it must be, from the melancholy accidents that have occurred there."

"Yes," said I, "I have been there, and it's just what you say, filled with solemncoly interest. The cause and occasion of my goin' there was rather a droll story. Onct when I was to Halifax, the captain of the cutter said to me,—

"'Mr Slick,' said he, 'I'm off to Sable Island. What do you say to takin' a trip down there? We are to have a wild-hoss chase, and that's great sport. Come, what do you say?'

"'Well,' sais I, 'I'm most afeerd to go.'

"'Afeerd!' said he, 'I thought you was afeerd of nothin'? We always go to the leeward side of the island, and we will whisk you thro' the surf, without so much as sprinklin' of your jacket.'

"'Oh,' sais I, 'it ain't that. I am not afeered of surfs or breakers, or anything of that kind. A man like me that has landed at Calcutta needn't fear anything. I rather guess I could teach you a dodge or two about surf you ain't up to, tho' you do go there so often.'

"'Well,' sais he, 'what are you afeered on then?' and I saw him give a wink to one of the commissioners, as much as to say, 'Let us rig him.'

"'Why,' sais I, 'Captin, our fishermen don't mind the treaty a bit more than a governor's proclamation, and just fish

where they please, and trade in any harbour they like, and now and then you nab one of them for it. Now I wouldn't like to be on board of you, when you tried to seize a vessel under our everlastin' flag. It wouldn't look pretty, nor sound pretty. I should have to jump on board of our craft, and turn to and capture the cutter, take her up to Bostin and get her condemned, and that wouldn't convene. If you succeeded, and me in your company, I couldn't return home; and if I was to assist my brother Jonathans, I couldn't return here; and, besides, I like to let every feller grind his own axe. If it warn't for that, it's just the thing I do like.'

" 'Well,' said he, 'don't be skeered, I go straight there and back. I ain't on a cruise, and Sable Island don't want cutters to frighten away intruders. It's dangerous enough of itself to keep folks off, who know what's what. I'll tell you what, if ever you saw that are island when the sea was wrathy, and heard the roar of the breakers on the outer bar, one sheet of foam twenty-five miles long, stretching away up into the air like a snow-wreath in a whirlwind, you'd think you seed old Neptune's head o' white hair, and whiskers, and heard him call up all hands on deck to shorten sail. The island, which is a long narrow sand-strip, when it's lashed by the mountain waves trembles agin, as if it had the ague, and you can't help thinkin' the fust time you feel it, that the sand will give to those everlastin' blows, separate, and be swept away to leeward. The fust night I spent there in a gale, I felt a deuced sight more streaked than ever I did on board ship in a hurricane.'

" 'Yes,' said I, fancyin' he was a tryin' the temper of my narves, 'it must have been grand.'

"The fact is, I didn't jist altogether like the look of his face, when I said I was afeerd to go, nor his sly wink nother, they seemed as if they kinder meant he thought I was cowardly; and then I didn't like all that bunkum about old Neptune, and the terrors of the storm, and so on, it sounded braggy, so I thought I'd just clap on all steam and go ahead of him, for whoever gets to windward of me had better try it on a river, or a harbour in a sloop-rigged clipper, have his mainsail cut as flat as a board, luff all he can, hold on to all he gets, and mind his weather eye. I don't calculate in a gineral way to have the wind taken out of my sails, 'so,' sais I (and in them days I was a pretty extravagant feller to talk when I felt dandery, I tell you), 'So,' sais I, 'I hope there

will be a ripper there, a regular ring-tailed roarer, the night I land on the island. Then if a feller was to jump bare-backed on his imagination, throw away the reins, dig in the spurs—

“ ‘You needn’t do that,’ said he; ‘there are three hundred wild hosses there, catch one o’ them in the storm, and race off, if you have a fancy for that sort o’ scuddin’ afore the wind with bare poles?’ ”

“ ‘Exactly,’ sais I, ‘I’m your man. Raise the wind till it blows a tornado, catch me a hoss, and start me off at midnight, wind howlin’, breakers roarin’, thunder crashin’, lightning flashin’, and me a whoopin’ and yellin’ like an Indgian devil, and if there is any echo, raise sounds like distant voices of unburied thousands that lie hid in those shallows; it would wake the dead, make the wracks start once more from their sandy beds, and sink again with a kerwallup, like crocodiles jumpin’ in the river, or a steamer goin’ down squensh. Here’s at you, old boy; I’m your man. Here’s for a ghost-rider’s gallop over skulls, skeletons, and skippers; a midnight lark to scare the wild hosses, scatter the rabbits and rats, and make the owls stare. I’ll outrun you, out-scratch you, and outyell you, for a ten-mile heat for five hundred dollars. Come, what do you say to that stump; are you brought to a hack?’ ”

“ ‘I wouldn’t run a race of a mile,’ said he, ‘at midnight on that unconsecrated grave-yard, for a thousand pounds. I am a sailor, and I respect the dead.’ ”

“ ‘Oh, ho!’ ” sais I to myself, “ ‘I have cooled you, have I? Who is afeerd now?’ ”

“ ‘And let me tell you, too,’ said he, ‘it’s a land of spirits.’ ”

“ The fact was, he was superstitious.

“ ‘I could tell you some ghost stories that I know to be true, that would make your hair stand on eend. Did you ever hear of Dr Copeland’s lady that appeared to the brave Captain Torrens, of the 29th Regiment of the British army, or the Paris gentleman, that appears always to wracked Frenchmen, and complains of Henry the Fourth of France, for takin’ his wife and banishin’ him there with a lot of convicts, so long ago as 1598? or the old regicide that used it as a hidin’-place, and lived and died there? and on the 29th of May, when Charles the First was beheaded, marches about with a broad-brimmed hat on, carries a drawn sword, and sings

psalms through his nose so loud you can hear him above the storm?’

“‘No,’ sais I, ‘I should like to see that man amazinly. Our country was settled by Puritans, and I would give anything to know what sort of critters they were arter all, and ask some questions to clear up history. Oh! time it so as to be there on the 29th. If I could only see that sainted sinner, talk to him, get his name, see his dress, and hear his lingo, I’d make a fortin’ out of the critter.’

“‘Well, well,’ said he, ‘come with me, and I will tell you all these stories to pass time.’

“‘Done!’ sais I; ‘I’m your man. I’d rather raise that old regicide than raise a treasure ship. Hurrah for Sable Island!’ Thinks I, Old boy, who is afeerd now? I warn’t born in the woods to be scared by an owl.”

“‘Exactly,” said Mr Eldad, “who is afeerd? A man has but one life, and that he must lose some day or another, any way he can fix it, and he don’t know how soon. He is a fool to be a coward therefore because the time will come when he can’t help himself. Die he must. Now if a feller had nine lives, like a cat, they would be worth takin’ care of, because, in a general way, he’d have a good stock left, and gracious knows how long he might live. He could afford to be timid like then, and it would be worth his while, too, to take care of his lives. At least, that’s my logic.”

“I can’t say much for the logic,” sais I; “but your first idea of dyin’ game ain’t a bad one, and I won’t nonconcur you.

“Well off we went, and a rael pleasant time we had of it, too. Oh! what fun we had a chasin’ of them wild hosses! There was a herd of three hundred of them, and we caught a lot of them for the Halifax market, for they overtook the island now and then, and have to be thinned off. You have no idea what nice eatin’ wild hoss-meat is. It was the first time I ever tasted any. I felt kinder skittish at fust, but I soon got used to it. It is somethin’ between veal and beef. As for wild fowl, there is no eend to them there.”

“Did you see a storm there?” said Cutler.

“I guess I did,” sais I; “and that’s the reason I staid there so long, for the captin had to get on board quick stick, up anchor, and off till it was over. It was splendid, you may depend—awful, perhaps, is the proper word. You fancy you hear drowning men’s voices in it, while the screams of birds skuddin’ home for shelter ain’t onlike those of human beins.”

“What sort of a lookin’ place is it?” said he.

“As desolate, wild, and lonely a place,” said I, “as ever you see. It’s sand, just the colour of the water, and can’t be seen at no great distance on that account. In the hollows scooped out by the wind are whortleberry and cranberry bushes, in shallower places is bent grass, and on the shores wild peas; but there ain’t a tree or a shrub on the whole island. The sand-drift in a gale’s like snow, and blows up into high cones. These dance about sometimes, and change places; and when they do, they oncover dead bodies of poor critters that have been overtaken there, the Lord knows when or how. There is a large lake in it fifteen miles long.”

“Why what is the extent of the island?” said Cutler.

“About thirty miles,” said I; “and from one and a half to two wide. It has the shape of a bow, and tapers off at both ends. After the storm, the superintendent and I rode all round it. When we come to the north end of the lake, we got off, and fastened our nags to a sort of pound, made of ship timber and drift stuff, that they drive wild hosses into when they want to catch them.

“‘Now,’ said he, ‘sit down here, Mr Slick, and I’ll tell you one of the strangest stories you ever heard. In the year 1802, the ship Princess Amelia was wracked off here, having the furniture of the Queen’s father, Prince Edward, on board, and a number of recruits, sodger officers and their wives, and women sarvants. There were two hundred souls of them altogether, and they all perished. About that period, some piratical vagabonds used to frequent there, for there was no regular establishment kept on the island then; and it’s generally supposed some of the poor people of that misfortunate ship reached the shore in safety, and were murdered by the wrackers for their property. Well, the Prince sends down Captin Torrens—of the 29th Regiment, I think it was—from Halifax, to inquire after the missin’ ship; and, as luck would have it, he was wracked too, and pretty nearly lost his life in trying to drag others through the surf, for he was a man that didn’t know what danger or fear either was, except by name. There was but few that could be rescued before the vessel went to pieces. Well, he stationed them that survived at one eend of the island, and off he goes to the other so as to extend his look-out for aid as far as he could, but first they had to bury the dead that floated from the troop-ship, and gather up such parts of the Prince’s effects as came

ashore, and were worth saving. It was an awful task, and took them a long time, for the grave was as large as a cellar amost. There they are, just where that long bent grass grows. Having done this, and findin' fire-arms in the Government shelter-hut, off he goes alone to the other eend of the island. One day, having made the circuit of the lower half here, he returned about dusk to where we now are.

“‘Where you see that little hillock, there was a small hut in those days, that had fireworks in it, and some food, and chairs, and tables, that had been saved out of wracks, which were placed there for distressed people; and there were printed instructions in French and English, telling them what to do to keep themselves alive till they could be taken off. Well, he made up a fire, hauld down some hay out of the loft, and made up a bed in one corner, and went out to take a walk along by the side of the lake, afore he turned in. As he returned, he was surprised to see his dog standin' at the door, lookin' awfully skeered, growlin', barkin', and yelpin' like mad. The first thing he saw inside was a lady sittin' on one side of the fire, with long drippin' hair hangin' over her shoulders, her face as pale as death, and havin' nothin' on but a loose soiled white dress, that was as wet as if she had just come out of the sea, and had sand stickin' to it, as if she had been rolled over and over on the breakers. Good Heavens, Madam, said he, who are you, and where did you come from?

“‘But she didn't speak to him, and only held up her hand before her, and he saw one of the fore-fingers was cut off, and was still bleedin'. Well, he turned round, and opened a case that he had picked up in the mornin' from the drift ship, in which was materials for bandagin' the wound, and was goin' to offer her some assistance, when she rose up sudden, slipped past him, and went out of the door and walked off. Well, he followed and called to her, and begged her to stop; but on she went, and thinkin' she was out of her mind, he ran after her, and the faster he went, the swifter she raced, till she came to the lake, and dove right into it head foremost.

“‘Well, he stood some time there considerin', and ponderin' over what had happened, and at last he strolled back, and sat down by the fire a good deal puzzled. Arter studyin' it out for some time, sais he,—There can't be no mistake here. That is not a ghost, nor a demented person, but a murdered woman. If I catch a wracker here while I am on

the island, I'll ask no questions, but I'll shoot him as I would a wolf. Poor thing, she wants me to tell her friends I have seen her, and that she is actilly dead; but who is she, and who are her folks? But the finger, said he, that is very odd. I suppose in putting up her hand to save her life, it was cut off. Confound the villain, I wish I could once get my eyes on him, and he looked at the primin' of his gun, and went out and kneeled down, and takin' off his hat, held his head close to the ground, to see if anybody was a movin' between him and the horizon; and findin' there warn't, and feelin' tired, for he had been on his feet all day, he returned to the hut again, and who should be there but the self-same lady, in the self-same place.

“Now, said he to himself, don't go too near her, it's evidently onpleasant to her; but she has some communication to make. Well, what do you think, it's a positive fact, she held up the mutilated hand again. He paused some time afore he spoke, and took a good look at her, to be sure there was no mistake, and to be able to identify her afterwards, if necessary.

“Why, sais he, after scrutenizin' of her (for he was a man, was the brave Captain Torrens, that the devil himself couldn't daunt), why, sais he, it ain't possible! Why, Mrs Copeland, is that you? for he knew her as well as I know you. She was the wife of Dr Copeland, of the 7th Regiment, and was well known at Halifax, and beloved by all who knowed her. She just bowed her head, and then held up her hand, and showed the bloody stump of her finger.

“I have it, sais he, murdered for the sake of your ring,'—she bowed her head. Well, sais he, I'll track the villain out, till he is shot or hanged. Well, she looked sad, and made no sign. Well, sais he, I'll leave no stone unturned to recover that ring, and restore it to your family.

“Well, she smiled, bowed her head, and rose up and waved her hand to him to stand out of the way, and he did, and she slipped by him, and then turned and held up both hands, as if she was pushin' some one back, and retreated that way, makin' the same motion; and he took the hint, shut to the door, and sot down to digest this curious scene.

“Now, that story is a positive fact,' sais the superintendent. 'Them is the real names. My father heard Torrens tell it word for word, as I tell it to you; and there is people now living to Halifax who knew him well, for he was a great

favourite with everybody. Just after that, there was an awful storm, and another wrack, and he was mainly the means of saving the people at the risk of his own life. His name is on the chart as the 'brave Captain Torrens,' the House of Assembly voted him a large sum of money, and the Prince thought everything of him. I dare say the Duchess of Kent has often heard the story, and if she hain't—'

" 'But about the ring?' sais I.

" 'Oh, yes!' said he, 'that is the curioesest part of it. Captain Torrens got hold of the names of three of the most noted wrackers, and sot out to track 'em to their hidin' places. One of them lived to Salmon River, just about as solitary and lonely a place as he could have found to escape observation. When the captain got there the feller had gone to Labrador. Well Torrens soon knocked up an acquaintance with the family by stayin' at the house, and makin' it his head-quarters while he was fowlin' and fishin' in the neighbourhood. One evenin' he put on a splendid ring, which he brought down for the purpose, so as to draw the talk to the subject he wanted. The eldest gall admired it greatly; and he took it off, and it was handed round, and commented on. At last one of the darters said she didn't think it was half so pretty as the one daddy got off the lady's finger at Sable Island.

" 'No, my dear, said the mother, who got behind his chair to telegraph, he got it from a Frenchman, who picked it up at the sand there.

" 'Oh! I believe it was, said the girl, colourin' up, and lookin' a little confused.

" 'Well at last the ring was handed back, and he put it on his finger again; and when he was kinder pretendin' to be admiring it, sais he, carelessly,—

" 'Show me your ring; if it is as handsome as this I'll buy it of you, for I am a great ring fancier; but I don't suppose it would go on my great coarse finger—would it? Where is it?

" 'It's at Halifax, Sir, said she. The last time daddy was there, he left it with a watchmaker to sell. He gave him twenty shillings on it, and told him if it fetched more he should have it.

" 'Oh, said he, quite unconcerned, it's no matter.

" 'Oh, yes! it is, Sir, said she, for it's a most beautiful

one; you had better buy it: and she described it most minutely.

“ ‘He was quite satisfied; and arter breakfast the next mornin’ he started for Halifax as fast as he could. Well the town warn’t then what it is now. Two watchmakers was all that was in it, so a search couldn’t last very long any how; but in the window of the first shop he went to was the identical ring. Sais he to the shopman,—

“ ‘Friend, sais he, give me the history of that ring, as far as you know about it.

“ ‘Well the account was just what he had heard himself, omittin’ of course all mention of the finger. Sais he,—

“ ‘Give it to me; here are the twenty shillings advanced; and if the owner wants more, tell him to bring the finger that was cut off to get at it, and then come to me.

“ ‘Well it was identified at once by the ladies of the regiment, and some of the doctor’s brother officers; and the moment the Prince saw it, he knew it, for it was a curious old family ring, and the captain sent it to England to Mrs Copeland’s friends. Torrens was ordered home soon after that, and there the matter dropt.’

“ ‘That’s a strange story,’ said the skipper; “ ‘what do you think of it, Mr Slick?’ ”

“ ‘Why,’ sais I, “ ‘it seems to come very straight, and looks as if it was true; and nothin’ ought to be considered impossible because it is oncommon. The main thing is how a story is vouched, and whether the man who tells it is credible. All depends on that. When a feller sais he saw an apparition he may be deceived; his eyes, or the state of his stomach, operatin’ on his vision, or his fancy, or perhaps his fears, may make him think he saw it when he didn’t. But if an apparition appears to him, not in bed, when he may mistake a dream for a reality, but when he is wide awake and in good health, and gives him information, and he acts on it, and the information turns out correct, why then I think you may believe him.’ ”

“ ‘Well,’ says Eldad, “ ‘that story is as true as Gospel, for I’ve heard it from Mr Collingwood’s father, who was with the Prince at the time, and saw the ring himself; and more than that, I could tell you the name of the wracker, but I won’t, for some of his descendants are still living, and are decent people. I have seen the old coon several times, and

the devil himself with all his arts and insinuations never could coax him out of the house arter dark."

"Exactly," sais I, "Eldad, that's conscience; and, in my opinion, conscience is the devil. His court is hardly a fair one, for he fills three offices at onct. He is witness, judge, and executioner. Conscience is a witness, and testifies agin a feller; it is a judge too, and knows the evidence is true; and it is an executioner, and has no marcy. It don't punish a feller right off, and ha' done with it, but it keeps torturin' poor sinners all the time. Depend upon it, many and many a night it woke up that old wracker out of a sound sleep with a dig on his ribs, and said,—'I say, old feller, how are you off for rings? You hainte got are a spare finger to part with, have you? for I want one to point at a murderer with, and mine's tired out.' Well then it kinder relents, lets the poor misfortunate critter go to sleep agin; and when he begins to snore, gives a dyin' screech in his ear that fetches him up on his feet in a moment, and he rubs his eyes half stupid with fright and drowsiness, and sais,—'I wish to Heavens I was out of this cussed island,' and he lights his candle, turns in again, and goes to sleep once more; for ghosts don't come in where there is light in a general way. Well he dreams (for conscience is a dab at makin' fellers act tragedies over in their dreams), and he dreams he is awful hungry, and come home just in time for dinner, and there is a beautiful meat-pie on the table that smells so nice, he actilly feels his mouth water, and he cuts the crust, puts the spoon in it, and out comes a long white finger with a beautiful ring on it. Eldad, that is wuss than being hung—ain't it? Depend on it, Pilot, as I said before, conscience is the devil."

"Yes," said he, "it's wus than the gallus, if you are quite sure the same thing hante to be gone over again on dead man's land. But, Mr Slick," said he, "you describe that so *pee*powerful, you must have suffered yourself, I guess, from conscience."

"Well, I have," sais I. "I won't deny it, for I should tell a lie if I did. You know, 'if we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.' I do actilly dream sometimes of an onsound horse I have put off afore now on a feller, or a critter that would run away, or a clock that wouldn't go; and I won't deny the memory of these things does trouble me now and agin in my dreams,

and I wake up almost chokin' with laughin' at the thought of it."

"Mr Slick," said the pilot, "you are a droll man. Nothin' seems to make an impression on you."

"Don't it," said I; and I turned to Cutler, for I knew Eldad couldn't take my meanin'. "My mind is like nater'," said I. "The dark shadders and deep lines are in the right place, but the strong lights and bright sky are also where they ought to be, I hope. But come, Mr Nickerson," said I, "I have told you my ghost story, now do you spin us a yarn if you have a real dependable one; if not we will talk of something else."

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you one that I knowed myself, for I was on board the vessel at the time. I was mate onet of a brig of Colonel Freeman's of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, that was commanded by Captain James Taylor, for I'll give you the real names of the parties—and we had just come back from the West Indies. On our return, we arrived off the entrance of the harbour a considerable piece arter daylight-down, when the wind failed us, and we dropt anchor there. It was a most beautiful moonlight night. I guess you knew Captain James Taylor, didn't you?"

"Yes," said I, "I knew him; and a better shipmaster, or a better man, never trod in shoe leather."

"Well," he said, "he would go ashore and walk up to the town, which was about two miles off; and he left me in charge, with orders to get under weigh as soon as the night breeze sprung up, and two hands got into the boat, and set him ashore. Well, he crossed over into the main road, and made for home. As he neared Liverpool, he came opposite to old Mr Parker's farm, where a man of the name of Trots lived as a tenant. The furst person he saw was old Trots himself, who was lame, standing out in front of the door.

"'How are you, Trots?' said he. 'Give me a drink of water, that's a good fellow.'

"Well, the old chap didn't answer, so he repeated it louder; but the critter wouldn't speak.

"'What in natur' ails you?' said he; and he went close up to him, and called out agin, at the tip eend of his voice,— 'Give me a glass of water, old feller, will you?'

"Trots stared him in the face, and never said a word, or offered to move. Now, as the captain was in a hurry, and it was a gettin' late, he turns out into the road quick, just

leaving a parting tough word for the old man to digest, and thought no more about it. In the mornin' he goes to Colonel Freeman to report the vessel, and tell him about the sale of his lumber and fish, and so on, in the West Indies.

"Says the Colonel, 'Jemmy,' sais he (for he was a great hand for patronisin' smart young men, and a putting of them forward in the world), 'did you see anything of my servant on the road last night.'

"'No!' said he, 'the only man I saw was old Trots; and he—'

"'Pooh!' said he, 'Trots! why Trots has been dead and buried these three weeks.'

"'Why how you talk!' said the captin; and he jumps up and tells him the whole story.

"Just then, who should come into the countin'-house but Captin Dewal, of Liverpool, and said he,—

"'Colonel, did you hear about Trots?'

"'What's that?' said Taylor, in astonishment, for he knew he had told no one the story.

"'Why,' said he, 'Trots was at his old house last night, and appeared to Murphy.'

"Murphy was another tenant who had moved into the house after Trots' death, and he woke him up.

"'Murphy,' sais he, 'in three days you will be where I am.'

"The poor critter was as well at the time as I am now, but sure enough, in three days, he was as dead as a herrin'. What do you think of that, Mr Slick? Can you account for it?"

"Yes," sais I, "as easy as kiss my hand. It was a moonlight night. Now, as the captin knew Trots lived there when he went to the West Indies, it's nateral he should take a shadow of a gate-post, or somethin' or another, for him, and think he actilly saw him. That will account for that part of it. Now suppose Murphy had taken a glass of grog extra that night, or a pound of pork more than common, got the nightmare, and fancied old Trots was a sittin' a top of him, got scared at the dream, and died out of fright. That will account for t'other part of it."

"You may imagine anything," said Cutler; "but accordin' to that way of reasonin', all human testimony would be an illusion, and no one could ever be convicted. I believe that story firmly."

“So do I believe it firmly, too,” said I; “but he didn’t ask me if I believed it, he asked me if I could account for it; and I never allow myself to be stumped, so I just give him reasons he didn’t think of. Yes, I believe it too, for Captain Taylor is as brave a man as ever Captain Torrens was, as little likely to be deceived, and a man of undoubted veracity. Yes, I believe it.”*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WITCH OF ESKISOONY.

IN the mornin’, all was bustle on board of the “Black Hawk;” boats and canoes were alongside, from various parts of the harbour, and a rapid sale was effected of the “notions” on board, either for money, or by barter for fish and oil. While these were conducted under the auspices of the mate and the pilot, I took the gig, and puttin’ into it my fishin’-tackle, rifle, and carpet-bag, containin’ a few changes, I rowed up the river to the residence of my old friend, Captin Collingwood.

The house was situated on a gentle acclivity, that sloped gradually down to the river, commandin’ a view of several of its windings, but sheltered from the Atlantic storms by a projectin’ wooded promontory, that shut in the harbour and gave it an air of seclusion and repose. Seein’ a man at some little distance, haulin’ seaweed in an ox-cart, I ascertained from him all the particulars concernin’ the family, and the whereabouts of all its members. I always do this when I visit a house arter a long absence, to avoid puttin’ ontimely questions. It isn’t pleasant, in a ginerall way, to inquire after the old lady, and find her place supplied by another; or after a son that’s dead and buried, or a gal that’s taken it into her head to get married without leave. Them mistakes make a feller look blank, and don’t make you more welcome,

* These two stories are given with the real names. The first is well known to an officer of the 7th, still living, who was intimately acquainted with the parties; and all those persons named in the second were well known to myself.—*Author.*

that's a fact. "*Don't care*" won't bear friendship for fruit, and "*don't know, I'm sure,*" won't ripen it. *Life has a chart as well as a coast, and a little care will keep you clear of rocks, reefs, and sandbars.*

After I had heard all I wanted, sais I, "Friend, one good turn deserves another, now your off-ox ain't as smart or as strong as your near one."

"Well, that's a fact," sais he, "he ain't."

"Give him more of the yoke-beam," sais I, "that will give him more purchase, and make him even with t'other."

"Well, I never thought of that," said he.

"Mornin'," sais I. "Come, steward, you and I must be a movin'."

"'Never thought of that,'" said I, "Sorrow," addressin' of the nigger sarvant, "well, I don't believe that goney will ever 'think of that again,' for advice that ain't paid for ain't no good. But here we are at the house; now put down the things and cut for the vessel, you may be wanted."

I paused a moment before knockin' at the door, to take a look at the scene before me. How familiar it looked! and yet how many things had happened to me since I was here! A member of the embassy to London—an Attaché—visitin' palaces, castles, country-seats, and town-houses. How will country galls in Nova Scotia look after well-dressed fashionable ladies to England, that art has helped natur' to make handsome, and wealth held out the puss to, wide open, and said, "Don't spare, for there's plenty more?" The Town Hall to Slickville, that seemed so large afore I left, looked like nothin' when I came back, the Museum warn't as good as an old curiosity shop, and the houses looked as if the two upper storeys had been cut off.

Will these gals of Collingwood's seem coarse, or vulgar? or consaited, or ignorant, or what? If I thought they would I wouldn't go in. I like 'em too well to draw comparisons agin 'em. I shouldn't wonder if they looked the best of the two, arter all! First, I know they'll be more bloomin', for they keep better hours; next, they are nateral, and tho' first chop ladies to London are so too, yet art is only polished natur', and the height of it is to look nateral. It's like the rael thing, but it wants life. One's an artificial flower: the other's a rael genuine rose. One has no scent: the other's parfume itself. I guess, at last, high-bred beauty looks best to high-born folks, and simple country trainin' to folks that's used to

it themselves. Circumstances, education, and custom makes circles in England and the States, in monarchies and republics, and everywhere else, and always will; and I reckon everybody had better keep to his own, or at any rate to one that ain't very far above or below it. A man must keep his own circle, like his own side of the road, unless he wants to be elbowed and jostled for everlastin'.

I wonder whether Sophy would do for me, or whether she would bear transplantin' to Slickville? Let's see, here goes; and just as I lifted up my hand to rap on the door, swing it went open, and it nearly hit her in the face. As she started and coloured with surprise, I thought I never see so handsome a gall in my life. "Well done natur'!" said I to myself, "you've carried the day, and I kinder guessed you would."

"Don't be skeered, Miss," said I, "my hand was lifted agin the door, and not agin you, to inquire if my old friend, the captin, was to home."

She said he was absent, but would be back in time for dinner; and, as her little brother made his appearance with his satchel over his shoulder, he and I lifted into the hall my travellin' traps. It was plain she didn't recollect me, and I don't know as I should have know'd her if I hadn't seen her to home—she had filled out, and developed into so fine a woman!

Arter a while, sais she, "You have the advantage of me, Sir?" (meanin', 'Pray what may your name be?') it's a common phrase this side of the Atlantic); but I evaded it.

"No," sais I, "Miss Sophy, you have the advantage of me; for you have youth, bloom, and beauty on your side: and I am so 'vedder beaden,' as poor old Rodenheiser over the river there used to say, that you don't recollect me. But where is Mary? tell her that her old friend, Mr Slick, has come to see her."

"Mr Slick!" said she, "well, what a surprise this is! I knew your face and your voice, but I couldn't just call your name, not expectin' to see you, and being taken by surprise, it confused me. Why, how do you do?—how glad I am to see you! Jemmy, call Mary; but don't tell her who it is, see if her memory is better than mine. How delighted my father will be! He often talks of you, and only yesterday wondered where you were."

Mary, like her sister, had greatly improved in appearance;

but, unlike her, knew me at once, and I was at home once more among friends. The country is the place for warm hearts. The field is larger, and fewer in it, than in cities; and they ain't fenced in, and penned up, and don't beat by rule. Feelins rise sudden, like freshets, and gush right over; and then when they subside like, run deep, and clear, and transparent.

A country welcome, like a country wood-fire, is the most bright and charmin' thing in the world: warms all, and cheers all, and lights up everythin'. Oh! give me the country, and them that live in it. Poor dear old Minister used to say, "The voice that whispers in the trees, and intones the brooks, or calls aloud in the cataracts, is the voice of Him that made them; and the birds that sing, and the fish that leap with joy, and the hum of unseen myriads of animate creatures, and the flowers of the fields, and the blossoming shrubs, all speak of peace, quiet, and happiness. Is it any wonder that those who live there become part of the landscape, and harmonize with all around them? They inhale fragrance; and are healthy, and look on beauty till they reflect it?" I remember his very words; and what was there that he didn't say pretty? But these galls have set me off thinkin' over his poetical ideas.

I wonder if comin' by sea makes the contrast greater? P'raps it does, for all natur' loves variety. Arter a little chat, thinks I, I'll just take myself off now for a spell; for, in course, there is somethin' to do when a stranger arrives; and when most that is done is done by folks themselves. *The great secret of life is never to be in the way of others.* So sais I, "Jemmy, my boy, did you ever see a salmon caught with a fly?"

"No, Sir," said he.

"Well, then, s'posen you and I go down to where the Eskisoony stream jines the river, and I will raise one for dinner in less than half no time. It's beautiful sport."

"I will jist run up and put on my bonnet, and walk with you," said Sophy. "I have often heerd of fly-fishin', but never saw it. This week is my holidays, for it's Mary's turn to be housekeeper."

"Any chance of a shot, my little man?" sais I. "Shall I take my rifle?"

"Oh, yes, Sir; the minks and otters, at this season, are very busy fishin'."

"There's some chance for a fur-cap for you then, this winter, my boy," sais I.

Having prepared all things necessary, and loaded little Jemmy with the fishin'-rod and landin'-net, I took Sophy under one arm, and slung my rifle over the other, and in a few minutes was on the best spot on the river for salmon.

"Now, my little squire, look here," sais I. "Do you see where the water shoals above that deep, still pool? Well, that is the place to look for the gentleman to invite to dinner. Choose a fly always like the flies of the season and place, for he has an eye for natur' as well as you; and as you are agoin' to take him in so he shan't know his own food when he sees it, you must make it look like the very identical thing itself, or else he turns up his nose at it, laughs in his gills, and sais to himself, 'I ain't such a fool as you take me to be.' Then throw your line clear across the stream; float it gently down this way, and then lift the head of the rod, and trail it up considerable quick—tip, tip, tip, on the water. Ah! that's a trout, and a fine fellow too. That's the way to play him to drown him. Now for the landin'-net. Ain't he a whopper?" In a few minutes, a dozen and a half of splendid trout were extended on the grass. "You see the trout take the fly before I have a chance to trail it up the stream. Now, I'll not float it down, for that's their game; but cast it slantin' across, and then skim it up, as a nateral fly skims along. That's the ticket! I've struck a nobliferous salmon. Now you'll see sport." The fish took down the stream at a great rate, and I in and after him; stayin' but not snubbin', restrainin' but not checkin' him short; till he took his last desperate leap clear out of the water, and then headed up stream again; but he grew weaker and weaker, and arter a while I at last reached the old stand, brought him to shore nearly beat out, and pop he went into the net. "That's lesson number one, Jemmy. Now we'll set down under the oaks, and wait till the disturbance of the water is over. How strange it is, Sophy, that you couldn't recollect me! Maybe it's witchery, for that has a prodigious effect upon the memory. Do you believe in witches?" said I, leaning on my elbow in the grass, and looking up into her pretty face.

"How can I believe, who never saw one—did you?"

"Just come from a county in England," said I, "that's chockful of 'em."

"Do tell me," said she, "what sort of looking people

they are. Little, cross, spiteful, crooked old women, ain't they ? ”

“The most splendid galls,” sais I, “mortal man ever beheld ; half-angel, half-woman, with a touch of cherubim, musical tongues, telegraph eyes, and cheeks made of red and white roses. They'd bewitch Old Scratch himself, if he was only to look on 'em. They call 'em Lancashire witches.”

“Did they ever bewitch you ? ” she said, laughin'

“Well, they would, that's a fact ; only I had been bewitched before by a far handsomer one than any of them.”

“And pray, who is she ? ”

“If I was to call her up from the deep,” sais I, “have you courage enough to look her in the face ? ”

Well, she looked a little chalky at that, but said, with a steady voice, “Certainly I have. I never did any harm to any one in my life ; why should I be afraid of her, especially if she's so handsome ? ”

“Well, then, I'll raise her ; and you'll see what I never saw in England or elsewhere. I'll show her to you in the pool ; ” and I waved my hand three or four times round my head, and with a staff made a circle on the ground, pretendin' to comply with rules, and look wise. “Come,” sais I, “sweet witch, rise and show your beautiful face. Now, give me your hand, Miss ; ” and I led her down to the deep, still, transparent pool.

“Mr Slick,” said she, “I'm not sure the raisin' of spirits is right for you to do.”

But I said, “I would look on this one, and I will, to show you there's nothing to be afraid of, but doing wrong. Stoop and look into the water,” sais I ; “now, what do you see ? ”

“Nothing,” she said, “but some trout swimmin' slowly about.”

“Hold your head a little higher,” sais I. “Move a little further this way, on account of the light ; that's it. What do you see now ? ”

“Nothin' but my own face.”

“Are you sure ? look again.”

“Certainly, it's my own ; I ought to know it.”

“Well, that's the face of Sophy, the Witch of Eskisoony.”

Well, she jumped up on her feet, and she didn't look pleased at the joke, I tell you.

Sais she, “Mr Slick, that's not right ; you have seen a good deal of the world, and we are simple-minded, rustic

people here. It is not right to play us off that way for your own amusement or that of your readers. It's not kind, nor is it right to praise one so extravagantly. A woman must be foolish to believe it or receive it. You left us a friend, and have returned a flatterer."

Hurrah for good sense, says I to myself, that's the plant for Slickville.

"Miss Sophy," says I, "you forgot my name, and now it's clear you've forgot my way and manner, or you would recollect banterin' talk is as nateral to me as singin' is to a canary bird. I don't mean nothin' but good-natur' by it. I'm dreadful sorry for sayin' or doin' anythin' you don't approve. You havn't seen me of late, and can't help feelin' a little of the resarve of a stranger. You wouldn't a minded it a month hence, when the past and present was jined, and all that's atween seemed one. I admit I was wrong. People may eend familiar, but they shouldn't begin familiar. To call an ugly woman by her right name would entitle a feller to a kickin', but to call a beautiful—no, that's too flatterin' a word—a handsome—no, that's too familiar—a pretty girl—well, that word may pass, though it falls short—a pretty girl a pretty girl, ain't such a deadly sin, I think, arter all."

Well, she laughed. "Nor I either," said she. "But come, let's talk no more about it; perhaps I made too much of it; I believe I did."

Hurrah for human natur', says I agin to myself. I wouldn't give a cent for a gall that isn't well provided with it.

"No you didn't," says I. "I was wrong, and am sorry for it. *Resarve is a line fence, that neighbours have to keep up, to prevent encroachments.* The most beautiful roses in the world have thorns and prickles all under their leaves, and around their stems, that scratch, and jab, and hurt like anythin'; well, they're there for defence. If folks will let the roses alone, the thorns will let them be; but if they runfoozle the flower, why they just catch it, right and left, that's all. If it warn't for them, there wouldn't be no roses at all; they couldn't show their pretty faces; and they have as good a right to show their bloomin' smilin' cheeks as Lancashire witches or Escasoon—(I like to have made a hole in my manners), or any other pretty little witches. If it warn't for them," said I, "the cows would browse on all that grow spontaneous-like in the fields, and the goats feed on 'em, and

the sheep nibble away at 'em like anythin'; there wouldn't soon be a rose on the face of the airth."

"Well, you do talk different from anybody else," she said, "that's a fact. I didn't mean to be angry with you, and I don't think I could if I did."

"Well, come and sit down," sais I, "under the oaks again, and I'll tell you a curious story of an old woman that was bewitched at Annapolis, as you was, and lost her memory. Well," sais I, "when I first went to—But, hush!" said I, and I laid my hand on her arm, for just then I heerd a rushin', tramplin' kind of noise in the alder-bushes, right across the Eskisoony rnn, that suddenly stopped, and then a sort of puffin' and loud breathin', like little model engines. "What's that?" said I, in a whisper.

"It's the young cattle," said she.

"No," said I, "that's not the way they browse. Keep as still as a mouse." And I put my heels on the grass, and lifted up my weight with my hands, and ampersanded forwards that way until I got near the tree, when I took up my rifle, and made all ready. Just then the cracklin' of the shrubs showed something was movin' on, and then the same noise was made further beyond, and in a minute or two a beautiful large stately cariboo came out of the thicket, snuffed up the air, looked round cautious, and made as if he was a-goin' to take a drink to cool his coppers. I drew a bead on him, and let him have it as quick as wink. He sprang up on eend, the matter of a yard or so, and fell right down dead in the bushes, when off started the herd among the alders, as if they'd crush the whole of them into the intervale.

"You've got him, Mr Slick!" said Jemmy, who was about jumpin' up on his feet, when I pulled him down again.

"Hush!" said I, "not a word for your life. Keep dark and lay low, they'll come back again to look after him presently, and then I'll get another shot." And I reloaded as fast as I could, crawled nearer the trunk of the tree, and got a good position for coverin' anythin' for some distance up and down stream. Arter layin' a while there, the same tramplin' was heard again, and then the same hard breathin', and then the sounds of more than one advancin', when two leaders came out of the bush, and stood and looked at their old captin, a-wonderin' what on airth was the matter with him, when bang went the rifle, and down went another noble buck right across him.

"Now, Jemmy," sais I, "we can afford to talk, for I don't wan't to kill no more. There's one for the house, and one for the 'Black Hawk,' and it's my rule not to waste God's bounties."

"And a very good rule it is, too," said Sophy. "I never could bear to hear of their bein' shot just for sport, and then left in the woods for the crows and the foxes to eat. That don't seem to me the purpose Providence designed 'em for. What on airth could have brought them away down here? I don't remember ever hearin' of any being so near the coast before."

"The witch of Eskisoo—Oh! I was very nearly in for it again!" says I.

"Yes, yes," said she, laughin', "there's many a mistake made on purpose."

"There's something difficult to get out of the head, Sophy," sais I, "and some more difficult to get out of the heart." She coloured some at that, and kinder looked down; but, woman like, was cunnin' of fence, and answered right off.

"And among them the love of banter, that's born in some folks, I do believe. But go on with your Annapolis story."

"Well," sais I, and I rested agin on my elbow, and looked up into her beautiful face—for there's no way a gall looks so pretty as when in that position. If they have to look up to you, it kinder causes them to throw the head back, opens the eyes too wide, and covers the whole face with strong light. Half the beauty, and more nor half the expression is lost. Besides, the neck is apt to look cordy. When they look down, the eyelashes fall, and the eye is better shaped, more oval, less round, and is more liquid. The beautiful bow-shape of the mouth shows better, the ringlets hang graceful, and there's shades here and there in the face that sets it off grand. Nothin' ever looks pretty in glare. That's the advantage in paintin'. It makes one know what he couldn't larn without it. My clocks have been the makin' of me, that's a fact. Daubin' figures on 'em set me to study drawin' and paintin', and that made me study natur'. *An artist has more than two eyes*, that's a fact. "Sophy," sais I, "afore I go, I must try and take you, just as you now sit."

"Take me?" she said, lookin' puzzled.

"Yes," sais I; "I have my drawin'-pencil and sketchin'-block here, and if you only knew how becomin' that attitude is—how beautiful you do—"

"Oh, come now," she said, "don't talk nonsense that way, that's a good soul! Go on with your story."

"Well, I'll try," said I, "tho' its hard to think of one thing, and talk of another." The fact is, there's no denyin' it, much as I've laughed at others, I was almost spoony myself. "When I first went down to Annapolis—Jemmy," said I, "suppose you carry up that are salmon to the house; it's time it was there for dinner, and tell some of the men folks, when they return at twelve o'clock, to bring down a wooden-shod ox-sled to carry up the deer. It will slide over the grass most as easy as snow. When I first went to Annapolis," said I. Just then Sophy looked over her shoulder arter Jemmy, and seemed oneasy like; I suppose she didn't half like bein' left alone there with me a lollin' on the grass, and she was right. *It ain't enough for galls not to give people reason to talk; they shouldn't even give them the chance.* But if she took me into her calculations she was wrong. When folks confides in me, I'd die to presarve confidence. When they take the reins and trust to their own drivin', I leave 'em to take care of themselves, and jist look arter number one.

"Mr Slick," said she, "I beg pardon for interruptin' you, but we are leavin' poor Mary all alone. I think we'd better return, p'raps."

"Jemmy," said I, a callin' arter him ever so loud, "ask Miss Mary if she won't come and see a salmon caught. Oh! don't go, Miss," said I; "I have to leave to-morrow, and it's such a treat for me to see you, and talk to you, you can't think."

"To-morrow!" said she. "Oh my, you don't say so!"

"Well, let's talk of to-morrow," said I, "when to-morrow comes. Sophy," and I took her hand, "Sophy," said I, and I looked up into her face; I don't think she ever looked so handsome afore since she was born, "Sophy—" and what I was agoin' to say ain't no matter, for she kinder cut it short, and said,—

"Well, go on with your story then, Mr Slick."

Sam, said I to myself, a faint heart, you know, never won a fair lady; you have turned into a nateral fool, I do believe.

"Well," said I, "when I first went to Annapolis, there was an old lady there, one Mrs Lothrop, a very old woman; and when she heard I was there, she sent for me. When

she was a little girl, she lived at Brooklyn Ferry, where her father died when she was nine years old. Arter that, she lived in the house of a loyalist, named Lothrop, and married one of his sons, and when the war came, moved down to this country.

“ Well, she wanted to talk of Long Island, and the old ferry, and the market days, and what not, of old times. She said she would like to eend her days there ; that she was sure the moon was larger there than here, and shone brighter, and the fruit was better, and the people honester, and I don’t know what all. It was a great comfort to her to see me, and hear herself talk about those things ; and every time I went there, I used to go and see her, it pleased her so.

“ Well, the last time I was to that town, the servant waked me up about daylight one day, and said, ‘ Mr Lothrop (that was her youngest son, for her husband had been long dead) ‘ was below, and wanted to see me in a great hurry.’

“ ‘ Tell him I’ll be down torectly,’ sais I.

“ ‘ Oh!’ sais the servant, ‘ he is carryin’ on dreadful down there, and sais he must see you this very blessed minute.’

“ ‘ Tell him to come up, then,’ sais I, ‘ and I’ll talk to him here in bed.’

“ Well, in run Lothrop, a-wringin’ of his hands, and lookin’ as pale as a ghost, and a goin’ round and round the room, like a ravin’ distracted bed-bug.”

“ What a curious expression!” said Sophy, and she larfed like anythin’. “ How droll you do talk, Mr Slick !”

“ It’s a way I have, sometimes,” said I.

“ Well, go on,” says she.

“ Well, all the goney could say was, ‘ Oh, Mr Slick ! oh, Mr Slick !—it’s a dreadful piece of business about mother ! Oh ! oh !’ sais he, and he boohood right out, like a child.

“ ‘ Come, Lothrop,’ sais I, a-raisin’ of myself up in bed, ‘ be a man, and tell me what you are makin’ this everlastin’ touss about.’

“ ‘ Oh ! oh,’ sais he, ‘ I can’t ; it’s too bad !’ and off he sot agin, a blubberin’ like a school-boy.

“ At last I got riled, and fairly got my dander up. ‘ Come, out with it,’ sais I, ‘ like a man, or out with yourself from this room, and let me go to sleep. What ails the old lady ? —is she dead ?’

“ ‘ Oh ! wus nor that !’

“Raced off and got married agin?’ sais I. Well that kinder grigged him, and cooled him down a bit.

“Raced off and got married!’ sais he, ‘I didn’t expect to hear you speak so disrespectful of poor dear mother! You know that’s onpossible, in the natur’ of things; but if it war, it’s wus nor that!’

“Well, what in natur’ is it?’ sais I.

“Why,’ sais he, ‘she’s be—be—be—’ and at last he giggled it out, ‘she’s be—be—bewitched!’

“Be—be—be—witted!’ sais I, a-mockin’ him, for unless I made him mad, I knew I couldn’t make him talk; ‘you be—be—be—hanged! you great, big, blubberin’ blockhead! If you han’t got no sense, I hope you’ve got some decency left. So clear out of this, and let me go to sleep. I raily didn’t think you was such a bornfool! Get out o’ this, afore I put you out!’

“Oh! Mr Slick,’ said he, ‘don’t be wrathy! If you only knew all, you wouldn’t say so. She’s dreadful to behold!’

“But I do know all,’ sais I. ‘I know there’s no such a thing under the sun as a witch; if there was you’d a-been hanged long ago, you’re such a knowin’ coon. Out with you!’

“Mr Slick!’ sais he, ‘oh, Mr Slick! do come and see her, and tell us what to do with her!’

“Well,’ sais I, ‘I will, for her sake; for I’d do anything amost for her; but there’s only one thing I’d do willingly for you, and that is to kick you.’

“Well, then,’ said he, ‘if she ain’t bewitched I’ll stand kickin’ till you’re tired.’

“Done,’ sais I. ‘Go and harness up Old Clay, and I’ll dress in a jiffy and off. Come, make yourself scarce: bear a hand.’

“Well, as we drove along, ‘Now,’ sais I, ‘Lothrop, if you don’t want me to lose my temper, and pitch you right out of this here waggon, begin at the beginnin’, and tell me this here foolish story.’

“Foolish!’ said he. ‘Mr Slick, I am sure—’

“I jist hauled up short. ‘No jaw,’ sais I. ‘Just begin now, and tell it short, for I don’t approbate long yarns’ (Sophy smiled at this, as much as to say how little we know ourselves, but she didn’t say nothin’), ‘or out you go.’

“Well,’ sais he, ‘it was night before last, Sir, about twelve o’clock, as near as I can guess, that I first heerd the witch come to the house, and call Mother! through the roof.’

“‘What an everlastin’, abominable, onaccountable fool you be, Lothrop,’ sais I; ‘but go on.’

“‘Let me tell it my own way,’ sais he. ‘Well, Fanny had gone to bed before me, and was fast asleep when I turned in, and I was just a droppin’ off into the land of nod, when whap the hag jumped on the roof, near the chimbly, and scratched about among the shingles with her broomstick, and called out two witch words I didn’t understand. Oh! they were loud, and clear, and cold enough to freeze you! So I wakes up Fanny. Fanny, sais I. What, dear? sais she. Just listen. Well, I am listenin’, sais she. What have you got to say, love? Listen, sais I. Well, I am listenin’, sais she, quite peevish-like: what is it, dear? Do you hear anything? sais I. Yes, sais she, dear, I hear you. Tut! sais I; don’t you hear anybody else? Why, in course, I do; I hear Granny a snorin’, that’s all. It was worth while to wake me up for that, warn’t it? And she turned right round agin, and dropped off to sleep as quick as wink. Well, Christians talkin’ that way skeered off the witch, or ghost, or banshee, or whatever it was; and I thought it was all over, and had just begun to forget all about it, when bang it come agin upon the ridgepole, and called twice for the old lady. Well, I wakes up wife agin. Fanny, sais I. John, sais she, what’s the matter? what on airth ails you? Listen, sais I. I won’t, sais she; so there now, do for goodness gracious sake go to sleep. Fanny, sais I, I am skeered. Oh! you’ve been dreamin’, sais she: do be quiet; you’ll wake up the baby, and then we shall have a proper hullabaloo here. There, sais I, didn’t you hear that noise now; for there was another call as plain as barkin’. Yes, said she, I do; it’s nothin’ but an owl; and you are a stupid booby too to be scared by an owl, seein’ you was raised in the woods. I’ll get right up and shoot it, sais I; I’m superstitious about owls. They bring bad luck; their great goggle eyes ain’t naterel. The night Jem Denson— Jem Denson be fiddled, said she, and you too. I’ll have no such carryins on here, in the night, on no account. Go right off to sleep this minute; and she put her arm round my neck, and held me like a fox-trap, and pretended to snore in my ear. So we both fell into a sound sleep, and it was broad day when I woke up. When I did, Fanny had me fast by the neck still; I couldn’t get her arm off. Fanny, sais I, but she was dead asleep; Fanny,

dear : no answer. Fanny, sais I, a undoin' of her arm, and a shakin' her. I won't listen no more. It's time to get up, sais I. I won't, sais she ; its nothin' but an owl. Fact is, she was a little bewitched herself, without knowin' of it, and it was some time before she was wide awake.'

“ ‘ Your wife is an understandin' woman, ’ sais I ; ‘ it's a pity you hadn't some of her sense. ’

“ ‘ Well, I got up, and went into the keepin'-room, and as I passed mother's door, I heard her call out in an unairthly voice. Fanny, sais I ; but she was a dozin' off agin ; Fanny, for Heaven's sake, get up, sais I, mother's bewitched ! It's you, she said, that's bewitched ; it's nothin' but an—an—o—owl, and off she dropt agin as fast as a pine-stump. I just lifted her right out o' bed, carried her to mother's room in my arms, opened the door, sot her on the floor, and left her in there. In less than a minute she screamed awful, and mother screamed herself hoarse. When I went in I cried like a child. ’

“ ‘ I've no doubt you did, ’ sais I, ‘ and yelled loud enough to wake the dead. ’

“ ‘ So would you, ’ said he, ‘ if you had a been there, I know, and it will shock you awful now. Oh, Mr Slick ! what a time we have had of it ever since ! There she lies, talkin' that devilish gibberish, and then she cries, and sobs, and falls asleep exhausted, and then at it agin like anythin' . What a dreadful fearful thing witchcraft is ! I went to the parson, and he ordered me out of the room, and told me it was scandalous to see me so drunk at such a time of the mornin' . But here we are. ’

“ Well, sure enough, the whole family looked as if they were gatherin' for a funeral, cryin' and sobbin' like anythin' . ‘ Mornin' , ’ sais I, ‘ Mrs Lothrop. How is the old lady to-day. Can I see her ? ’ Well, to make a long story short, I went into her room, and held out my hand to her without speakin' . She took it, and then certainly did let off a lingo strange enough to make Adam and Ève stare. Well, I sat and looked, and listened, and at last an idea flashed across my mind, and I kneeled down close by the bed, and whispered a word in her ear, and she started, looked at me, stared, and then the tears came to her eyes. Arter the space of a minute more, I tried another, and whispered it also, and she put her hand on my head, and patted it, and then the tears ran down her cheeks, but she was quite eased. ”

"What was them two words, Mr Slick? do tell me. That's a very curious story," said Sophy.

Well, I wasn't a-goin' to tell her jist then; it spoils stories to let the cat out of the bag too soon, and I was spinnin' it as long as I could, to keep her there, it was so pleasant. *What a pity it is marryin' spoils courtin'*. "I'll tell you in a minute," sais I; "for I'm afeerd I'm detainin' of you. Well, if Lothrop and his wife didn't look amazed it's a pity. They were confirmed in their opinion of witches, and jist looked on me with wonder, as if I was one myself."

"'Well,' said Lothrop, 'what do you make of it, Mr Slick?'

"'That she's no more bewitched,' sais I, 'than I am; but most drove mad by you and your confounded tomfooleries, about owls, broom-handles, and fiddlesticks. Now, I can't cure her, and I'm most afeerd she won't be never quite restored agin; but I'll go and bring her ease, I know.'

"Them two words made me feel quite sure I was right. Knowin' what a great thing employment is to people who are in trouble, sais I, 'Mrs Lothrop, this great wiseacre here, who was scared by an owl, hauled me out of bed this mornin' before I had my breakfast. I begin to feel pretty considerable peckish, I do assure you. Just turn to, that's a good woman, and give me one of your rael, good, old-fashioned breakfasts, and I'll be back in half an hour and bring you comfort, I know.'

"Well, off I starts up the back road to old Jones, tells him Mrs Lothrop hadn't long to live, and wanted to see him right-off, bundled him into the waggon, flew like iled lightning back to the house, and marched him right into the old lady's bed-room. Well, she began agin with her lingo, and he answered her, and she sot up, took hold of his hand, kissed it, and made him sit down on the bed and talk to her.

"'Why, what on earth's that?' said Lothrop.

"'Welsh,' says I; 'don't you know your mother left Wales when she was nine years old?'

"'Yes, I do,' says he; 'but I've heard her say over and over again that she didn't recollect a word of Welsh, and had forgot the very sound of it.'

"'Well, you see she's had a slight paralytic attack, that's affected her head. The English is gone, and the Welsh has returned, and there is the eend of all your long lockrum about owls, witches, and broomsticks. You must get that Welsh-

man's daughter to attend her. And now, mother,' says I, tappin' Mrs Lothrop on the shoulder, 'now for breakfast. You never spoke a truer word in your life than when you said it was John that was bewitched.'

"What a curious story!" said Sophy. "But, Mr Slick, what was them two words you whispered in the old lady's ear?"

"Why," says I, "I guessed it was old times had come back to her, so to try her, I whispered 'Brooklin' in her ear, where she came to as a child, and the other word was her father's name, 'Ap-Williams.'"

"Now, you're making all that story, I know you are, just on purpose to keep me here!"

"Fact, I assure you, Miss; upon my honour, every word of it's true."

"Well, then, all I can say is, it's the strangest thing I ever heerd in my life. But, dear me, I must be a movin'!"

With that I jumped upon my feet, and held out both hands. "Let me help you up, Miss," said I, and takin' her's in mine, I gave her a lift, and afore she know'd what I was at, she was bolt upright, face to face to me, and I drew her in, and put my head forward, close up. But she bent back.

"Ah! no, Mr Slick, that's not fair; it's not right."

"Just one little kiss," said I.

"No, no."

"Not for old times?"

"I can't."

"Not for makin' up?"

"Oh, we have made up."

"Well, then, just to remember you by when I am gone and far away?"

But she held off, and said, "You have no right to take this liberty, Sir."

Jist then I felt a slap on the back. "That's fly-fishing, is it?" said Mary. "That's the tackle you explained to Jemmy, for catchin' galls and salmon. Pretty sport, ain't it?"

"Oh, Mary!" said Sophy, laughin', "how glad I am you've come. Here has Mr Slick been catchin' salmon with flies, that nobody else ever did on this river, and killin' car-riboo, where no soul ever saw 'em afore; and makin' a fool of me, which no one ever tried to do yet."

"More fool you to let him," said Mary. "It's more than he could do with me, I know."

"Is it?" said I, glad to have somethin' to say, for I really did feel foolish. "It's a fair challenge that."

"Yes," said she. "I'm not to be taken in by skimmin' the fly up the stream—tip, tip, tip;" and she held out her arm as if trailin' the rod, and laughed a merry laugh that made the woods ring agin. "Come," said she, "let me see you catch a salmon, and then we'll go up to the house, for father ought to be back soon now."

Well, I tried the stream, and whipt away at it scientific, light enough to tickle it amost; but it was no go. The sun had come out too hot. The fish was lazy, or sarcy, or somethin' or another, and I couldn't raise one of 'em.

"Pretty sport, ain't it?" said she. "If you can't catch one fish in an hour, how many could you take in a whole day? Can you cipher that out? Give me the rod; I do believe I could do better myself."

"That's the ticket," said I: "that's jist what I wanted you to do, and why I didn't take none myself. If you catch one, you know the penalty. I give you notice; you must pay your footin'."

"Will I?" said she; "I'll teach you what footin' you are on first, I can tell you." But as she said that, an enormous salmon, weighin' the matter of twelve pounds at least, took the fly, and at the same time, by the sudden jerk, took Mary too from off the bank into the deep, round pool, below where she was standin'. It was the work of an instant; but in another instant I follered, and as she rose to the surface, placed one arm round her waist, and almost in as short a time as it takes to tell it, was conveyin' her to her sister. It was a dip or dive, and nothin' more, hardly enough to take away her breath. It would take a good deal more nor that, I guess, to frighten her; for better narves and better spirits I never seed in all my born days. She was the most playful critter I ever beheld.

"My! how you skeered me, Miss," said I. "It was all my fault: I ought to have cautioned you."

"I guess you're skeered in earnest," she said; "for you're squeezing me as tight as if I was in the water still. Sit me down, please."

"You must pay your footin'," said I. "That was the bargain, you know."

"But I haven't caught the fish," said she, as quick as wink, and a boxin' of my ears.

"But I've caught the fisher," sais I.

"That's not fair now," sais she; "that's highway robbery, I declare. Well, then, take it," sais she, "and much good may it do you."

"Hullo! what the devil is all this, Slick!" said the captain, who jist then came out of the wood path, and stood afore us.

"Caught agin!" sais I to myself, as I placed Mary on her feet. "Hang me if ever I'll kiss a gall agin till I'm married, and I won't then if there's any chance of bein' seen."

"I'll tell you, father," said Mary, "what it all means. I fell into the deep pool here, giddy-pate as I am, and Mr Slick jumped in after me, and before I almost knew where I was, had me out, like a man; and then, man-fashion—for men can't do generous things—claimed his reward, and I was just a payin' of him. I'm glad he did, for now we are even. When a critter is paid for his sarvices, there is no obligation."

"I don't think so," said her father, laughin'. "A man who saves a young lady's life, at the risk of his own, is entitled to a kiss all the world over. You may thank your stars you had him here with you. Many a milksop of a feller would have called out, when you were under water and couldn't hear, not to be frightened, and run backward and forward on the bank, as flustered as a hen with a brood of young ducks, and held out a stick to you, too short for you to reach, and told you to lay hold, and he'd pull you out. Slick, I'm right glad to see you, my boy. I take this visit very kind of you. Sophy, make these two cockawee divin'-birds go and change their clothes before they take cold. Here come the boys with the sled, and I will see to gettin' the carriboo up."

"Come, Miss Mary," sais I, "I think your father is right. Will you take a *fin*, fair lady?" sais I, offerin' her an arm.

"Well, tho' you are an odd *fish*, and did play me that *scaley* trick just now," said she, "I don't care if I do, particularly as you can't soil my dress. But, oh, Mr Slick!" said she, lookin' up into my face with such a serious expression (I raily felt glad to see that she could be serious for ever so short a space). "Oh, Mr Slick!" said she, "that was a merciful dispensation of Providence, wasn't it?"

"Very," sais I.

"You ought to be very thankful," she said.

“I hope I am,” sais I, “for bein’ an humble instrument in—”

“I don’t think you knew your own danger.”

“Danger!” sais I; “I was in no sort or manner of danger.”

“Sophy, only hear him how he talks, after such a merciful escape. Oh! you ought to have a thankful heart, Sir. I was so frightened about you, I fairly trembled.”

“Me having had an escape!” sais I, fairly puzzled, and regularly took in, for I didn’t know what on earth she was a drivin’ at.

“So little,” said she, “turns the scale to good or bad fortune—to happiness or evil. I must say I felt for you. How near too, my good friend, you was havin’ got it!”

“Got what?” sais I. “Do tell.”

“A rael handsome quilting,” sais she, “from the old gentleman, and richly you deserved it too, for kissin’ his two daughters without his leave, and agin their wishes, jist to see whose lips was the sweetest;” and she fairly staggered, she laughed so. “Do you take now?” she said, and then looking demure agin, went on,—‘Wasn’t it a merciful dispensation?’

“Don’t make so light of those words, Mary, my dear,” said Sophy; “it don’t sound pretty.”

“*You* certainly had an escape, though,” said I.

“Well, I had,” she said; “there’s no denyin’ of it. I jumped in to look after the witch of Eskisoony, that I heard was there;” and she gave Sophy a wicked look, that made the colour rise to her cheeks; “but as the old ballad we read the other day says,

“ ‘But still, like the mermaid in stories,
I found it a dullish consarn,
With no creatures but trouts and John Dories
To listen to spinning a yarn.’

So I just rose to the surface, and took your arm, and walked ashore. By the bye, Mr Slick, I hope you didn’t wet your clock; just see if you have.”

“Watch, you mean,” I said.

Well, she nearly fell down, she laughed agin so violent.

“What a mistake to make! Only fancy a man with a great big clock in front, with a large white face, and two brass hands, and Washington on a white horse above it!

What a mistake. Well, perhaps you have wet your paper-money."

"I have none in my pocket," said I.

"That's lucky; it will save you the trouble of dryin' it. But, oh, my mouth! my mouth!" and she put up both hands to it, and moaned bitterly. "Oh, Mr Slick! you'll be the death of me yet! There," said she, "oh! oh! oh! Just stand still, you and Sophy, for a few minutes, till the spasms are over; for I don't like people to look at me when I am in pain;" and she walked on, holding down her head, and supportin' her cheek, and groanin' enough to make one's heart ache, till she was some distance off; when down went both hands, and the laugh rang till it echoed again. "You flattered yourself I was hooked, didn't you? Mr Slick, reel up your line. You was took in, and not the little country gall down to Jordan river. Good-bye," and off she darted to the house.

"Reelin' up the line," said I, "puts me in mind, Miss Sophy, that I had better go and look arter my rod and Mary's salmon. What a day of adventure it has been! But all's well that ends well; and I must say it's the pleasantest day I ever spent in my life. Don't you believe in witchcraft now, Sophy? for I do; and the more I see of one that presides over Eskisoony, the more I am—"

"Nonsense! Go and look after your fishing-rod," she said.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JERICHO BEYOND JORDAN.

As soon as I had changed my clothes, I descended to the sittin'-room, and not findin' the young ladies, I took up my rifle and strolled out on the lawn in front of the house, where I met little Jemmy. Some books and music that I had found in my bed-room had awakened my curiosity, and made me feel kinder jealous, so I thought I would pump the young gentleman:—

"Jemmy," says I, "let's go and look at the colts in the

pastur'. I'll give you a lecture on hoss-flesh." As we strolled along, I said, "Who is Mr Maxwell?"

"He is the curate," said he.

"Does he come here often?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, he's here a good deal; and always stays here when there's church on the river."

"Going to be married, ain't he?" said I.

"Folks say so, Sir; but I don't know."

Well, it's strange; all I cared about was, whether it was Sophy, but even to that little boy I couldn't get out the words; for when a feller don't half acknowledge his own secret to himself, he don't like to let another know what is passin' in his mind. So said I, "It's Mary, isn't it?"

"They say so, Sir."

Well, thinks I, that's a puzzle. Men sometimes, afore others, pretend to court the wroug one, to put folks off the scent; so I ain't much wiser.

"Well, what does papa say to all this?"

"Why, Sir, he sais 'they must wait till he gets a church to himself.'"

Well, that's a load off my mind, thinks I; that accounts for her onresarved manner. She knows her free and easy way won't be set down to wrong motives. High spirits in a gall is dangerous things, that's a fact. It's lucky she lives in the country; but then I do suppose in a town she would soon be halter-broke and travel more steadily, and not prance so much. What on earth do you suppose could make a minister pick out such a playful, rollickin', frolickin' critter as that for a wife? But Sophy—come out with it—ask the boy about her.

"Well, Sophy," said I, "is she goin' to be married, too? I hope not, for your father would be dreadful lonely here, with only Aunt Thankful to keep house for him."

"No, Sir," said Jemmy, "I guess not; I don't think it. There was an army officer here this time last year."

"The devil there was!" said I. "Stop, Jemmy," for I felt savigerous, and wanted to see if my hand was in. "Do you see that red-coated rascal of a squirrel there? Where shall I hit him? I'll scalp him." And I fired, and just stripped up the skin of his forehead. "Warn't that prettily done, Jemmy? Didn't I spile that officer's courtin' for him, that hitch?"

"What officer, Sir?"

“ Captain Squirrel.”

“ That wasn’t his name, Sir. It was Captain Tyrrell.”

“ Oh, I only meant to joke about this little varmint,”
says I; “ it’s the way all friskin’, chatterin’, daucin’ fellers
like them should be sarved. I warn’t talkin’ of an officer.
Well, what did the captin do ? ”

“ Well, he wanted to marry our Sophy ; and he got amty
on his side, and father consented, and Mary coaxed, but
Sophy wouldn’t hear to it on no account, and—”

“ Gave him the mitten,” says I, laughin’.

“ What’s that, Sir ? ”

“ Why, my boy, when I’m cordial with a feller, I take off
the mitten and shake hands with him ; when I ain’t I don’t
take the trouble, but just give him the mitten. Sophy is a
sensible girl,” says I.

“ So Mr Maxwell said, Sir. But he’s the only one
among ’em thinks so.”

“ What the deuce has he got to do with Sophy ? ”

“ Why, Sir, he said somethin’ about bein’ dragged from
Dan to Beersheba, but I didn’t understand it.” Just then
the shell blew to summon us to dinner. Well, I felt now
considerable easy in my mind, and took a great likin’ to the
boy, and began, all at once, to feel uncommon generous. I
told him I had a beautiful little single-barrel partridge gun
on board that I would give him, and a powder-flask and shot-
belt, and that he must learn to shoot, for it was a great
thing to be a good marksman. There’s nothin’ like bein’
the bearer of good news. A feller that rides express with
that is always well received. If you carry misfortunate
tidins to a man, he always looks at you arterwards with a
shudder. It’s strange that your friends, tho’, like the last
job the best. They are amazin’ kind in telling unkind things
that has been said of you. Well, after dinner was over, and
we returned to the sittin’-room, the captin havin’ asked to
be excused for a few minutes to issue some indispensable
orders to his men, I was left alone again with my two young
friends.

What I am goin’ to set down here, Squire, don’t show
me to advantage, that’s a fact ; but what in the world’s the
use of a false journal ? Who would read it if he doubted it ?
I know people say I praise myself in my books, and crack
them up too, and call me consaited, and say I am a bit of a
brag, and all that. Well, I won’t say I ain’t open to that

charge, for boastin' comes as natural to us Yankees as scratchin' does to Scotchmen—it's in the blood. But if I miss a figure sometimes (and who don't when he totes up a long column of life?) I'm willin' to say so. *We find it easy enough to direct others to the right road, but we can't always find it ourselves when we're on the ground.* We can see plain enough when our acquaintances want advice, but we ain't so clear-sighted in our own case. If ever you was bilious, you've noticed little black specks a floatin' about in the air before you just like gnats, and a very botherin' thing it is. You rub your peepers hard, and take a kind of strain with them to get rid of the nuisance, but it's no go; and you try cold applications to them, but it don't do no good. It ain't the eye, it's the stomach, that's wrong. Well, now, them specks are to be found in the mind's eye too. They are pride, consait, avarice, spoonyness, rivalry, and all sorts of black things, and the mental vision's obscured. It isn't that the mind ain't strong, but that it ain't well regulated. I don't know whether you will take my meanin' or not, for it ain't just easy to describe it. The fact is, I'm lookin' out for a wife, and courtin' is new to me; and if I move awkward, I suppose I ain't the first, by a long chalk, that's felt the want of a dancin' master.

"Mr Slick," said Mary, "there is one thing I forgot to ask you."

"What is that?" said I. "Come, pop the question."

"Are you married since we saw you?"

"Well," said I, "you little dear, I should have thought it a strange question, if it hadn't been for what I had heard from Jemmy."

I cast a sly look at Sophy to see if she took any interest in the answer; but she was busy with some crochet work, and jist then had to look close down to it to take up a stitch that was dropped. There's no gettin' a look at a gall's face when the right time to read it comes, that's a fact. When you do read it, you want the light of the two eyes, like two candles, to show the text and study the context. Somehow they do manage to throw 'em in the shade like exactly at that time, so that all you can do is to guess. *Concealment is guilt. Hidin' thoughts, like hidin' things, shows there's a secret.*

"Well," said I, "it's a very nateral question for you to ask and, now I think on it, I ought to have told you before,

especially arter all that has passed. Guess now, am I spliced or not ?”

“Kinder sort of so,” said she, “and kinder sort of not so. It looks as if you were married, seein’ that you can afford to be impudent; and it looks as if you wasn’t married, seein’ that you think more of yourself—”

“Than anybody else does,” sais I; “finish the sentence out. Well done, Miss! I reckon you can afford something as well as others can.”

“I wasn’t a-goin’ to say that,” she replied, “I was goin’ to say ‘more than you think of others.’”

Sophy worked but said nothin’, but I consaited she didn’t work quite as fast as before.

“Well, Mary,” said I, “you’ve guessed right this time. You’ve actilly hit it; somebody must have told you.”

“Hit what ?” said she, “I haven’t guessed nothin’.”

“Guess agin’ then,” said I.

“No I won’t,” she said, “it ain’t worth guessin’; it’s nothin’ to me.”

“Nor to me either,” said I, “so we’ll drop a subject no one wants to talk about. They tell me the young curate is a very nice man that came here lately, and that he sings like a nightingale.

“ ‘ Meect me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell thee a tale.’

I saw that song of his on the table in my room up-stairs. Come, sing it with me, unless you caught cold to-day. I’ll talk to you about him, it’s a subject that will interest one of us at any rate. Oh! Sophy, don’t tell him about that dip in the pool.”

“Come,” said she, “Mr Slick, come, you’re not a-goin’ to put me off with any such nonsense about the curate and his songs,” and she got behind my chair.

Somethin’ to hide there, sais I to myself, a blush that tells tales, a confusion that confounds, a surprise that’s too quick to be checked.

“How damp your hair is, Mr Slick,” she said, pattin’ it; “come now, give a civil answer to a civil question.”

She was not aware that that posture brought her before a large looking-glass that filled nearly all the space between the two windows. Her face was covered with blushes of the deepest dye, and as Sophy looked up, I saw by the motions of

her arm in the glass that she was shakin' her little fist at her.

"Well," said I, "Miss, I thought it was high time some one should take charge of things, so I just made up my mind at onct, and took a mate; and this I will say a handsomer one is not to be found anywhere. I was jist a-goin' to ask leave of your father to go on board for the purpose of an introduction."

"Why, Mr Slick," said Mary, "you flirtin', rompin', rollickin', naughty man. Is that the way you're goin' to break your poor dear handsome little wife's heart, and make it thump like a clock strikin'?"

Sophy placed her nettin' and both her hands in her lap, and lookin' up considerable composedly, but a little grain paler than before, said,—“There was no occasion for all this ceremony, Mr Slick; if you think we are only glad to see our single friends, you form a wrong estimate of us. We are always delighted to receive both, *Sir*.”

That word *Sir*, the way she pronounced it, was like apple sarce to the goose, not a bad accompaniment, and to be taken together arter that.

"Mary, tell father Mr Slick is married, and has his wife on board, and if he will come with us, we'll go down and invite her up. This is quite an unexpected pleasure, *Sir*." But the *Sir* this time had more of the tart in it, like cranberry sarce.

"Mary," said I, "what in the world are you at? are you a-goin' to break my heart? are you tryin' to drive me mad? Tell your father no such a thing. I not only never said I was married, but didn't even say there was a woman on board. I said I had a mate there, and so I have, and a rael handsome one too, and so he is, for he's the handsomest man in the American marchant sarvice."

"Oh, Mr Slick!" said Mary, "not married arter all! Well, I declare if that ain't too bad! Oh! how sorry I am!"

"Why so, dear?" said I.

"Because I was a-goin' to set on the old gentleman's knee, put my hand on his shoulder, and give him a kiss to tell me a story."

"Why, Mary!" said Sophy.

"Fact dear," she replied; "I'll never take any more interest in him. He's the most forred, consaited, bewhiskered, and bearded Yankee doodle-dandy I ever saw."

As she was passin' out of the room, I anticipated her by steppin' before her, and placin' my back to the door.

"So that's the way you sarve the curate," sais I. "When he reads the words from the book, 'dearly beloved,' don't they sound musical?"

And then I sang her the verse of another song—

"Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Grey."

I saw it among the old music on my table.

There's no pinnin' up a woman in a corner, unless she wants to be caught—that's a fact—and have the bridle put on. So she just edged to the open window, and out in no time.

Instead of returnin' to my seat, I sat down by Sophy.

"What a lively, merry little thing your sister is!" said I. "I hope she will be happy."

"She is happy."

"Yes, but I hope she will be happy with the curate.

"Who told you that gossipin' story?" she said.

"The same person," said I, "that informed me about the witch of Eskisoonny."

"In the first," she said, "there may be somethin', in the last nothin'; and I shall feel obliged by your not mentionin' either before my father. *Nicknames stick to people, and the most ridiculous are the most adhesive.*"

"Sophy!" said I, tryin' to take her hand.

"Don't you see I am nettin'?" she said; "and that requires both hands. You're not a-goin' to take leave so soon, are you?"

"Take leave!" said I; "no, what put that into your head?"

"Well, then," she said, "what's the use of shakin' hands till then?" and she looked up and smiled, and left out the word *Sir*, and its vinegery sound.

After a second or two she laid her nettin' down on her lap, and laughed like anythin'.

"How completely you took in Mary!" said she; "didn't you?"

"Was you taken in?" sais I, "Sophy, dear," and I slipped her hand into mine, and she left it there.

She didn't lay down her nettin' on purpose that I should take what she didn't appear to give. Oh! of course not, that wouldn't be natur'.

“Was you taken in, dear?”

“Here’s father,” said she, drawin’ back her hand gently, goin’ on again with the nettin’, and just shovin’ her chair a little further off, by accident like, as she stooped to pick up her handkerchief: “perhaps he will go for your *mate*.”

Well it was vexatious—that’s a fact.

“I wish,” sais I, “that all the fathers, brothers, sisters, and mates in the univarsal world were in the North Pole.”

She had just time to look up and smile.

And oh! what a sight there is in that word—smile—for it changes colour like a cameleon. There’s a vacant smile, a cold smile, a satiric smile, a smile of hate, an affected smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile, but, above all, a smile of love. *A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy, the smile that accepts the lover afore words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother’s love.*

Sophy had just time to look up and smile, when he came in.

“Mr Slick,” said he, “what do you say to a walk up to the mill? I shall have to be absent for about an hour on business there, and it must be dull music here for you.”

I believe every created critter in the world thinks that he’s the most entertainin’ one on it, and that there’s no gettin’ on anyhow without him. *Consait grows as nateral as the hair on one’s head, but is longer in comin’ out.*

“Dull!” sais I. “Quite the revarse, I assure you. Barrin’ the loss of your company, I have had a most delightful day here with the young ladies. Will you let me ask the captin up this evenin’? He’s as fine a young fellow as you ever see amost.”

“Certainly,” said he, “and any one else on board that you please; and now I must be a-movin’, and will be back as soon as possible.”

Thinks I to myself: Sam, you’d better be a-movin’ too. You’re gettin’ over head and ears in love as fast as you can, and are as soft as if you never seed a gall afore. So sais I,—

“Sophy, sposin’ Mary and you and I take a walk down to the beach, and I will send a note on board to the captin.”

And I took out a pencil, and wrote him an invite. Well, as soon as she went to get ready, I called a council of war, and held a regular caucus meetin’ between my head and my heart. So I puts my elbows on the table, and claps my

face in my hands, and opened the session. "Sam," sais I, "what do you think of this gall?"

"She's handsome enough to eat.

"Will she do for transplantin' to Slickville?"

"The identical thing.

"What do you intend to do?"

"Well, that's exactly what I want to know.

"Will she take you?"

"It's more than I can tell.

"You ain't a Bluenose.

"I am glad of it.

"You're a clockmaker.

"I ain't ashamed of it; and if she is, she's a fool.

"You ain't young.

"That's a fact.

"Not much looks to brag on.

"That's true.

"And talk Yankee into the bargain.

"I can't help it.

"Well, you've wrote books.

"Let her take the books, then, and leave me.

"But ain't she the finest gall you ever did lay eyes on?"

"Well, she is.

"And the sweetest?"

"Lick!!

"And modest, and all that?"

"Yes, all that, and the double of that multiplied by ten.

"Up, then, and at her like a man.

"What, give up all my prudence? Offer on half a day's acquaintance, and have all the rest of my life to find out her faults. Women ain't hosses, and they want to be put thro' their paces, and have their wind tried. If I'm took in, it will be myself that did it; and that ain't like Sam Slick, is it?"

"Well, it ain't, that's a fact.

"What a cussed thing love is! It puts you in a twitteration all over just when you ought to be cool, and turns a wise man into a born fool. Sleep on it. You've just hit it, sais I. Now you talk sense; you're gettin' to be yourself agin. Sposen she falls in love with the handsome captain."

That thought sent all the blood in my body to my heart, until it nearly bust, and, forgettin' that I was talkin' to myself, I struck the table with my fist, and ript right out,—

“By the tarnal, I’ll throw him overboard, or cut him up for mackarel-bait, I will by—”

“Why, Mr Slick,” said Sophy, just then tappin’ me on the shoulder, “what on earth is the matter? How dreadfully pale you look! I’m quite frightened! What is it?”

“Nothin’,” sais I, “dear, but an affection of the heart.”

“Are you subject to it?” said she.

I threw all the expression I could into my eyes—but I guess they looked more like those of a boiled codfish than anythin’ else, for there was no blood circulatin’ in my head—and gave her as sweet a look as I could, tho’ I have no doubt it looked like that of a dyin’ calf.

“No,” sais I, “Sophy, I never knew what *that* was till *this* day. I feel better now.”

“Take this,” she said, pourin’ out a tumbler of cold water, “it will do you good. It will soon pass off.”

Oh, how hoppin’ mad that made me! I didn’t observe that a feller that’s courtin’s as blind as a bat—and I didn’t notice that she didn’t take the pint. The fact is, she was too frightened; so, sais I, “Oh, by all means, Miss Tyrrel—wood, there’s nothin’ like throwin’ cold water on it! When a man’s too ardent, there’s nothin’ like icin’ him down to the right pint!”

“Why, what’s this?” said Mary, who came in now, ready for a walk to the shore. “Sophy, what on airth’s the matter?”

“Can’t tell,” she said. “All I know is, Mr Slick is very ill, and I’m very much frightened. I wish papa was here.”

“Mary, dear,” sais I, “I’ll explain it all to you. I’ve been an invalid lately: it’s that that’s caused me to travel, and not business; for I’ve more means than I can make a good use of.” (I thought I’d just throw in by accident like, that hint about means, for money ain’t Scotch-snuff, it never makes folks sneeze.) “And I didn’t know that I was as weak as I am. The excitement has been too much for me. I’m a calm man in a general way; but I never had so delightful a day as this in my life. I have had both head and heart turned, and have suffered for it! But as I shall never see such another day while I live, so I shall never suffer that same way. I thought my heart would bust; but it’s all over now. I feel the blood comin’ back to my face. I’ll take another dose of Sophy’s prescription” (fillin’ out another tumbler of cold water, and drinkin’ it off). “And now, fair ladies, I’m at your service for a walk.”

“Oh! Mr Slick,” said Mary, “it’s all my doins! It all comes from divin’ into the river after me, and it has brought on an ague. You’re actilly tremblin’ now!”

“I assure you, Miss,” said I, “you had no hand in it whatever. London life has made me forget what I was, and what I am, what I can do, and what I can’t.”

I cast my eye sideways towards Sophy, and I saw a new light was breaking in upon her, for a little comin’ and goin’ of colour, and a restless eye, showed she was thinkin’ and feelin’ too, so said I, “Now ladies;” and we set off to saunter to the beach.

“I ought to have thought of the captin before,” I said, “but that comes of bein’ selfish, and, perhaps, who knows, a little jealous, for I wanted to have you all to myself, and he is the finest feller I ever saw. His father was a clergyman, and he is a scholar and a gentleman, and far above the condition in life he is in; better informed, better lookin’, and in every way superior to a travellin’ clockmaker like me;” and I spoke that word bitterly. “I’ll promise him, Sophy, neither to throw him overboard, or cut him into bait for mackerel now, that foolish and wicked thought is gone for ever. I think you’ll like him.”

“Not if he talks as bitterly as you do, Mr Slick,” said she, whose arm I felt tremblin’ inside of mine.

“And now, ladies, I’ve a little pet scheme in my head.”

“To help you cut him up for bait, I suppose?” said Sophy. “What a shockin’ idea!”

“Mr Slick,” said Mary, “I wouldn’t marry you for the world.”

“You’re not the only one that wouldn’t,” said I, pressin’ Sophy’s arm. “But what have I done to be rejected before I asked you? That ain’t a marcifful use of beauty, is it, Sophy? If I was to tell her that I had a little church of my own, perhaps she’d think kinder of me.”

But Mary, pretendin’ not to hear me, saved her the reply, by goin’ on,—

“Because you are jealous.”

“You don’t know me, Miss, or you wouldn’t say that. I never saw Mr Maxwell, therefore how can I be jealous?”

She looked inquirinly at Sophy, to ascertain if she had betrayed her, and I went on.

“I never knew what love was but once, and I hope I never shall agin; and to keep out of the scrape I never will

even talk of it. So I can't be jealous. But now that you see what a safe man I am, I hope you will both help me to carry out my pet scheme, and you must help me soon, or it will be too late, for I embark to-night, or at day dawn in the mornin'. I want your father to come and visit us at Slickville, and bring you both with him (not to visit me, I have no such vanity, but my sister Sally, the dearest, sweetest, best sister man ever had). Now don't say No, Sophy. Tho' I won't make love, and render myself ridiculous, and persecute others, I can make a visit pleasant to you both, and will do everythin' in my power to do so. What do you say?"

"If my father will go I should like to see the States very much," she replied; "but I'm afraid there might be some difficulty."

"Oh! I understand," said I, "about the curate. The invitation shall include him too."

"Oh! Mr Slick," said Mary, "how very kind. I shall be delighted. Come, sit down here on this bench. Give me the note. I will give it to that boy that's gettin' into the boat; and, Mr Slick, coax Sophy out of her difficulties. She's a great prude."

Pausin' a moment, and lookin' earnest at us both, she said,—

"There's a screw loose between you two. Put it right, Mr Slick; and if you can't, give her another lesson in fly-fishin'."

And away she flew, as merry and as light-hearted as a bird.

"Sophy," said I, "I'm glad to have an opportunity to beg pardon for my rudeness. The excitement of the mornin', and the thought of partin' this evenin', upst me, and I hardly knew what I said or did."

"Mr Slick, I will not be prudish," said she. "I really did misunderstand the nature of your complaint," and she smiled, "that caused you to say what you did. Now I comprehend it all. The struggle you was undergoin' did great credit to your feelins."

"We are friends again, I hope—good friends—warm friends. And—" said I.

"And," said she, looking me steadily in the face, "attached *friends*."

Thinks I to myself,—Take what you can get, Sam. If you go in for more, you may lose all. "Now for the visit."

"Mr Slick, knowin' now what I do know, there's a delicacy that makes the difficulty almost insurmountable."

"I'll remove that," said I, "at once. I will never mention, or so much as allude to, what has taken place to-day, durin' your whole visit to Slickville. It wasn't necessary to state the objection. It would have been unkind, and unfair, and inhospitable."

"That's very handsome, Sir," she said. "I'll answer for my father. We shall have great pleasure in goin'. Fix the time with him. Here's Mary."

"Mary!" said I, lookin' at Sophy. "Don't she look more beautiful than ever, now she has done a gracious thing. She has consented to come to Slickville."

"Ah!" she said, "that's fly-fishin'. There's nothin' like fly-fishin', is there, Sophy?"

"There *was* nothin' like fly-fishin', I can assure you."

"Oh! of course not. He don't know how, and you are too prudish to show him. I never was so happy in all my life. I shan't sleep a wink to-night for thinkin' of Slickville. Will you, Sophy?"

"I hope so, dear. I know of nothin' to keep me awake."

"Nor I either," said I, "except the mortification that Mary refused me before she was asked."

In this way we entered the house.

"Mr Slick," said Mary, bringin' me a sheet of paper, "give me some idea of the kind of lookin' place yours is at Slickville, for it will often be the subject of my thoughts and dreams."

"I have my sketch-book with me up-stairs, and everythin' that interests me is there. I will go and get it."

When I returned, I found my old friend, Aunt Thankful, the eldest sister of Mr Collingwood, had joined the party. I had not seen her since my arrival at the house, but she seemed to me the only unaltered person in it. Younger she couldn't be in the natur' of things, but she was not a day older, and was dressed in the same antiquated style as when I last saw her. She asked me the same questions as of old. She inquired how poor father and mother, and dear old Minister was. Well, they were all dead, and I didn't like to shock her, and I told her they were quite well when I last saw them. It distressed me dreadful, and the poor girls hung their heads and were distressed too. Well, I sheered off as soon as I could, and opened the portfolio.

"Oh, Sophy, look here!" said Mary, "isn't this a beauti-

ful place? What lovely grounds you have!—they are so extensive! How much money they must have cost!”

“I learned the value of time, dear, by measurin’ hours and minutes so accurately. I worked for it, and the bread of industry is sweet.”

“Let me look at it,” said Aunt Thankful, and she put on her spectacles and examined it. “Dear me,” she said, “how much that looks like Prince Edward’s Lodge, on Bedford Basin. The last time I was at Halifax I was at a ball there. Little did I think, then, I was talkin’ to the father of a future Queen of England!”

“‘Miss Collingwood,’ he said, ‘you don’t appear in your usual spirits to-night.’

“‘Please your Royal Highness,’ sais I, ‘it’s the awful execution to-day!’

“‘I assure you, Miss Collingwood,’ said the prince, ‘there has been no execution done to-day,’ and he lowered his voice, ‘but by your beautiful eyes.’

“That was a very flatterin’ speech, wasn’t it, from a King’s son? For there are more eyes on them than on other folks, which makes them better judges.

“‘What do you allude to?’ said his Royal Highness.

“‘Two men shot for not bein’ shaved, three for havin’ a button off their coats, and the drum-major for havin’ lost his queue.’

“The prince said I was deceived; and my father stormed and raved like a mad-man when he heard it, and said, if Mrs Findlay, who told me the story, was a man, he’d shoot her.”

“Aunt,” said Mary, to get rid of a story that mortified them, “do send Jemmy off to bed; see how sleepy he is, he has just fallen off his chair.”

Poor girls! I pitied them. *People have no right to make fools of themselves, unless they have no relations to blush for them.*

“But what is this?” said Mary, when she was relieved of her aunt,—“what a dear little church!”

“It was the church of my poor old friend, Mr Hopewell. After the shepherd died, the flock dispersed. It’s mine now.”

She looked at me for a minute or two in most eloquent silence. I knew what was passin’ thro’ her mind; but she said nothin’. I read her little innocent heart as plain as a book—and a beautiful book it was too. She continued to

regard it with deep interest for awhile, and then returned it to its place, without another word; but I saw a tear in her eye, as she passed on to the others.

"But what is this?" said she. "Look here, Sophy!" as she took up a daguerreotype-case and opened it.

"Mary, dear," said Aunt Thankful, who had returned, "Mary, dear," and she pressed the forefinger and thumb of both hands on her shoulders, "do sit up straight, dear. I can't bear to see young ladies stoop so, do you, Mr Maxwell?"

"Perhaps 'she stoops to conquer,'" said he.

"I," said Aunt Thankful, "don't know what stoopin' is, unless his Royal—"

"Well, aunt," said Mary, "I'll sit as straight as an arrow, a bulrush, a drill-sergeant, a pike-staff, flag-staff, or anything you like, to please you. Maxwell," said she in an under-tone, "do for goodness gracious sake take aunty off, and ask her about presarvin' plums, whether the stones are taken out, or the seed from raspberries. Or whether it's true a peach-tree growd out of Major André's nose when he was dead."

"Mary," said he, "that's too bad; don't talk so, my love."

"Well, I won't ask you to eat of the fruit," said she, "for that must be too bad; but the story is true nevertheless. Now take yourself off, and aunty too. What a beautiful girl," said Mary, takin' up again her conversation about the daguerreotype! "I never in my life saw anythin' so handsome. Oh! Mr Slick, who is that? Well you *are* a man of taste. Who is that?"

"You've been too quick," said I, pretendin' to look confused; "guess."

"Your lady-love."

"Sophy, who do you say?"

"Some fine lady of your acquaintance in England," said she, slowly.

"You are both out," said I; "it's only valuable as a specimen of the art. It is a beautiful impression. I have another of the same kind here; if you will do me the favour to accept them, you will confer a great pleasure on me, for I did them both."

Turnin' over several sketches in the portfolio, I found it; and presentin' the first to Sophy, I gave the other to Mary, who said she would keep it as long as she lived—for she dealt

in strong terms—to cure her vanity when she looked at it, and to remember me by also.

When she opened it she uttered somethin' like a scream of delight.

“Oh! this is worth a dozen of the other; this is just what I *do* want. Oh! Sophy, look at this; ain't that a grand likeness?”

It was one of myself. There was somethin' in the little shuffle of the cases, and in the beauty of the one given to Sophy, that kinder rubbed her agin the grain. After contemplatin' it awhile, she said,—

“Mr Slick, to have a specimen there must be a face; do you set so little value on this lovely one, as to part with it so lightly?”

“I can afford to part with,” said I, “for the original of it is engraved on my heart, where it will remain imprinted for ever; for she is as pure-minded and as good and affectionate as she is lovely.”

“Engravings wear out or get defaced,” she said. “I will not let you deprive yourself of this exquisite miniature in a moment of thoughtless kindness,” and she handed it back to me.

“Mary,” said I, “don't let it be said that this went a-beggin'; do you keep it. You will love the original when you know it. That lovely woman, though you would scarcely believe it, is the sister of the man you called to-day a be-whiskered, bearded Yankee doodle-dandy. That is sister Sally.”

Sophy looked hurt, and I don't wonder at it. It ain't right to play with people's feelins that way. So sais I, to save myself from gettin' the mitten I desarved,—

“You are quite right, Sophy; if that had been a likeness of any one but a sister, a man who would part with it in that way would betray a sacred trust. I honour your feelins more than my own behaviour *in this* matter. We can't look at all those sketches now. I will leave the portfolio with you till you come to Slickville; if there is any you would like to keep, select them. There is one,” I said, lowerin' my voice, “I can't ask you to select, or accept; but if it shall be left out by accident like, when you leave home, I shall be delighted.”

We had a charmin' evenin'. What the captin and Maxwell said and did, their journals will show; mine is runnin'

over already. We had some very good singin', and the captin appeared to make such rapid progress in Sophy's regards, that on one occasion, to tease her, I pretended to look grave, and asked her plainly which she preferred; a question that didn't please her at all, for said she,—

"Mr Slick, how can you be so absurd? Neither."

"One of them," said I, "must be selected, for he's doomed: overboard he goes, to a dead sartainty, or he's cut up for mackarel bait."

She couldn't help laughin', to save her life.

"What an odd man," she said, "you are."

At another time I suggested the propriety, if he complained of an affection of the heart, to prescribe cold water for him; which she said was a very unfair and unkind remark.

"I don't know," said I, "why he should be exempted. Captain Tyrrell and I had to swallow it." The look of astonishment she gave me was beyond all words to describe. She was utterly confounded, and could scarcely speak. "Sophy," said I, "it's witchcraft."

"I believe it is," said she; "though I hardly know what I am saying."

"Sophy," and I spoke low, "we are unobserved now, the captin is takin' leave, shake hands with me." I gave her's a slight squeeze, and the pressure was returned. I whispered to her, "A thousand thanks for that," said I. "I'll see you again before I return to the States."

At last the move became general, and the captain rose to go on board, and invited Maxwell to accompany him. Col-lingwood however would not consent to such an early separation.

"It is not often," he said, "I have the pleasure of seein' any one here, and you must gratify me by stayin' a while longer. I have not seen Slick for some years; and, Captin, I have not had time yet to make your acquaintance. Come, sit down, and let's have a little more chat before you go. Sophy, order up some supper."

The young ladies were fairly fixed. Their father's invitation didn't extend to them. Aunt Hetty, too, was in a hurry, and they couldn't help themselves; so they exchanged adieus with me, which, considerin' the onwelcome presence of their father and the guests, was as cordial and affectionate as they could be.

As they reached the door, Mary said, "Mr Slick, *must*

you *really* go to-morrow? Can't you spend one day more with us?"

I knew and I felt that I ought to go, and said, I feared it was onpossible to detain the vessel any longer.

"Where do you go next?" she said.

"What is the name of the nearest harbour?" sais I. I knew as well as she did that it was Port Jolly; but jist axed for somethin' to say.

"Jericho," she replied. "Don't you know that this is Jordan? and don't you know the next is Jericho? Now, if you won't stay, you may just *go to Jericho beyond Jordan!* So, good-night!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THREE TRUTHS FOR ONE LIE.

THE evenings are cool on the southern coast of the province until late in the spring, and although the day had been fine, it was found if not necessary, at all events agreeable, to have a fire.

"I like a fire," said Collingwood, "it's a sociable thing; and now the ladies have retired, suppose we draw up round it and have a chat."

"Slick," said Cutler, "what a droll fellow you are; you never go anywhere you don't meet with an adventure. What a singular incident that was of Miss Collingwood falling into the river, and her instantaneous rescue. Now, though I should be very sorry to witness such an accident, I am not the man to have the good fortune to plunge in after a lady and save her life. All these things fall to your lot, but none of them ever occur to me. You only did what any man of spirit would have done; but the young lady took it as easy as a common bath. I never knew an instance of better spirit. I only hope she may not feel the effects of it, in the shape of a cold."

"Ah! my dear friend!" said I, "you don't understand the natur' of women as well as I do. Although they are not endowed by natur' with the same strength as men, they ain't

deficient in rael courage when there is need of it. A woman that would scream and faint if a mouse was to run over the keys of her piano, could face fire, shipwreck, and death in any shape, with a calmness and coolness that nothin' but faith in Providence can give. I recollect a curious circumstance that occurred down to Kennebec, during the revolutionary war. I had it from one of the family. Old Captain Eldridge and his son had to leave home one day to attend a meetin' of the king's friends, and there was nobody left in the house but his daughter Mary and a hired gall, both on 'em about eighteen years of age. Well, things went on as usual pretty much till about sundown, when there was an awful uproar in the yard. Such a yellin' and screamin', and squeelin', and gruntin', and scamperin' never was heard.

"What in natur' is all that, Sally?" said Miss Eldridge.

"'Lord only knows, Miss,' said she, 'unless it's the rebel's a-seizin' of the captin's swine for the fort. The cowardly villains know that the men-folks are all away, and I shouldn't wonder if it's them taking the chance to plunder.'

"'Well, if the men are all gone the guns ain't,' said Miss; 'and I'll treat 'em to a shot, at any rate. If I don't hit 'em I'll scare 'em, for cowards don't like the smell of powder, it's pyson to them. Let me take a look from the back door. Lord a' mercy on us,' said she, 'it's a monstrous great big black bear, a-carryin' off the old sow in his arms. Why he stands seven feet high amost on his hind legs. Let's drive him off—follow me,' and she took a brand of burnin' wood from the kitchen fire and ran after the bear, wavin' it round and round to keep the blaze bright, and screamin' and shoutin' at the tip of her voice, for wild varmints are awfully scared at fire.

"But the bear warn't so easily darnted; he stopt, turned round his head, and showed an awful row of harrow teeth, enough to frighten any one. But on she went, came up to him, and fetched him a blow of the hot, sparkling, hard-wood stick, full of live coals, right across his eyes and nose. It did the business for him. Bruin dropt the pig (that scampered off to the sty roarin' as if clawin' warn't just quite as pleasant as ticklin'), and then he made for the fence, which was built of long ranging stuff, not trees nor poles, but betwixt and between like, such as the rafters they use for scaffolds. Well, the bear, who was half blinded by the hot brand, tried to get between the logs, and just as he put his

head through, Miss liffs off the upper one and springs it on his neck, and had him fast in a minute. It just made a trap like what the Cuba fellers call a garotte, for stranglin' of prisoners.

"The way he gave lip until the woods rang again, and tore up the chips and grass and gravel with his hind feet, and set them a-flyin' in all directions, was a caution to sinners.

" 'Sally,' sais she, 'come here, and sit on the eend of this spring pole, keep it down with all your might, he can't get out, he is properly noosed.'

" 'Oh! I am afeerd, Miss,' said the gall, 'I'm skeered to death.'

" 'Skeered, are you?' sais she. 'Now do tell. Well, I want to know. Why? How you talk! Well, just give me your hand then, that I may take a good jump, and we'll let him go; but it's a pity, too.'

"Well, she creeped up and creeped up ever so cautious, keepin' one eye on the beast and the other on the young lady, and gave her her hand. And what does Miss do, but gives her a pull that nearly fetched her a top of Bruin.

" 'Now,' sais she, sittin' of her down on the log, 'do you hold fast, till I go for the carvin'-knife and do for him.'

" 'Oh! dear Miss Eldridge,' sais she, 'I can't. Oh! don't leave me in the jaws of this roarin' lion, that's a dear lady—oh! don't.'

" 'It ain't a lion, Sally!' sais she; 'it's nothin' but a bear. Don't be skeered; but don't stir for your life, or the critter will give you such a hug, Bill Edwards will be jealous.'

" 'Oh! be quick, Miss Mary, then; he's strugglin' dreadful now.'

"Well, she flew to the house and back agin with the knife as quick as wink, and passin' through the gate, got the other side of the villain, and stood ready for action.

" 'Now, Sally,' says she, 'hold on for dear life. When he feels the knife, he will make a desperate splunge, and kirwollop like anythin'. Are you ready?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Then here goes,' and she drew the knife right across his throat. Well, his tongue was stuck out ever so far, his eyes flashed fire enough to light up the fence amost, and he fairly roared agin with pain. He braced up against the fence

with his hind feet, and managed to get a small purchase for his paws, and made a desperate pull backward with all his might. The more he pulled the more he opened the wound, and she got another clear sweep of the knife across the gash, and cut it through. In the last struggle he threw his hind parts almost on to Sally, and she screamed, 'Let go!' and ran for it; and he pulled out his head, and arter her quick stick. But it was no go. Arter a jump or two he fell, and then he rose, and fell again, and then he got up, and staggered about with his head hangin', and fell heavy, and bled to death. He was the largest bear ever seen on the Kenebec river. Well, some of the neighbours skinned it for her; and what do you think she did with the fur?"

"Made a muff off it?" said Collingwood.

"No."

"Trimmed a sleigh?"

"No."

"Made a counterpane?"

"No."

"A mat for the bed-side?"

"No."

"Why what on airth did she do with it then?"

"Why, she had the skin shaved close, and took the fur and spun it into yarn, and vowed if she married an officer in the king's service, she would knit a battle-shirt for him, that he might be reminded of the courage of his wife; and if she married a civilian, and ever had sons, the first shirt they should ever put on should be one made of the hair of that bear, that they might be brave and victorious!"

"Well, did she ever marry?" said the captain.

"Yes, she did, one of the mildest and meekest of men, a clergyman of the Church of England, that was settled arterwards in Nova Scotia,—as good and as peaceable a missionary as the society ever employed. Now that's human natur' agin."

"Well, it ain't my idea of what's nateral," said Collingwood, "for like seeks like, the brave like the brave—birds of a feather flock together. You know who people are by their associates."

"Excuse me," sais I, "you've got it wrong. The natur' of matrimony is one thing, and the natur' of friendship is another. A tall man likes a short wife, a great talker likes a silent woman, for both can't talk at once. A gay man likes a domestic gall, for he can leave her to home to nuss children

and make pap, while he is enjoyin' of himself to parties. A man that hante any music in him, likes it in his spouse, and so on. It chimes beautiful, for they ain't in each other's way. Now friendship is the other way, you must like the same things to like each other and be friends. A similarity of tastes, studies, pursuits, and recreations (what they call congenial souls); a toper for a toper, a smoker for a smoker, a horse-racer for a horse-racer, a prize-fighter for a prize-fighter, and so on. *Matrimony likes contrasts; friendship seeks it's own counter-parts.*

"Well, the lady had three sons, and as soon as they were born, they had the bear's shirt put on; and one thing is sartin, they were all three men of undoubted courage. One was killed in battle in Canada, a captain in the British army. The other two were civilians, men that nobody would think of takin' a liberty with. Their hair shirt is in existence still. I seed it myself, and have a small bit of the yarn to home now."

"Well done, Slick," said Collingwood, "that's not a bad yarn."

"It's a fact though, I assure you. I know the family as well as I do youn."

Here there was a knock at the door, and an inquiry made for the captin. The voice was that of Mr Eldad Nickerson, who had come up for orders.

"Come in," said Collingwood. "Come in, Mr Nickerson. The ladies have retired, and we are goin' to spin yarns. Come in and help us. You have just missed a capital one."

After a little mock modesty on the part of the pilot, he allowed himself to be persuaded, and joined the circle.

"Well," sais I, "Pilot, how have you got on to-day?"

"Grand, Sir," he said; "better than I expected. Arter you left us a light breeze sprung up, and took us in a very few minutes to the anchorin' ground, and everythin' was made snug and safe."

"Payin' out the cable," said Cutler, who took up the conversation here, "operated as a signal to the Indians, who soon came on board to sell their beautiful bark-work, consistin' of slippers, ornamented with porcupine's quills, dyed of various colours, and beads fancifully arranged, nests of circular boxes and chair-bottoms finished in the same manner, and baskets of every shape and size made of birchin strips, not unlike the English willow manufacture. All these found a ready sale

for presents to friends on our return, and the men were desired to come back immediately to traffic for oil and fish. The Indians of New England have long since disappeared from that part of the continent in which I was born, and the first I ever saw were those of Nova Scotia. What a noble race they still are, though European vices and diseases, and above all, ardent spirits, have done so much to demoralize them. What an interesting people they are !”

“Well, I don’t think so,” said Eldad. “They are a dirty, idle, lazy, vagabond crew. Swallow like a crane, and sleep like a hog. When they have nothin’ to eat, they hunt, or fish, and if they fail at that, beg. It’s a common phrase with us white folks, that a feller is as mean as an Indgin, or begs like an Indgin; and when they can’t eat no more, and can’t sleep no more, they squat down and play checkers. If that’s interestin’, then I wan’t to know? How the plague can people be interestin’ that take no interest in anythin’ onder the sun? that’s my logic. Why if they were to see a rail-car or a balloon for the first time, they wouldn’t as much as stop to look at it, but just pass on, as if it was an old story. They hante got no curiosity, and they hante got no ambition; and what’s the use of a critter that hante got them two senses? When I was to Pictou for a load of coal last year I met an Indgin at the pit waitin’ for the foreman, to beg, I suppose. This officer was an Englishman; but old moose-meat didn’t know that them folks in a general way are most as silent as a savage, would sooner give money any time than stop and jaw.

“‘Indgin,’ sais I, ‘how do they raise the coals out of that ere everlastin’, almighty dark hole?’

“‘Why,’ sais he (for they always have an answer, right or wrong), ‘why,’ sais he, ‘lightem up fire, make tea-kettle boil, and up comes coal.’

“‘Great invention that, Indgin, ain’t it?’ sais I.

“‘No,’ sais he, ‘white man fool. If wood is scarce, instead of makin’ forest come as you do, Indgin goes to it. Indgin no fool; he builds his wigwam where wood, water, fish, and huntin’ all meat. He has nothin’ to do but stretchem out hand, help himself, and go to sleep. White men work all the time; work for drink, work for eat, work for coat, work for horse, work for ox, work for everythin’. Indgin never works.’

“What do you think of such a feller as that, eh? Mighty interestin’, ain’t it?”

"It's his logic, and that's all," said the skipper. Fact is, they didn't understand each other. One was a scholar, and the other a practical man. One looked at the past and future, and was filled with wonder and awe at the mysterious decrees of Providence; the other at the use and fitness of things before his eyes. I understood them both. "Is there nothing interesting," said Cutler, "in the fate of a noble race that peopled a whole continent being destined to disappear from the face of the earth, and leave no trace behind them? Whence came they? Who are they? And for what wise purpose is it that they are to cease to exist? In workin' out their extinction—for we are used as the instruments—are we not working out our own condemnation, and leaving an inheritance of sin and shame to our posterity? As Christians and as men this is a solemn question, and one which we shall, doubtless, be one day called upon to answer. Is there nothing interesting in their traditions, their legends, and, above all, their language?"

"As for their language," said the pilot, "I would as soon learn the language of the wolf or the bear. What in natur' is the use of it, except to trade? and signs will do for that."

"Mr Slick," said Cutler, "ain't those beautiful pictures that Cooper has drawn of the Indian chiefs in his novels? Don't they give you the idea of a splendid race of men? of Nature's nobility? in form, models of manly beauty; in qualities of mind, equal to the sages and heroes of antiquity."

"Tell you what," says I, "friend, Cooper's trade was fiction, and fiction ain't truth, whatever else it is. I can't write books as well as he did, but I am a bit of an artist in my own line, and can draw and paint a little too."

"That you can," said Collingwood, "and draw as long a bow as any Indian or author."

"Thank you for nothin'," says I, "I owe you one for that."

"Well," says he, "you are able to pay it, if any man can, that's a fact."

"Well," says I, "there are two kinds of pictures, fancy sketches, and sketches from natur'. His are all fancy work. I have been a great deal among the Indgins, and know them well. There never were such chiefs as he has drawn, and they never acted or talked that way. It's the fashion with us to make grand speeches for them, and make them talk like Ossian's heroes—half mist, foam, and cataract, and half sun, moon, and stars, with a touch of insanity, runnin' through

all. It sounds beautiful, school-galls get 'em by heart, and call 'em sublime; and commencement-day boys spout them out with awful effect; while their mothers open their mouths and swallow all, and their fathers scratch their heads, to feel if their scalps are safe, it sounds so nateral. A feller that can feed off a dead horse that would pyson a crow, and smack his lips after it, and then go and lie down on his belly and drink green swamp water by the quart, may be a hero; but he can't, accordin' to the natur' of things, be any great shakes of an orater. If he can, we had better shut up shop to Cambridge, and say larnin' is all bunkum. They are a fine race of men, no doubt, and Providence had to make 'em so, otherwise wild beasts would have made mince-meat of them long before the Europeans did; but still, they are savages after all, and savage vices ever predominate over savage virtues. The questions you have broached are deeply interestin', I do suppose; but Paul Tomahawk and Peter Scalpinknife are ugly customers, and not so easily civilized as you think. Old maids fancy nobody knows how to bring up children but them; but children know they are dry-nurses, and laugh at 'em. And Boston and Philadelphia philosophers think that they know how to christianize, humanize, and civilize savages; but savages look on 'em as harmless, tame cattle that live on rich pastures, and like to lie down, chew the cud, and look wise.

"Take a wild duck's eggs (I have often done it), hatch 'em out under a tame one, and as soon as their wings are strong enough, off they go, it's their natur'. Or rob a hawk's nest, and hatch one of its eggs under a pea-hen, with her own, as soon as the young gentleman begins to feel his helm, he sups on his foster-brothers and sisters, and soars away with his nurse in his claws for dinner. That's the gratitude of savage life. You can't do it, no how you can fix it. They have an old proverb here, and I like proverbs, there is so much truth in 'em, in a small compass. An Indian, a partridge, and a spruce tree can't be tamed."

"Do you think they can't be civilized?" he said.

"No," sais I, "I don't think no such a thing. But we go the wrong way to work. The voluntary principle won't do, you must constrain 'em. Children are constrained, and so are school-boys, and so are students at universities, to say nothin' of apprentices and servants. Well, sodgers are disciplined by constraint, and so are sailors, the most difficultest

people in the world to deal with. Well, society is constrained by laws, police officers, jails, penitentiaries, and gallowses. What in natur' is the use of talkin' to savages? They have nothin' in common with you. They don't think like you, value what you do, or have the same springs of action. It's all moonshine, it's beginnin' at the wrong end. See what fools the British made of themselves in the Caffre wars, from not knowin' this! Treatin' them naked savages like gentlemen, and takin' their word for peace. What the plague do English generals know of bush-fightin'? or the natur' of them heathen, ontamed, rampaginous imps of darkness? And what security will they ever have of them critters keepin' the peace longer than when their stock of cattle is renewed, and a fresh supply of arms and ammunition laid in? But that's their look out, and not mine; and this I will say, some of our Peace Society folks havn't much reason to larf at them either.

“These wise men of Goshen sent a missionary onct to the Burmese. Well, one day he built a bamboo tent near one of their temples, and as the heathens were goin' to idolotrize, he stood at the door to preach to them, and convert them. He took for his text that passage that refers to livin' water that quenches thirst for ever. Well, it was a capital text, if they could have understood it; but they didn't; and off they ran as hard as they could lick, and what was his horror when he saw them all return with cans, cups, gourds, calabashes, and what not for the fluid; and when they found he hadn't it, they pulled down his bamboo camp, and took the sticks and thrashed him amost to death. In fact, he never did get over it. He died from that are beaten. They called him a Yankee cheat, and it lowered our great nation amazinly—fact, I assure you. The right way is—but you and I ain't agoin' to be missionaries, so we won't enter into details; at least, I ain't. I don't want to be grilled and eat for supper, that's a fact. I'd like to see them converted into Christians; but I don't want to be converted into a *curried clockmaker*, I can tell you. They are far above niggers though, that I will say; and they despise those woolly-headed, thick-sculled, long-heeled, monkey-faced gentlemen as much as you or I do. In that particular, they have more pride than we have. White women do sometimes marry niggers, but an Indgin gall never. She'd die first. The Indgins here in this country are no fools, I tell you. Though they do

eat like a boa-constrictor, swaller enough at one meal to last for two days, and that muddifies the brain, still they know what's good, and ain't above lookin' a gift horse in the mouth. Lord! I shall never forget an evenin' onct that I was goin' down La Haive river, in a canoe with two Indgins. Well, dark come on, and it began to blow like statiee, and I saw a light in a house in the woods, and I told them to run ashore for the night.

"'Now,' sais I, 'strike up a light here, and take a stretch for it in the bush, and hold on till mornin'.' Well, we hauled up the canoe, and knocked up a shelter in no time, and as I was a-goin' towards the cottage of a Highlander that lived there, to get a night's lodging, a little wrinkled man in an old homespun dress that was onct blue, but had grown grey in the sarvice, and wearin' a sealskin cap, came towards me. I thought by his look he was one of the laird's helps, or, as they call it, a joint of his tail, that had small wages and poor fare.

"'Hallo, friend,' sais I, 'do you belong to this house?'

"'Nae, she don't belong to the hoose,' said he, 'but the hoose belongs to herself. It's Squire Rory M'Tavish you have the honour to speak to.'

"Well, thinks I to myself, considerin' you haven't so much as a pair of breeches to wear, that piece of pride ain't bad, that's a fact; the pattern of the kilt is big enough, in the hands of a good tailor, to make you a pair; but who on airth gave you the name of Rory? What a devil of a fellow you'd be at roarin', wouldn't you frighten the grasshoppers amost? I thought I should have roared out myself. Well, you are a riproarious fellow, Rory, and no mistake; but I wanted a bed and a supper, so I soft-sawdered him, and smoothed the laird down, and by the time we reached the house we were as thick as two thieves. The little feller was a good-hearted critter too, as all Highlanders are, and out came a hearty welcome, and then out came the whiskey, and then out came his wife—a better feller than he was, and far better-lookin' too—a rael jolly nice little woman.

"'How did you come?' said she.

"Well, I told her about the canoe, and the Indgins, and all that.

"'What!' she said, 'the poor Indians sleepin' in the heather! Murdoch,' sais she, addressin' a little bare-footed chieftain, that had a head of red hair that would have stuffed

a gall's side saddle amost, 'go and bring them up here, they must have a supper, and sleep by the fire.'

"Well, everythin' went on swimmingly. They gave me a capital supper, and we told capital stories. I know hisn must have been capital, though I didn't understand a word of them, for he larfed so in tellin' them they nearly choked him; and I roared in tellin' mine, for I knew he could not make out what I was talkin' about either. I haw-hawed so loud, that I actilly waked up the cock that was roostin' in the porch, and sot him off a crowin' too. We kicked up a great bobbery, that's a fact. In the midst of it, in comes Mrs M'Tavish, lookin' as red as a turkey-cock, and struttin' like a bantam-hen, head up stiff and straight, wings extended angry-like, till they scraped the floor. She was in a riproarious passion. If she didn't talk quick, it's a pity. First she talked Gaelic, and then she translated it. She made a long yarn of it; but the short of it was this, she gave the Indians a pot of burgoo—oatmeal and water—for their supper, and they refused to eat it, sayin',—'May be very good for Scotchmen and pigs, but Indian no eat it,' and walked out of the house in high dudgeon.

"Oh! didn't little Rory roar, and Mrs Rory rave, and didn't I go into convulsions! I thought I should have died on the spot for want of breath. I joined in berating the Indians though, of course, or I should have been obliged to cut stick too; but it was almost too much for my ribs. Well done, hairy scalps, sais I to myself, well done, hairy scalps, your pride has outdone hairy legs this time at any rate. Oh dear! how Ambassador laughed, when he heard that story.

"It was the first time I ever heerd him laugh, for, in a general way, he only smiles, and gives a twinkle out of the corner of his eye. But that time he laughed right out, and sais he,—

"'Sam,' and he took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes; 'Sam, don't tell that story here to London. There are a great many chieftains here in the season, and you wouldn't know they weren't lowlanders, for they conform to the fashion, wear trousers, and dress quite decent. I like them myself, they are a fine, manly, good-hearted race, but they are very national and very touchy, and you'll get called out as sure as you are born.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'let them call; but they must call louder than little Rory, if they want a man to listen to them. If a

feller thinks to stop my talk, he's mistaken; for if I don't make a hole in his cheek, big enough to hold the tube of his unchristian bagpipe in, my name isn't Sam Slick. Embassador,' sais I, 'Latin and Greek is your forte. If a feller held a pistol to you, and told you not to speak them languages, or if you did you must go out with him, would that stop you? I kinder guess not. Well, I wouldn't swap my stories for your Latin and Greek, nor the embassy to boot; and no Highlander, from *Ben Lomond* to *John O'Great's*, shall stop me.'

"I saw he was bothered. He didn't know what to say. He didn't approve of duellin', but still he was a Yankee, and wouldn't like to have one of the embassy called a coward.

"'Sam,' sais he, 'it's a serious matter here; if it eends fatally it's murder. What would you do under the circumstances?' said he, lookin' very grave.

"'Act like a man, Sir,' sais I. 'Accept his invite at once, and be gallus polite; give him his choice of weapons, rifles or pistols, or sitten straddle-legs across a keg of gunpowder, but resarve the choice of ground to myself. Well, as soon as he makes his selection, which would be pistols of course, he'd say, Now name your ground. Well, I'd say, I take it for granted I shall let daylight through you, for I'm a dead shot; but perhaps you think you are a deader one, and make sartin you'll fix my flint. Now, in order to spare the survivor's life, and have no arrests or trials about it, and save judges from talkin' hippocritical, say the right bank of the Mississippi. Name your day. But I hope you won't be offended with me, as I know the country better than you do, for advisin' you to wear trousers there instead of kilts, or as sure as you're born, you will never reach the ground alive, for the galley-nippers. I wish you a good mornin'.'

"'Sam,' sais he, 'what a way you have of makin' fools of people.'

"'It's a knack, Sir,' sais I, 'we Connecticut people have, and it's useful in important things as well as in trifles, as the nigger says in the song,—

" 'Oh, habbent I de knack,
Ob suckin' sugar-candy and drinkin' apple-jack.' "

"There is some fun in Indians too, Captin," sais I, to go on with my story about 'em. "I was once to Liverpool Falls, when I was in this country last, and there was a feller called

Tony, took a very good rise out of a settler near there, called Bednigo Latty. Bednigo met him one day in the road in winter, and as soon as Tony saw him, he began to limp and make faces.

“ ‘What’s the matter, Tony?’ says the other, ‘have you hurt yourself?’

“ ‘Oh!’ said Tony, stoppin’ short, puttin’ down his gun, and restin’ over the muzzle, ‘me most dead, me tired out; me no drag my legs along scarcely, Mister Latty; me chase moose, very big moose, two whole days, and when I kill him at last, me so tired, me not able to skin him, or bring any meat home to my squaw. I give him to you; if you go for him you shall have him. Only give poor squaw one small piece for her dinner.’

“ ‘Yes,’ said Bednigo, ‘and thank you too; but how shall I find moose?’

“ ‘Oh! I tell you so you find him, sartin sure. You know Grand Lake?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘You know where neck of land runs way out ever so far, into lake?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘You know where large birch tree grows out of the end of that neck?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘Well moose just under that birch tree there; very big moose. You *get him*, you *have him*.’

“ Well, next mornin’ Bednigo makes up a huntin’ party, and off they starts through the woods, eight miles as the crow flies, in a straight line for Grand Lake; and at the upper end of it, four miles further, they found the neck of land, and the big birch tree, but no moose, and no signs of one, or tracks either.

“ Well, they returned home as savage as bears, for they knowed they would be larfed at by the whole settlement for bein’ took in-so by an Indian. But they sarched all round the lake first, in hopes of havin’ somethin’ to bring home, and detarmined if they did, not to tell the story; but they had no luck that day, and they camped out and hunted the best part of the next day, but saw nothin’, and returned as tired, in fact, as Tony pretended to be, and awful hungry, for they intended to feed on the fresh steaks.

“ The next time Bednigo saw the Indian,—‘Hullo!’ sais

he, 'what did you mean by tellin' me that lie about the moose, and sendin' me away out there to make a fool of me, you Indgiun rascal? I have a great mind to thrash you, you villain.'

"'What lie?' said Tony, very gravely.

"'Why that lie about the moose.'

"'Ah!' said he, 'you no gettum moose!'

"'No! of course I didn't! there was none there, and you knowd it well enough.'

"'Very strange,' said Tony, 'you no gettum moose,' quite unmoved by the threat. 'Did you find Grand Lake?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, that's one. Did you find neck of land runnin' away out into water?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, that's two. Did you find big birch tree?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, that's three, and you no findem moose?'

"'No.'

"'Well, that's three truths for one lie. Pretty well for Indian—ain't it? When I sold you my furs last spring, you cheated me, and what you said was all one grand big lie. You no pay me yet—cheatem Indian—cheatem devil,' and he drew back a step or two, and began lookin' to the primin' of his gun, which Bednigo thought, as they was alone in the woods, was a hint Congress was broke up, and members had better cut off for home, so he hung his head, and made tracks. I guess humour is in 'em, for they understand a joke, and enjoy it. Many a time I've made 'em laugh, by givin' them a droll idea dressed in Indian phrases and familiar words. The fact is, natur' is natur' all the world over, and the plainer talk is, and the simpler written it is, the nearer to life is it, and the longer it is remembered—or lives.

"I have often heard old Minister say, the 'Vicar of Wakefield' is more nor a hundred years old, and is a common book now, because it's written in common language; and will be a popular work a hundred years hence, on that account, altho' it's no great shakes arter all. It don't require a scholar to enjoy it. Why is it if you read a book to a man you set him to sleep? Just because it is a book, and the language ain't common. Why is it if you talk to him he will sit up all night with you, and say, 'Oh! don't go to

bed yet, stay a little longer?'—Just because it's talk, the language of natur'.

"It's only lawyers that read law books, and doctors that read doctor's books, and college folks that read Latin and Greek. Why? Because nobody else onderstands 'em. They are out of their way. Well, some books are read in the parlour, and some in the kitchen; but the test of a rael genuine good book is, that it is read in both. Why? Because it shows it's nateral; for natur' is the same in both. It only differs in the dress; it's more transparent in the kitchen, it's only covered with gauze there, just for decency's sake. It's dressed in silk in the other, and ain't just quite as easy seen through.

"Anythin' to please must be nateral, I don't care what it is. Now talk nateral to an Indgian, in language such as he uses in common, and use ideas that he uses, and put humour into them, and see if he don't larf. A little thing makes a man larf, and next to nothin' makes a crowd roar. *We are full of chords, from the deepest toned silver string, like that of the harp, up to the little short upper sharp one that is only two inches long. Strike one of your own that is in tune with that of another person, and see if they don't harmonize. It vibrates through him.* Anybody can be made to larf, unless it is one of those sour chaps in North Britain; and I believe in my soul nothin' but takin' him to see a bishop hanged or burned would make *him* larf.

"My idea is, that the want of humour in Indgians comes from not talkin' to their women. Women are naterally sharp, quick-witted, and lively; if they can't reason like men, a nateral gumption takes 'em to a right conclusion long afore a man has got half way through his argument. Now men without women's society are like bodies without souls, heavy lumps of mortality; it's that domestic degredation of the wife among savages that beastifies the mind of the man.

"He is thoughtful, but not playful; knowin', but silent; 'cute, but not humorous. It's a great pity the misfortunate critters are so fond of rum, it's the ruin of them; they will sell anythin' amost to buy it.

"Joe Nogood made a capital answer to an innkeeper onct, when he was purchasin' a bottle of spirits from him. He was very angry at the price, which was just double what it ought to be. He objected a long time, but could get no abatement. The innkeeper tried to make him onderstand

the loss of keepin' a cask of rum on hand for any length of time, and explained to him about the interest of money that he was losin' on the principal spent in the purchase. (A pretty hard thing I guess to make an Indgian comprehend what interest of money is—who never received or paid any, and never had any capital all his life.) Joe pretended that all he knew was it used to cost three shillings a bottle, and now he was asked six; and he gave him to understand he didn't think much of his principle to extort arter that fashion, and didn't think it was for his interest either, for he would never buy any more of him again. But the barman argued away, and at last wound up by assertin' that between wastage, leakage, bad debts, and interest, it cost as much to keep a hogshead of rum on hand as to keep a cow. Joe mused a while, and knowin' how the feller was in the habit of adulteratin' the rum by the aid of the pump, brought him up all short.

“ ‘ Ah,’ said he, ‘ maybe cask drinkum as much water as cow, but sartain no eatum as much hay.’ ”

“ And havin' given him that poke he paid the price, took up his bottle and walked. And as he got to the door he turned, and shook his fist at the extortioner, and said, almost speechless with rage, ‘ Now, man, I say damn.’ ”

“ An Indian is a child of natur', eyes like a lynx, heart like a lion, nose like a pointer, cunnin' like a fox, constructive like a beaver, destructive like a tiger, appetite like a beast of prey, and the propensities of the devil, and yet he has an instinct runnin' into strong reasonin' faculties. What then is the difference between him and us? Christianity. Ah! that is a great thing, if we only knew how to teach it to them, and let them see our example was equal to our precepts. They have lots of lamp ile, what a pity it is they can't read. It's the fashion among easy-chair Christians to England to undervalue the labours of bishops in foreign parts. It's a great privilege to abuse a bishop and praise a savage—ain't it? It's Christian charity too, for as this mitred gentleman has to bear all things, he has to put up with your sarce. Well, he has to have his food cooked in course, for he is used to it. The dear child of natur' eats it raw.

A bishop's task is no easy one at any rate, and it is made more difficult by other sects underminin' him in his labours, and sayin' he has no Scriptural authority. How in the world is lawn sleeves agoin' to convert a critter whose:

appetite is stronger than a pig's, who drinks dog-fish oil, thickened with blubber, the most awful pisonous stuff in the world, and dines off of whale-stakes, cut out of a fish that died afore the flood, and has been presarved ever since in natur's ice-house at the North Pole. If bishop is goin' to do the civil, and take pot luck with him, and wants to soft-sawder him, he must go lower down still than that, so that savage may say,—' This Christian chap is a very sociable feller, arter all, but I guess he ain't used to such delicacies to home as dead foxes, and shipwacked seals.' Still the question is: What is the difference between us Christians and savages? The great thing is to settle what that term Christianity means. We ought to onderstand it, you know, for we expound it at our tea parties, and teach our parsons.

" A savage looks at us and our doins, and says, Christians is no great shakes arter all. Ain't that shockin' now? You must double your subscriptions, old ladies. He says we don't onderstand ourselves, and asks what in the world is the meanin' of that word Christianity? One is nicknamed an idolater, and has a fisherman's ring, when it's well-known fishermen never wore rings. And t'other is branded a heritic, who wears long bands to look wise, which were never invented until white beards were cut off. And the third is a free livin' and free thinkin' gentleman. He says,—they preach good will to all men and hate each other like the devil. They fight among themselves, and use us as tools. One has a book called a Bible, and t'other burns it. One tolerates, and t'other intolerates. They hate each other like pyson, and use words which we call impious. They fight even in death, for they won't sleep side by side in the same grave-yard. Oh! it's no use talkin', Captin Collingwood, Christianity should be intrusted to the church to teach savages, and not to Tom, Dick, and Harry. False teachin' and bad examples *bring* rum, ruin, disease, treachery, and death to the Indians. I don't wonder Johny Nogood, who knew our favourite oath, said,—Now, man, I say damn.'"

" Slick," said Cutler, " I never heard you talk so well afore. There is a great deal of truth in that, although you have put it in a way to make my flesh crawl."

Says I, " Cutler, I haven't put it half strong enough; but I actilly thought Sophy (Oh Lord! I thought I should have died, for it came out afore old Collingwood so sudden; but I went right ahead, for if you get into a slough or honey-pot,

you can't stop, you must whip up, yielk, talk slang, and bully the team, and put them through, for if you hold on one minute, the cattle can't or won't start the load agin, and you are in a pretty frizzle of a fix, so I went right ahead), or dear little Mary (as if Sophy wasn't twice as dear), and Aunt Thankful, and all were present, for in course we talk more resarved afore ladies than by ourselves. But still," sais I, a lightin' of my candle, and risin' to go to bed (for I wanted to think of Sophy and not of savages), "depend upon it, Collingwood—man to man, face to face, and without bunkum, I don't wonder when an Indian looks at us and says, 'Now, man, I say damn.' "*

CHAPTER XX.

AUNT THANKFUL AND HER ROOM.

THE first thing I did when I went to my bed-room was to pack up my things. *I never draw on to-morrow. It is like anticipatin' one's income and makin' the future bear the expenses of the past.* When a thing is done, it is off your mind. *To carry care to bed is to sleep with a pack on your back.* That's my logic, as the pilot sais. Well, when that was done, I hops into bed, and now, sais I to myself, Sam, sposin' as we are alone here, and it ain't overly late, we have a little quiet talk together.

What do you think of to-day's work?

Well, I think it is about as pleasant a day as I ever passed in my life. As for Sophy, she is splendiferous, and no mistake. I guess I'm in for it this hitch.

* Two hundred and fifty years ago, very similar remarks were made by a French gentleman, who has left us an interesting account of his visit to Nova Scotia: "Et ne faut point m'alléguer ici le prétexte de la religion. Car (comme nous avons dit ailleurs) ils ont tout tuez les originaires du pais avec des supplices les plus inhumains que le diable a peu excogiter. Et par leurs cruautés ont rendu le nom de Dieu un nom de scandale à ces pauvres peuples. et l'ont blasphémé continuellement par chaem jour au milieu des Gentils, ainsi que le Prophète le reproche au peuple d'Israël. Témoin celui qui aime mienx estre damné que d'aller au paradis des Hespagnols."—*Lescarbot's Hist. de la Nouvelle France*, p. 483.

Well, sais I agin, ain't she prudish, or cold, or calculatin', or somethin' or another of that sort; ain't there a little grain of Aunt Thankful's starch in her? Sposin' we run over the events as they occurred, and consider them seperate, and then put the parts all together, and see how they work.

Well, I goes over all in my mind, till I throws the line over the brook, to give little Jemmy his first lesson, and gets the first trout, and the pull he gave jerked my hand off my eyes, and I was asleep in a minute as fast as a pine-stump.

A little afore day I wakes up, and rubs my eyes, and I thought I heered some one a movin', so says I, Steward, how is her head? But steward didn't answer, so I answered for him: Pretty well I thank you, Sir. How is yourn? And that made me laugh; but still I was a little bewildered. I thought I was on board the "Black Hawk;" but I stretched out my leg first on one side and then on the other, and found I was in bed.

Yes, sais I, a-bed, that's sartain; but where? Oh, I have it! at Squire Collingwood's. Why, Sam, sais I, it ain't possible you are in love, when even the thought of dear Sophy couldn't keep you awake for half an hour. But I am tho', that's a fact. Oh dear, what nonsense people talk about love, don't they? Sleepless nights—broken dreams—beatin' hearts—pale faces—a pinin' away to shaders—fits of absence—loss of appetite—nervous flutterins, and all that. I haven't got the symptoms, but I'll swear to the disease.

Folks take this talk, I guess, from poets; and they are miserable, mooney sort of critters, half mad and whole lazy, who would rather take a day's dream than a day's work any time, and catch rhymes as niggars catch flies to pass time— hearts and darts, cupid and stupid, purlin' streams and pulin' dreams, and so on. It's all bunkum! Spooney looks and spooney words may do for schoolboys and seminary galls; but for a man like me, and an angeliferous critter like Sophy, love must be like electricity—eye for eye, and heart for heart, telegraphed backwards and forwards like 'iled lightnin'.

Well, sais I to myself, confound the thing, Sam, you didn't make no great headway nuther, did you, tho' you did go it pretty strong? Thinks I again, you haven't had no great experience in these matters, Sam, and that's just where you made the mistake. You went at it too strong. Courtin' a gall, I guess, is like catchin' a young horse in the pastur'. You put the oats in a pan, hide the halter, and soft-sawder

the critter, and it comes up softly and shyly at first, and puts its nose to the grain, and gets a taste, stands off and munches a little, looks round to see that the coast is clear, and advances cautious again, ready for a go if you are rough. Well, you soft-sawder it all the time,—so-so, pet! gently, pet! that's a pretty doll! and it gets to kind a like it, and comes closer, and you think you have it, make a grab at its mane, and it ups head and tail, snorts, wheels short round, lets go both hind-feet at you, and off like a shot.

That comes of being in a hurry. Now, if you had put your hand up slowly towards its shoulder, and felt along the neck for the mane, it might perhaps have drawed away, as much as to say, Hands off, if you please; I like your oats, but I don't want you; the chance is you would have caught it. Well, what's your play now you have missed it? Why, you don't give chase, for that only scares a critter; but you stand still, shake the oats in the pan, and say, Cope, cope, cope! and it stops, looks at you, and comes up again, but awful skittish, stretches its neck out ever so far, steals a few grains, and then keeps a respectful distance. Now what do you do then? Why shake the pan, and move slowly, as if you were goin' to leave the pastur' and make for hum; when it repents of bein' so distrustful, comes up, and you slips the halter on.

Now more nor half of all that work is lost by bein' in too big a hurry. That's just the case with Sophy. You showed her the halter too soon, and it skeered her. I see it all now, as plain as a new floor-board, sais I. It stands to natur'. Put one strange horse in a pastur', and another in the next one, and arter a while they will go to the fence, and like as not when they look over at each other snap and bite as cross as anythin'; as much as to say, You keep your side and I'll keep mine. I never saw you before, and I don't like your looks. Arter an hour or so, they will go and look at each other agin; and that time they won't bite, but they breath together, and rub their heads together, and at last do the friendly by brushin' the flies from each other's neck. Arter that, there is a treaty of peace signed, and they turn to and knock the fence down (for it's very lonely to feed in a field by oneself), and go wanderin' about showin' each other the best grass. Yes, Sophy, I see where I missed a figure; and if I remain of the same mind as I am now, see if I don't slip the halter

round your neck before you know where you be. Or say I can't catch a hoss or a gall, that's all.

But I must be a movin' now, so as not to disturb folks. So I lights the candle, and goes down softly to the front entry, and puts down my traps to be sent for ; and just as I was a goin' to open the door, the black house-help, Rose, comes from the other end of the buildin', and says, "This way, please, Master Slick. Marm Thankful will be here in a few minutes, and hopes you will sit down in this room till she comes ;" and closin' the door on me, vanished. There was a small wood fire burnin' in the chimney, and two lighted candles stood on one of the tables, so that everythin' was as clear as noon-day. Oh, Jerusalem ! sais I, what in creation is all this ? Here is a room, that looks as if it must have been cut out of the old family house in New York State, and fetched down, holus bolus, as it stood ; for there ain't anythin' hardly in it as new as herself, and she is seventy years old, if she is a day. Note it all down for your journal, for sister Sal ; for though you have seen most of these things as odds and ends, you never saw them all brought together before, and never will again. So I up and at it.

I paced the floor ; it was twenty-two by twenty. The carpet was a square of dark cloth, not so large as the whole floor, and instead of a pattern, had different coloured pieces on it, cut out in the shape of birds and beasts, and secured and edged with varigated worsted in chain-stitch. In one corner stood an old-fashioned eight-day clock, in a black oak case, with enormous gilt hinges. In the opposite one was a closet, made angular to fit the shape of the wall, with a glass front, to preserve and exhibit large silver tankards ; Dutch wine-glasses, very high in the stem, made of blue glass, with mugs to match, richly gilt, though showin' marks of wear, as well as age ; a very old China bowl, and so on.

In one of the deep recesses formed by the chimbly stood an old spinet, the voice of which probably was cracked before that of its mistress, and, like her, had forgot its music. In the other was a mahogany bureau, with numerous drawers, growin' gradually less and less in depth and size, till it nearly reached the ceilin', and terminatin' in a cone, surmounted by a gilt parrot ; not a bad emblem for a chatty old lady-bird, who is apt to repeat over and over the same thing.

The jambs of the fire-place, which was very capacious, were ornamented with bright glazed tiles, havin' landscapes,

representin' windmills, summer-houses in swamps, canal boats, in which you could see nothin' but tobacco-pipes for the smoke, and other Dutch opulent luxuries painted on them. On one side of these were suspended a very long toastin'-fork and a pair of bellows; and on the other a worked kettle-holder, an almanac, and a duster made of the wing of a bird.

The mantel-piece, which was high, was set off with a coconut bowl, carved, polished, and supported by three silver feet; an ostrich egg, and a little antique China tea-pot, about as large as a sizable cup. Two large high brass dog-irons, surmounted by hollow balls, supported the fire. The chairs were of mahogany, high and rather straight in the back, which had open cross bar-work. Two of these were arm-chairs, on one of which (Aunt Thankful's own) hung a patch-work bag, from which long knittin'-needles and a substantial yarn-stockin' protruded. All had cushions of crimson cloth, worked with various patterns, and edged with chain-stitch, and intended to match the curtains, which were similar. There was no table in the centre of the room, and but two in it, which were much higher than modern ones, with several little spindly legs to each, makin' up in number what they wanted in size. On the largest stood two old-fashioned cases, with the covers thrown back to exhibit the silver-handled knives, which rose tier above tier, like powdered heads in a theatre, that all might be seen. Beside them was a silver fligree tea-caddy.

On the smaller table stood a little hand-bell and a large family Bible with enormous clasps, a Prayer-book, and the "Whole Duty of Man." It was a funny idea that too. I took it for granted it was a receipt-book, or a family medicine-book, or a cookery-book, or a female book of some sort or another; but no—it was the "Whole Duty of Man!"

Ah, Aunt Thankful! confess now, warn't there a little curiosity in you to find out what the "Whole Duty of Man" was? Well, they don't do their duty, or one of them would a gone down on his marrow-bones, and begged the honour of your hand, long and long ago; and they never will do their duty. But you will be here before I have half-finished my inventory; and Sally will scold if I don't tell her about the walls, and say I haven't done *my duty*.

Well, between the winders was a very large lookin'-glass in an old dark, carved mahogany frame; a yellow sampler, with the letters of the alphabet; a moral lesson, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," and the name of the

artist, "Thankful Collingwood, 1790, aged ten years," worked on it; and a similar one, containin' a family coat-of-arms, executed on the same material, and by the same hand, though at a later date, were substantially framed, and protected by glass. Two portraits of military men, in oils, remarkably well painted, completed the collection; each of which was decorated with long peacock's feathers.

Now, Sally, that's Aunt Thankful's room; and I am thankful I have finished it. But, stop—what the plague does she want with me? Is she an envoy extraordinary, as we say to the Court of St James's, from Sophy to declare nonintercourse? I guess not. She has spunk enough to do that herself, if she wanted; or from Mary, about Mr Hopewell's church? She knows she has only to ask me for it herself to get it, or anythin' I have. From herself? Oh, the devil! said I,—no, that can't be. I am sure the "Whole Duty of Man" is agin marryin' your grandmother. I know Mr Hopewell told me it was agin the law; but whether he said canon law, civil law, ecclesiastical law, Levitical law, law of England, or the *United States'* law, hang me, if I don't misremember; for I never intended to do it, so I forget where he said to look for it. I have got it, said I,—she thinks it ain't suitable for the young ladies to go to Slickville without her. Well, perhaps it is agin the "whole duty of woman," and I'll ask the good old soul too.

Poor Aunt Thankful! it's others ought to be thankful to you, that's a fact, for your post ain't easy. We uncles and aunts have enough to do. Uncle pays for all, and aunt works for all. The children don't mind you like a mother, and the servants don't obey you like the rael head of the house nother. Is there one of the party to stay to home? it's aunt. Is there any one to get up early, and to be the last to lock doors, and to look to fires? it's aunty. Is there company to home, who takes charge of the house? Why aunty to be sure. If you haven't got money enough for what you want, there is some doubloons still left in the eend of Aunt Thankful's stockin'. You didn't return the last three you borrowed; but coax her, she is so good-natured and so kind. Get her to tell you that story about Prince Edward, Duke of Kent and her eyes, and say, Well, aunt, they must have been beautiful, for they are still so handsome; how near you came being the Duchess of Kent (that's the soft spot, with three tender places in it, first to be married, second to be a duchess,

and third to be the mother of a Queen); go right on without stoppin'. Aunty, if you would lend me just one doubloon? you shall have it again soon. Ah! you rogue, you didn't pay the last three you got. I'll trust you this once though, but mind, I never will again. There now, mind it's the last time.

Then, aunty dear, if you have some disagreeable things to do and to bear—who hasn't? Oh! you have such pleasant duties, that I envy you. The family hospital is under your sole command, scarlet-fever, hoopin'-cough, measles, chilblains, sore-throats, and consumption—not all at once, and then ever so much of it that you get tired, but one at a time, with spaces between to keep up the interest—and the blisters no one can handle like you, and you do make such lovely poultices, and sweet salves, and are such a grand hand at a scald, a burn, a cut, or a shot-wound.

"Well, there's no use a talkin' about it," sais I, speakin' aloud, "I do love her!"

The door opened, and there stood Aunt Thankful. She paused a moment confused-like. That avowal of mine puzzled her. My! if she wasn't a pictur'! She was tall, thin, and fair. Her forehead, which made up in height what it was deficient in breadth, was somewhat disfigured, by havin' the hair cut across the middle. The rest, rather grizzled than grey, was parted, and partly concealed by a mob-cap of stiffened muslin, high in the crown, with lappets extendin' to the shoulder, and secured by a black-silk fillet, round the head. The only ornaments I could see were a pair of short ear-rings and a necklace or string of gold beads round the throat.

She had on a white dimity, high-bodied, short gown, extendin' a little below the hips, and enclosin' a beautifully-starched, clear white handkerchief, and fastened by a girdle of white cotton cord, terminatin' in two tassels pendant in front. To this was attached, on the right side, a large steel bunch of snap-rings; the uppermost supported a thick, clumsy-lookin' gold watch, of antique manufacture, the face, for security, restin' agin her person, and the wrought back exhibitin' no design, but much labour and skill, resemblin' somewhat brain-stone tracery. From another was suspended, by a long ribbon, a pair of scissors in a steel-case, and a red cloth pincushion; and from the rest, keys of various sizes.

The sleeves of the gown were loose, reached a little below the elbow, and terminated in long, grey, kid mitts, coverin'

half the hand, the lower part bein' so fashioned as to turn backwards towards the wrist in a point. The petticoat was made of shiny black shalloon, rather short, and exhibitin' to advantage a small foot in a high-heel shoe of the same material, and a neat ancle incased in a white cotton stockin', with open clocks.

Such was Aunt Thankful. She looked round puzzled-like, to see if I was a talkin' to any one in the room, or was addressin' her, and at last courtseyin', advanced, and shook hands with me.

"I could not think, Mr Slick," she said, "of lettin' you go away without a cup of tea, and as I am an early riser, I thought you wouldn't object to takin' it with an old woman like me, even if the young ladies were not present."

Takin' one of the candles, and proceedin' to the closet, she took up one of the gilt glasses, and unfoldin' a napkin, and carefully wipin' it, she poured out a glass of pale yaller liquor.

"Take this, Mr Slick," she said, "it is some bitters I made myself. It is a wholesome thing on this foggy coast before breakfast, and promotes appetite."

Well, in a ginerall way my twist is considerable. Pharaoh's lean kine are a caution to sinners in the eatin' line, and my appetite don't want provokin'; but anythin' a lady makes herself you must take; fact is, I never could swaller physic unless a woman gave it to me. It ain't civil to refuse, so I took the glass, held it up to the light, and it was as clear as racked cider.

Well," said I, with a very admirin' smile, "you do look beautiful, and your complexion is as clear as a bell."

"Oh, Mr Slick!" said she.

I thought I should have busted; I was a thinkin' of the liquor, and she was a-thinkin' of herself. I wonder what is the age a feminine gives over vanity, or gives up hopes. I'll ask Professor *Silly*-man, who is a great nateral philosopher, to tell me this fact about *silly* women; and if he can't, perhaps Cardinal *Wise*-man can, for old galls have to confess their weaknesses as well as young ones.

"Madam," says I, "my sarvice to you," and I made her a low bow, and tossed it off. Lord, if it warn't bitter, then there are no snakes in Varginny. It was strong enough to pucker the mouth of an alligator! so he couldn't open it without usin' cod-liver oil. "Oh that is grand!" said I.

"I am glad you like it," said she, "and I'll give you the receipt."

How strange it is, *no created critter wants to learn, but every one wants to instruct. The grand secret of life is to hear lessons, and not to teach them.* Who the plague ever liked a schoolmaster? Vanity, vanity! all is vanity, says the preacher! Well, that text ain't read right in general. Ministers discourse on it as if all worldly things were of no use. The rael meanin' is "*the vanity of fools is the wisdom of the wise.*" Poor thing! she didn't know that, but I did. Says she, I'll give you the receipt.

"Thank you, Madam," said I, "and when I come here on my return I shall be most grateful; but I am afeard I must be a movin'. I am skeered lest I should wake the folks up."

She rang her little silver bell, and in came Rose with the breakfast tray, containin' the teapot—the tiniest I ever seen—it wouldn't hold a good-sizeable glass of grog, a sugar-bowl and cream-jug of the same dimensions, a plate of buttered toast cut into squares two inches long, and piled up like a high chimney, and two little dishes of presarves. Thinks I, old lady, it was worth while to make a feller swaller bitters to get an appetite for all this, warn't it?

"Will you try a little quince, Sir? it is some I preserved myself."

"Quince, is it?" said I, "the best flavour to my mind of any that is made. Dear me," sais I, "how tender, it's delicious, that's a fact. It's easy to see who prepared it."

"I am glad you like it, Sir. The great secret is to pulverize the loaf-sugar complete before it is put on the fruit, or the scum won't rise well, and to cover the quinces when bilin', if you want them to have a beautiful colour."

"So I've heard mother say," sais I, "and she was a grand hand at all kinds of presarving. I've heerd her say, when she wanted anythin' supersuperior, she clarified the syrups first, and actially filtered the water."

"Why, Mr Slick," said she, "how on airth do you pick up all them things? If I was a young lady, I should be amost afeard you knew too much, so as to make you too particular. Know how to preserve quinces? Well, I want to know!"

"Yes," sais I, "and how to eat them too, when they are

prepared by Madam Thankful. Mother couldn't hold a candle to you."

"Well, I must say," she said, "I do rather pride myself on my quinces. I'll tell you how I larned the secret of it. You didn't know Prince Edward, who was made Duke of Kent, tho' why I never could understand; for Princes always seemed bigger than dukes to me? No, no! you couldn't have know'd him. Well, he was very fond of presarved quinces, and Mrs Finley, a friend of Lady Wentworth's (that was the Governor's lady), used to prepare them with her own hands, in the way she learned to New Hampshire—for she, as well as Sir John, came from that colony to Nova Scotia. I was on a visit to Government house then, and Mrs Finley said, 'Thankful, I am goin' to preserve some New York quinces to-day for his Royal Highness, come and help me, and I will let you into the mysteries of confections.'

"What! do kings' sons like quinces?" said I.

"Yes, and kisses too, dear!"

"Oh, Mrs Finley," said I, "how you do talk!"

"Well, that's the way I larned how to do them so nice."

Thinks I to myself, "Old lady, which do you mean?" but I didn't say so, all I said was, "Quinces and kisses will always go together in my mind hereafter!"

"Oh, Mr Slick!" said she, "how you do go on. You talk just as Mrs Finley did. Ah me! that was the last time I ever was in Halifax. The evenin' of that very day we was all at the Prince's Lodge, to a ball there. Little did I think I was a-talkin' to the father of the future Queen of England! 'Miss Collingwood,' sais he, 'you don't seem in your usual spirits to-night.'

"Please your Royal—"

It was evidently a stereotyped story, all ready to bind up in any work, and as there was somethin' in it the young ladies didn't want me to hear (for the night afore she got on the same subject, and they drew her off from it), I cut in, "Is either of those pictures a portrait of him?" said I.

"Yes," said she, takin' up a candle, and pointin' to one of them, "that is his Royal Highness Prince Edward. Ain't he a noble-lookin' man? He presented it to papa, who was very fond of him, and always said he was an excellent officer." And then, turnin' to the window, which had a deep recess that formed a seat, she touched a spring, and opened the lid or cover, and took out a brass-mounted desk, or rather small

trunk, and said, "That, Mr Slick, contains all the Prince's correspondence with my father, and all the letters of his to others that could be collected; also, his Royal Highness's orderly-books, thirteen of them; and also my poor father's journal, while the Prince was here and at Gibraltar, and all my father's campains in the rebellion in the States."

"Revolution we call it now, Madam," said I.

"Yes, I know you do; but father always said rebellion was the right name, and the gallows the right remedy."

"Back your cart, Sam," said I, "or you'll stick in that soft spot, I know. That box you must have by hook or by crook, so put your best foot foremost."

"Mr Slick," said she, and she took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes, "that box contains everythin' valuable that I possess in the world."

"Now," said I, "make a desperate throw for that box, and then be off. Except one," said I.

"And what is that, pray?"

"The kindest heart," said I, "that ever woman had. If his Royal Highness had added praises to that, also, when he admired the eyes, he would have done you no more than justice."

"Oh, Mr Slick!" she said, "don't talk in that way!"

"Madam," said I, "I feel hurt. Do you suppose I would say what I didn't mean? Your brother says so; your beautiful nieces say so; the whole neighbourhood say so; and why shouldn't I say so? I shall never forget this visit; but, above all, this mornin', this room—yourself—that invaluable box. I admire this room—it's feminine. It's a lady's *own* room—nothin' male in it: no guns, fishin'-rods, bows, arrows, moose-horns, whips, spurs, and so on. I like it, it's unique and antique, as they say to the Court of St James', Victoria. After the check you gave me jist now, I won't say anythin' about how much I admire you; but in two hours I shall hope to be the owner of a perfect sketch of you."

"Oh no, Mr Slick! not in this dress. If you do take me, let it be in my splendid brocade—the ball-dress I had on when his Royal Highness said, 'Miss Collingwood, you are not in your usual spirits to-night. I assure you there has been no execution to-day, but what has been effected by your beautiful eyes.' This is more the costume of the house-keeper."

"It shall be so," I said. "I return this way, and will

execute it for you in a way that I hope will meet your approbation."

Confound that box! said I to myself. I shall never en-veigle her out of it; and yet have it I must and will, for I have a work of that kind all outlined in my head. I have it, Sam, said I; throw all the obligation on her; condescend to be so kind as to take the musty, fusty old box on her account.

"Madam," said I, "will you allow me to show my gratitude in another shape? It's a pity such a distinguished officer as your father shouldn't have had justice done to him or the Prince's memory either. You know I write books?"

"I do, Sir; and have often said to my brother; 'Frederick,' says I, 'where in the world did Mr Slick pick up so many curious stories, and so many odd things and odd subjects, I wonder?'

"'From odd people,' said he, 'like himself.'"

"Well," said I, "nothin' would give me greater pleasure than to arrange them papers for publication for you, and to have them printed free of expense, for I know all the publishers."

"Why, Mr Slick," said she, "would you indeed?"

"Only too happy," said I.

"And you will give me back the originals afterwards?"

"Certainly, and as many copies of the book as you desire."

"'Tis yours, Sir, and here is the key; and I am greatly indebted to you. But, Mr Slick," she added, "if there should be anythin' in them that his Royal Highness the Prince, or my father wouldn't approve of, if livin', or that don't convene to me—you understand."

"Exactly," says I. "Wide awake—up to snuff. Talkin' of snuff, could you favour me with a pinch? I think I saw a box on the mantel-piece?"

I did this to see if she took any on the sly; and findin' she did, thought of a present to send to her. "Good-bye, Madam," said I. "I thank you kindly for all your polite attentions, and must now say adieu; for," and I opened the curtain, "there is the first gray streak of dawn;" and takin' her hand in both mine, bent down respectfully over it, and touched it with my lips. Then puttin' the box under my arm, proceeded to the door, where I gave it to Rose, takin' the gun and fishin'-rod instead, and proceeded to the beach.

When I got out on the lawn, I could not help thinkin' how many unexpected events had taken place in this short visit! What little accidental circumstances sometimes change the whole current of a man's life! Was it an ill wind, or a lucky chance, that took me to Jordan River? What course shall I take? Adopt dear old Minister's rule in similar cases, "*Sam, think well before you decide; act on your own calm deliberate judgment, and not upon impulses; and leave the issue with him who can alone direct it.*"

CHAPTER XXI.

A SINGLE IDEA.

POOR Aunt Thankful had lived on a single idea for nearly half a century. Sixteen thousand five hundred successive days appeared to her but as one day, and sixteen thousand five hundred successive nights but as one long night. It was but yesterday she assisted in preservin' quinces for the Prince, and only last evenin' that he promenaded with her on his arm, and complimented her on her beautiful eyes.

That one idea was ever uppermost in her mind, that charmin' scene ever before her eyes. Often as she sat in her arm-chair alone by the fire knittin', would she wander in imagination over the beautiful grounds of the Lodge, rest in one of the pretty little Pagoda summer-houses, listen to the tinklin' of the tiny bells as they waved in the wind, or look out on the wide-spread basin, dotted here and there with pleasure-boats, from which rose the merry peal of laughter; or in the lone hour of night—for it ain't every one that makes one solid nap of it as I do—wake to the recollection of that fine manly figure, and hear that clear commandin' voice say, "I assure you, Miss Collingwood, there has been no execution to-day, but what has been effected by your beautiful eyes." Sweeter far than quince syrup to the palate was that flatterin' unction to the mind.

If you could but see her face then; but you ain't an owl, and can't see in the dark; but supposin' you could, wouldn't you see a dreamy smile come over it, for Auntie feels good all

over. One little long-drawn sigh, not much louder than a baby's, and she is off to sleep agin; and then comes a dream of speculation, that she don't indulge in when awake—she has too much sense for that. “Sposin’,” sais the dreamer, “papa had left me a little longer at Government House, and his Royal Highness had got his papa's consent for the American beauty, as they called me. A Duchess is such a pretty title—the mother of a queen, perhaps a king—wouldn't I be *thankful* then? I wonder if the Duchess's eyes are as handsome as mine are? I don't believe it.” Nor I either, Aunty, or any Duchess in the queendom. “Oh! that horrid cock! I wish it wouldn't crow so loud under my window. If he hasn't waked me up I declare, and now it is time to get up, and call up Sophy and Mary.”

If that ain't bein' happy, it's plaguy near it. But it ain't an overly sage thing to have only one idea in life. Folks want two ideas in a general way, like two eyes, two hands, and two feet, so that if you lose one, you can fall back on the other. Many a young lady has but one idea—a sort of trade wind one, that always blows one way—that a man of rank, or her lookin'-glass, or her foolish old mother, or her own vanity, has put into her head—that she is an amazin' handsome gall. And she ain't a bad-lookin' heifer neither, that's a fact. Well, she flirts with this one and that one, plays one off agin another, keeps 'em on hand like till a better one comes, and cracks hearts like hickory nuts.

Well, the men get tired of flirtin', drop off one by one, and get married, and the better one that she has been waitin' for so long, don't come; and she opens her eyes some fine day, and says,—“Hullo! what in natur' is all this? As I'm a livin' sinner, here are grey hairs in my head! and I haven't so much as I used to have; it's actilly gettin' thin! See how the comb fetches it out too! I must see to this. I'll use neat's foot oil. Phew! the very idea makes me sick. I can't bear the smell of it even. Well, bear's grease. Oh! I couldn't stand my own joke about that. I fairly plagued old Miss Bantam out of her wits, by telling her it would bring out fur instead of hair, and she would have a bear-skin. I wish now I hadn't made that foolish speech, for bear's grease ain't bad, that's a fact. Well, there is tricopherus, how will that do? It's a very hard word to pronounce, and there is no rememberin' it; but them things ain't to be talked of. But oh! my gracious! I never had my glass arranged this way before.

I did it to examin' my hair. But what on airth are them little squares on my forehead? Wrinkles! Nonsense, they can't be. You are only—let's see how old you are. Take twenty from fifty-two, and that leaves thirty-two, and two years I stood still at twenty-five, makes thirty-four. People oughtn't to count that way after twenty-five, for the years run twice as quick then as before. I'll try to cipher it that way. Twenty-five from thirty-four leaves nine—half of nine is four and a half—twenty-five and four and a half makes twenty-nine and a half—that is my age exactly. I thought there must be some mistake.

Now let's examine them little squares agin—wrinkles sproutin' up as sure as dog days. How strange, and me only twenty-nine and a half years old! I must take care how I sit in the light. Self-examination that the parsons recommends so strongly may be a very good thing, but it ain't a very pleasant one. But go through with it now you are at it. How are the teeth? Why what has come over me? I never noticed them little specks before! Shockin' bad state!—some must come out and others go in. I declare my heart's broke!

So she rings the bell, orders breakfast in bed, and don't get up again that day, and sends word to her mother she has a slight head-ache, and will darken her room, and try to go to sleep. All that comes of havin' only one idea, and wearin' that till it begins to give out from long use. And I have an idea that gall will either die a sour old maid, or have to take a crooked stick for a husband at last. I'll bet six cents I can tell the name of the wine she'll take to drinkin'. It will be Trymanner and Strumph wine. Trymanner is so awful sour, it takes three people to get it down. One is laid flat on the table, a second holds the hands down, and the third pours it into the mouth. Strumph is stockin' wine, for it is so astringent, if you pour it into a stockin' that has a hole in it, it will pucker up so, it won't require no darnin' or mendin'. Yes, that will be her fate. Now there was a great difference between her and Aunt Thankful. Aunty had but one idea, but she knew the consequence, and wouldn't give it up but with her life. The other critter had but one also, and didn't know the consequence of havin' such an artful domestic about her toilet-table as vanity, till she missed the roses on her cheek.

Well, that one idea ain't confined to women. Many a

man has it, and fancies he is a very killin' feller, and never doubts it in the least, tho' he gets pretty broad hints, now and then, to get another idea into his head. The galls are absent when he talks to them (that he puts down to bad manners, and he don't think they are as well bred as they used to be), and the old ladies take to patronizin' him strangely, but they are of the old school, and always was perlite.

Well, one night at a ball, a stoutish woman, remarkably good-lookin' for her age, and with a face beamin' with delight and eyes sparklin' with joy, leanin' on the arm of an active, athletic, young man—a lieutenant in the navy—who, in spite of the ugly naval uniform, looks better than any one else there, slowly promenades up the room as if proud of her escort, and looks up into his face as if she had no eyes for any one but him. Says single-idead bachelor,—“I don't like such a public exhibition of flirtin'. Such admiration in public ain't hardly decent.” The sooner you leave this station, young man, the better for that silly woman, and you too. Perhaps you don't know her husband is livin', and a dead shot, too—snuff a candle at twenty paces with a ball without so much as flickerin' the light.

Well, it will make promotion, at any rate. When the lady stops, and calls the one-idead, but many-wrinkled bachelor to her, who bows like an old monkey, his chin stickin' out in front, and his coat-tails behind.

“Mr Bachelor, allow me to introduce my son to you—Lieutenant Tiller, of the navy. He has just returned from Rangoon, where, I am happy to say, he distinguished himself, and has been appointed flag-lieutenant to Admiral Sir John Growler, on board the 'Bull Dog.'”

Bachelor bows, makes civil speeches to both, hopes he shall see a good deal of him, and returns to a corner and reflects.

“I'd as soon see the devil as that sea serpent,” he sais to himself. “He makes me feel old. Flag-lieutenant to the admiral! I am glad of it; you will lead the life of a dog. They shouldn't have sent you to sea. You have outgrown your strength, and are too tall for between-decks. Is it possible, this *memento-mori* is the son of little Mary Dawson, or that little Mary Dawson, that was more like a gazelle than anythin' else, is fat Mrs Tiller! She don't take care of herself. They married her too early, and that plays the devil with women; and she looks as if she drank brown stout at lunch. She can't be so old either. It is only the other day

I was called to the bar, and I recollect that year I lifted her into a cherry-tree to gather fruit, when she show'd such a foot and ankle, and perhaps a few inches more, as never mortal man beheld. Poor thing! she has fed coarsely since then, and vealed her calf, I suppose! What a pity it is women don't take care of themselves, for they don't wear as well as we men do in a general way. Still, confound it! it does make me feel old, too!"

Well, so you are old! The crows' feet at the corners of your eyes are as large as the prints they leave in the sand, when, like you, they are a feedin' on what the tide has left of the wracks of the dead. You are too old to marry now. Adopt that handsome lieutenant, and leave him your money.

"What! me?"

"Yes, you."

"What! him?"

"Yes, him."

He springs right up on eend, and says,—

"I'll see him d—d first!"

And cuts out of the room, and makes tracks for home.

Oh! my one-idead lawyer, that blow over the pate of your vanity has let a new light into it, I guess, and made a crack big enough for a new idea to enter into it. *Put that down on your brief, that life itself is too brief by half to be fooled away on one idea only.*

One idea ain't confined to looks neither. Mr and Mrs and the Misses and the young gentlemen Nobodies are very apt, especially in a country like this, where it is all small beer to have one grand idea that haunts them day and night, starches their cravats or muslins, stiffens the upper lip and keeps their chins up—and that is that they are somebodies. There is some excuse for the idea about looks—it is a nateral one, and only hurts oneself; but the other, the grand idea, makes folks a nuisance, and causes other people to have an idea that they hate them.

To claim superiority is to attempt to pass another on the road, and compel him to take the dust. In a ginerall way that ain't genteel, onless there is a lady in the case. *Pride and upstartism don't convene. Tho' the oil floats, the tumbler is nearly full of water, and the glass shows it—the oil is wasted, and the water spoilt. There ain't enough of the one for a lamp, but there is enough of the other to make the light sputter, and put it out.*

“Grandpapa was a commodore in the British navy,” says Miss Nobody.

“The devil he was! And what was he before he was a commodore?”

“Why an officer, to be sure.”

“And who was his father?”

“A tinman.”

“Well, that will do to tinker up a pedigree. Died poor, didn’t he?”

“Well, he didn’t lay up anythin’. Exactly, he began life and ended it without money.”

“It is a pity he didn’t stick to his trade; if he had, his tin would have stuck to him.”

“Well, grandma was a great beauty.”

“Yes, and her face now looks as wrinkled as a cabbage-leaf. I recollect her well; when the music-master gave up her daughter, your mother, because she had no capacity, she said she would send to London and buy her one.”

“Well, grandpa on the other side—”

“Do you mean the other side of the water?”

“How provokin’ you are! no, on the maternal side.”

“Oh! now I understand, the matronly side. Yes, yes, now I have it! matron of an hospital, and married the doctor, who became a P.M.O., and used to call her his diacolon-plaster, she used to stick so close to him. Poor thing! she thought him very killin’, and she wasn’t far out of the way. Doctors excel in killin’. But don’t cry, dear, you brought it on yourself by a bit of brag. I should have forgot it all if you hadn’t called my attention to it. That comes of the grand idea of being somebody. *Let the dead be, we don’t often inherit their talents or their money; and if we did, why should we be answerable for their follies?*”

If you boast, you claim to be a bigger bug than others; if your claim is disputed and you get wounded in the conflict, it’s your own-fault. *Modesty is brought forward and made way for. Assumption has the door shut in its face.* If you really have an old name, and belong to an old family, do somethin’ to show the value of it. *Bragg is a dog that everybody hates, but nobody fears, for he only bow-wow’s; but he wakes up detraction, and he is a dangerous critter, for he bites without barkin’.*

In society one-idead men are awful bores. London is chock full of them, as my fruit-trees to Slickville used to be

of an insect of that name, till I larned how to get rid of them. You will get near a *ninny* at table who can't talk about anythin' but *Ninevah*, till you think he must have been dug up there.

Another fellow is mad after mummies; if he was only dummy or mummy himself, it wouldn't be so bad, but his tongue runs like a mill race, his hair smells of the horrid embalmin' stuff which he has been analyzin', and at first you think spontaneous combustion has commenced. The only way is to make fun of him, and shut him up.

"Great prize to-day, Mr Slick; I got one of Pharer's darters."

"What's the colour?"

"Deep claret."

"She wasn't a Fair-er's darter then, but a *darkie's* gall?"

He don't take at first, for the pun ain't as plain as a hyrogriphic, so on he goes.

"A beautiful specimen, Sir."

"Thin?"

"Rather so."

"Then she was one of Pharaoh's *lean* kine?"

He stares at that.

"Ain't you afraid of infection," sais I, "a handlin' the gall that way?"

"No, not at all."

"I wouldn't touch her on no account," sais I; "for she must have been one of the *plagues* of Egypt. I guess she must be wuss than the canister meat government sent to the North Pole, and that was so bad it poisoned the foxes. I have an idea the Egyptians were cannibals, and these bodies were those of their captives, who were killed, spiced, baked, and put away for feasts. Did you ever taste one to see if it had been cooked?"

That shuts him up. He turns to his next neighbour, and earwigs him by the hour. Another critter is mad on church architecture. I have no idea of being crammed myself, so I turn to and crams him. He squares round to you, his eye lights up, and he is all animation.

"Are you fond of church architecter, Mr Slick? It is a beautiful study."

I look all aghast.

"Can't bear to think of it," sais I, "much less to speak of it, since a dreadful accident happened to a friend of mine

to Michigan. He thought of nothin' else but buildin' a new church, mornin', noon, and night; and after years of study and savin', and beggin', he finished amost a beautiful one. Well, he no sooner got it out of his head than he got it into his stomach. He fancied he had swallowed it; all the doctors told him he was a fool, and left him, and he returned the compliment and called them fools. My brother, the doctor, and I was travellin' there at the time, and when he heard it, 'Sam,' said he, 'everybody amost is mad in some respect or another, as you are on *human natur*' and *soft sawder*.

"I'll cure him, but I must humour him. Mr Sternhold,' sais he, 'this is a curious complaint, but I knew a case just like it. Fulton once swallowed a steam-boat, and I knew several who swallowed a sea-serpent. I can cure you. Fortunately the church is of wood. I'll knock the pins out of the frame, take it to pieces, and have it put up again; but the tenants fit into the mortises so tight, I must use plenty of ile to make them separate easy.' And he darkened the room, and gave him awful doses of castor ile.

"Next week, sais he, 'I have got the doors and windows off safe and sound, and lowered the steeple to the floor.'

"Next week one side and one end were off, and the next it was all took to pieces safe and put up again.

"Says he, 'Sternhold, some wicked profane person has wished that church in your stomach, and the devil, who is full of tricks, helped him to his wish out of mischief. Now you must pray that it may remain where it is, but take more ile, for that church has tore you a considerable sum. When you are better, come and see me to Charlestown.'

"It cured him, but it nearly killed me to see him in that state. I can't bear to hear of church architecture since then."

It choked him off.

"What a strange story!" said he.

Thinks I to myself, "It's quite as strange you too should swaller that identical church yourself."

It's different now in business—one grand idea of makin' money—and when you have made it, savin' it commonly succeeds in the long run. If a rich man, that has got his fortin' all himself, was to divide his money into two heaps before he died, and put into one what he had made, and into the other what he had saved, in nine cases out of ten the saved heap would be the biggest. *It is easier to make money than to save it; one is exertion, the other self-denial.* It is harder

to refuse others than yourself, for *the skin is nearer than the shirt*. A critter that saves, therefor', as well as makes money, must in the natur' of things eend by bein' as rich as a Jew. The one idea takes in everythin' needful for riches. Money is a thing people know by sight; but there ain't anybody but your single-idea men that know its natur'; and it is lucky they don't, for *there would be no fortins to be made if there weren't fools to spend 'em*. I knew an awful rich man to London of the name of Zimenes, the richest man there, or anywhere I suppose amost; well, he made it all himself. He wanted some information from me about the States, and he asked me to dine with him.

"Mr Slick," sais he, "could you dine as early as two? that is my hour, when I dine alone in the city."

"Dine at any time," sais I. "I am used to travellin'. *Hours was made for man, and not man for hours. A critter who is a slave to his own rules is his own nigger*. I am a free citizen; I don't calculate to let other folks fetter me, and I ain't such a fool as to fetter myself. *When fools make society, its rules can't always be wise. When a custom can and ought to be follered, foller it. When it can't, set your own compass, and steer your own course*. That's my way of thinkin'; but still in a general way, if you want the world to be with you, you must be with the world. Yes, I'll dine with you with pleasure."

He eyed me all over, as a man does a highly-priced ring, to see whether it's paste or a diamond. I knew what was passin' in his mind. It was this: by the beard of Moses! but that is pretty well for a clockmaker. I wonder if there is one of the craft in London could talk in that way. But he said nothin'.

Well, at five minutes to two I rings, for it takes five minutes to get into a house, uncase, and slick the hair up; and a servant showed me through a narrowish entry into a small sittin'-room. As I entered one door, he came thro' another; for a one-idead man knows time is money, and you have no more right to rob him of one than of the other. If you take a shillin' from a feller, you are had up, for it and punished. If you take half an hour of his time, which p'raps is worth more pounds than minutes, you ain't even reprimanded. It is a pity kickin' is gone out of fashion, for a feller that keeps you waitin' richly deserves one.

"You're punctuality itself, Mr Slick," said he smilin', for it pleased him.

“The same time,” sais I, “is given to all men—twenty-four hours a-day. It was ordained so on purpose for appointments, that all might know and govern themselves accordingly, as proclamations say.”

When I looked round the room, I saw it was plain furnished, nothin’ to be remarked but two or three old paintins. Thinks I, when I am showed in to dinner, he is agoin’ to astonish my weak narves with his splendour; but I am not easily scared, even if I do see my own mug in a silver plate; but he is rich enough, I do suppose, to have fairies wait upon him. Just then the servant announced dinner; and touchin’ a secret spring on the oak wall, a door opened, and we entered another room of the same size, furnished much in the same way, only there was a small sideboard, a celeret under it, and some dinner fixins on it. It was a plain dinner for two, supposin’ one of them to have no great appetite; the dessert and the wine was the only costly things about it.

He only played with his dinner, but he was death on fruit, and the way he pitched into that was a caution to school-boys. In fact he dined off of it. After takin’ a glass or two of wine, I cried quits.

“You have drank nothin’,” he said.

“That’s the advantage of early dinin’,” I replied. “You *must* mule.”

“Mule!” said he, “what’s that?”

“Stick out your fore feet,” sais I, “lay back in the britchen, and look as if all the coaxin’ and beatin’ in the world wouldn’t make you alter your mind.”

He smiled. I don’t think that man ever laughed, unless when he was bit, and then it must be like a hyena, one wouldn’t want to see it again.

“You must be temperate if you dine early; there is too much to do arterwards, to sit drinkin’, and you oughtn’t, and can’t do it. You can ‘drinky for dry,’ as the niggers say, but you can’t ‘drinky for drink.’”

He sat back in his chair and mused, and said half aloud, “So saith the Prophet, ‘Woe unto them that rise up early, that they may follow strong drink, and continue until night till winē inflames them.’”

“I hate extremes,” sais I, “good liquor is like good singin’, few have the right taste, some you can’t get a-goin’, and some you can’t stop. *Use* but not *abuse*, that’s my rule.

Now, Sir, your time is precious, don't stand on ceremony with me."

Well, he put a number of questions to me about the rael value, and the bottom and good faith of most of the American stock.

"I don't want to know what their prices are," said he, "that I have got; I want to know where dishonesty lies hid, and repudiation is in ambush, where speculation has been reckless, and where it is based on solid data."

He warmed, and as he warmed he showed to advantage, I tell you. I answered him short up to the pint, gave him all he wanted on each, and no more nor no less. When he had done, he thanked me, and said he had got more information in five minutes from me than he could in a general way get in a whole day out of any of my countrymen, who, he said, never answered direct, and so on.

"Is there anythin' I can do for you, Mr Slick? you ought to be a rich man, for you have a business head and business habits."

"Well," sais I, "I won't say I ain't well off for the likes of me, but I made my money in a small way, and I haven't the knowledge or the courage to risk it. If I might be so bold, if it ain't an impedit question, what is the secret of your great success in the world?"

"Certainly," said he, "I'll answer it with pleasure. It's a thorough knowledge of the natur', uses, and properties of money. It is the most prolific thing in the world. I deal in money, and not in merchandise, and its growth almost defies figures."

He then touched a bell, and a tall, thin, thoughtful-lookin' clerk came in, when Zimenes, takin' out his pencil, wrote down somethin', and said,—"Copy that from Gregory's Dictionary, and bring it here with an envelope and a pen and ink." In a moment almost he returned, handed him a slip of paper and the other things, and vanished.

"Perhaps you have never," said he, "fully considered the enormous increase of money. Here is a short calculation which will surprise you, I think. A penny at five per cent. simple interest, for eighteen hundred years, amounts to seven shillings and sevenpence halfpenny; but at compound interest, it would be a larger sum than could be contained in six hundred millions of globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude, and all of solid gold."

We was standin' then, and it made me feel as if I must let off steam or bust with astonishment.

"Heavens and airth," sais I.

"No, no, my friend," said he, "it is written, 'Not by *Heaven*, for it is *His* throne, nor the *Earth*, for it is *His* footstool.'"

It almost took away my breath that remark, for it astonished me more than the other.

"What a pity it is," said I, "you were not—" but I stopped.

"A Christian," said he. "Finish the sentence, and we will let it rest there, if you please."

Foldin' the calculation up, he put it into the envelope, and addressed it with his own hands: "For the Hon. Sam Slick, with Mr Zimenes' compliments," and handed it to me.

"Mr Zimenes," said I, "if there are any of my answers unsatisfactory, I have means of the most accurate information here which none but an American can get. Send for me, and I am at your sarvice."

"Thank you, thank you," said he; and we shook hands. "I shall not fail to do so if I require it; and you, on your part, if you want capital, let me know the object and the amount."

Creation, said I, as I got into the street, if Solomon knew only half as much as that man does about money, he'd a built his temple all of solid gold. There is one idea fully carried out, at any rate. A man that has many ideas may be a clever man, but a clever man never makes money—he has too much genius. Well, how many ideas ought a man to have then? Why a man ought to have one great idea, and some small ones to rub against it, so that they may all be kept bright. The grand one is to be taken care of and never lost sight of, the little ones will do for daily use, and serve as small change. The more ideas you have beyond them, like the more wild land or self-righteousness you possess, the poorer you be,

AT LEAST THAT'S MY IDEA.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN EXTENSIVE PLAN OF REFORM.

FROM Jordan we proceeded to Sable River, but nearly all the inhabitants were absent at Port Jolly, where a great political meetin' was to be held, and thither we directed our course immediately.

"Mr Slick," said Eldad, "did you ever see such a beautiful schoal of mackerel in your life, as we are now passin' through? the water is actually alive with them. Instead of reformin' the provincial government, what a pity it is these folks wouldn't reform their habits; and instead of makin' speeches, and wastin' their time, turn to and make seins, and catch the fish that Providence has sent in such immense numbers up to their very doors, leapin' out of the water to show themselves, as much as to say, Come and catch us before the Yankees do, for you have the best right to us, seein' the coast is yours. Were you ever up to Labrador, Mr Slick?"

"No," sais I, "never."

"Oh! well, you can't form no notion of the fisheries, all the way up along that shore. Nothin' but seein' could give you any idea of the salmon, the cod, the mackerel, and the herrin'. My eyes! what millions upon millions of herrings there are there, when the spring opens."

"Yes," said the captin, "it defies the power of language almost to convey an idea of them. They remain durin' the winter, it is thought, up in those icy regions, and when the weather moderates they take a tour south, as far as Carolina. The drove or herd gives them their name, for Heer signifies an army. As soon as they start, you can trace them by the grampus, the whale, the shark, black-backs, dog-fish, and porpoises, that follow in hot pursuit, while sea-fowl of all kinds hover over them, and charge on them continually. This keeps them in a compact body for safety; for how it is I can't say, but a whale never was known to ventur' into the main army, tho' he will cut off detachments, and takes hundreds and hundreds of them down at a gulp. Their numbers positively alter the appearance of the water sometimes, which actilly sparkles with different colours, as the rays of the sun are reflected by their scales and fins. If I was to tell you in miles how long and broad this host is, you could scarcely credit it.

After a while they divide into smaller armies, and seek their own haunts, and the quality varies accordin' to the food. The Bay of Fundy detachment is of splendid quality. They are smoked, as you know, and sold in small boxes."

"Know," said I, "to be sure I do. Why there ain't nothin' like a 'Digby chicken,' hardly anywhere. Further up the bay they are still fatter, but they don't know how to cure them as the Digby boys do."

"What they feed on," said Cutler, "I never could discover, for I have opened them again and again, and never could perceive either animal or vegetable matter in them. And yet I know, for I have tried them, they will actually rise sometimes to a fly. Blowhard says it's a sea-flea, and spawn-like substance, that the eye can't discover in water without a magnifier, that they subsist on. But oh! Mr Slick, the Bay of Fundy shad, ain't they a golorious fish! They are superior to what they have on the Atlantic shore, either here or in the States."

"I guess they be," said I, "and far before those of the Severn to England, they brag so much of. To my mind, they are preferable to salmon, only the everlastin' little bones are so tormentin', ain't they? Lord, I never shall forget a grand party I was at to Canada once, in the shad season. The ball-room was got up in a hurry, and the plaister warn't quite dry; the evenin' was hot and the winders were open, and in come a cloud of shad flies from the St Lawrence, that the Lord always sends before them to feed on. They stuck to the walls, and filled the ladies' dresses, choked the lights out, and then went down your nose and mouth by the hundreds. If it warn't fun, it's a pity. When we went in to supper, the floor of the dancin'-room looked like a battle-field, strewn with the dead, wounded, and dying.

"Oh! in the way of nateral wealth and actual poverty, Nova Scotia beats all natur'. The land is chock full of coal, iron, copper, freestone, asphalt, slate, gypsum, grindstones, and the Lord knows what. And the coast chock full of harbours, and the waters chock full of fish. I say, Cutler, if we only had it, lick! wouldn't we make a great country of it, that's all. But here we are at Port Jolly."

"This is a shoal harbour, Captain," said the pilot; "we musn't go any further in, I guess we must anchor where we be."

"Mr Slick," says one of the Sable River folks that came

off in a boat to us, "we have had a great meetin' to-day, the largest I ever saw on this coast."

"It was the largest," said I, "I ever saw in my life."

"Oh!" said he, "your makin' fun of us poor folks; in course in the States you have seen an assemblage twenty times as large."

"Never," said I, "I give you my honour; and what's more, it was the richest meetin' too."

"Ah, there you are again," he replied, "but I don't see that poverty is to be laughed at."

"Nor I either," said I; "but I don't know what you call poverty. I should say that meetin' was worth, all told, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"I didn't mean no offence, Sir," said he, "and I don't like to be rigged that way. Will you just tell me what you *are* at?"

"Yes," said I, "I will. You said you had a great meetin' to-day. Of course at this busy season of the year, I thought you was talkin' of the mackerel shoal, which was the largest meetin' of them I ever saw. It was a mile and a half long, and more than half a mile wide, if it was an inch; and it's time you did meet and consart measures for catchin' of them."

"Well," said the man, half ashamed of himself, "perhaps it would have been as well if we had adjourned the meetin' to a more convenient time; but I am glad to hear you say the fish have struek in, in such numbers."

"Yes," said I, "it will be a grand time for the gulls and porpoises, for I suppose nothin' else will disturb the fish amost, for spring work is come on, and the ground must be tilled, and public meetins are come on, and representatives must be chose; and then the roads are to be repaired, and it's the only ehancee you have of airnin' a little ready money. You needn't hurry though," said I, "for you know there is a fall run of fish as well as a spring one, and the fall fish, in a ginerall way, are the best."

"You're severe on us," said he; "but I don't know but what we desarve it too."

"Come and sit down then," said I, "along with me, and I'll tell you a story, and comment on it as I go."

"Exactly," said he, "what they call expound."

"The very thing," said I. "It's a way of talkin' I like amazinly. The last time I was to Windsor, Nova Scotia, I met Peter Ham, an inmate of the poor-house,

whom I saw crawlin' along on the ferry hill there, into the village.

“ ‘I wish I was Governor of Nova Scotia for one day, Sir,’ sais Peter; ‘just for one day only, and that’s all.’

“ Even Peter was a reformer, and perhaps knew as much of the subject as most folks do, for *it ain’t every change that’s a reform, that is a fact, and reforms ain’t always improvements.* The fact is, ‘reform’ is a cant word. There is cant in politics as well as in religion, and hypocrites of either kind are rascals. *A good man don’t talk of his religion for everlastingly, and a good subject finds he has as much liberty as is good for him or his neighbours. Piety ain’t found in pot-houses, nor patriotism in mobs or mob-meetings. Don’t trade with a man that is ever sanctimonious, or you will be taken in; or be too thick with a demagogue, or you may be taken up.* Fermentation throws up scum, and agitation brings rascality to the top of the pot. For my part, I hate politics. There are cleaner things to handle, and pleasanter to smell.

“ There are two kinds of reform in the world—personal reforms and reforms in the State. Now, personal reforms can be made at any time we like, so we just put them off until it is convenient; and sometimes we consait we can do without them at all. At all events, it’s like takin’ physic; it’s hard to swaller, and causes wry faces. Reforms in the State are pretty things, and show wisdom. I never met a man yet that hadn’t, like Peter, some little pet scheme of reform for the public. The most disinterested one too in the world—for statesmen are very disinterested cattle.

“ Lord John had a Reform Bill; it lowered the House, but it raised him, for it created the liberal party; but that was an accident of course. The Brummigin’ patriots are all for free trade, a thing in England that must be cheap, for it stands on one leg, and has no reciprocity. It will lower real estate; but who cares? It’s the farmers’ look out, that. But it will lower wages, and enable the employers to sell more, because they can sell cheaper. That was an accident again of course, it was quite unexpected too by them; and besides, *Australian gold will stave off the discovery of that mistake for a while.* The great thing is to get the right meanin’ of tarms. *Liberality in religion now consists in abusin’ your own church, and praisin’ every other sect.*

“ A man that does this is certain to goto Parliament, for he is sure of the votes of all the black, white, grey, and

speckled birds; but then a seat was an unexpected honour; he never dreamed of it; he didn't want to go, but he could not refuse so large a constituency's request. Liberality in politics means talk as loud as you can bawl, and as long as you can stand, on the five points of the people's charter; and then there is political consistancy, which means hammerin' away for everlastinly at one thing, right or wrong. Public burdens is a good subject to be consistent on. There must be an army, and a navy, and government estimates must pass, so opposin' 'em does no harm, and is amazin' popular, tho' a man don't know it. Hume has rode that hobby for thirty years, and it will carry him as long as he lives; and lately it has been found strong enough to let Cobden jump up behind him, and take a canter too.

“ ‘I say, old boy,’ said Cobden to him, as he sprung up on the crupper, and clasped the veteran round the ribs, ‘I say, old boy, this is an amazin' easy steed to ride; aint it?’

“ ‘Very,’ said Hume.

“ ‘Is he safe?’

“ ‘Safest hack in the kingdom; and I'll tell you what is a better recommendation.’

“ ‘What's that?’

“ ‘Why it costs nothin' to feed or keep him:’ and they roared and laughed so, they came plaguey near tumblin' off, both on 'em, safe as the hobby was.

“ ‘It's a great thing for a nation to have such patriots. There ought to be an institution at Manchester to manufacture ready-made politicians arter the same pattern—a coarse, cheap article for exportation to the continent, or the colonies. I make no doubt they could be afforded low, if there was only a demand for them.

“ ‘But I sot to work to tell you a story that I picked up durin' my last visit to Nova Scotia, and the reflections on it—like old addition and subtraction's hobby—carried me off, and ran away with me; so that now the story has more hair than head.

“ ‘I wish I was governor for Nova Scotia,’ said Peter, ‘just for one day.’

“ ‘Sit down here now, Peter, and tell me what you would do if you was governor.’

“ ‘Yes, but if I sit down,’ said Peter, ‘I can't get up again without help.’

“ ‘Poor fellow, he was nearly bent double with rheumatism,

the jints of his legs were all but ossified, and refused to obey his orders; and he had to toil most laboriously with crutches, and advanced slowly on his road, and but a few inches at a time.

“‘I’ll make a seat for you, Peter,’ and I placed a pole in the angle of the rail-fence, so that he could rest himself while he developed to me his grand scheme of reform for the benefit of the country.

“‘You see,’ said Peter, ‘this is a dreadful steep hill, Sir—right between the poor-house and the town; and it takes me nearly all day to get there and back agin, for it’s the matter of a mile each way. You havn’t got a piece of tobacky, have you, Sir, you could give me? Thank you kindly, Sir; I always consait it does me good; and that’s grand, only perhaps it’s a little grain too mild.’

“‘But the hill, Peter?’

“‘Oh! yes, Sir; it’s a cruel hill that. I wish I was governor of Nova Scotia just for one day.’

“‘What would you do, Peter?’

“‘Why I’d move the poor-house into the town, and then a rheumatized, lame old fellow like me could get his glass of grog without toilin’ all day for it.’

“‘Peter,’ said I, ‘you are a sensible man; I wish you were governor with all my heart; few governors would be so reasonable. Here’s some money to pay for the grog.’”

“‘Mr Slick,” said Bluenose, “that is a very good story, and I shall not forget it; there’s a good moral in it.”

“‘There is,” said I, “and I will tell you what the moral is. It shows you how great the folly and vanity of statesmen is—what a diversity of wishes all mankind have, and what a personal application almost every man makes of politics to his own individual benefit and advantage. It shows too how little we really do want of legislation, and how small a portion of our welfare and comfort is dependant on governors or assemblies.* The States, to my certain knowledge, have been totally and entirely ruinated several times in my memory,

* “Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?

* * * * *

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.”

and yet things went much the same after each ruination, and the country is still left, and so is the constitution, and the people are still thrivin' and prosperous. Peter Ham knew what he did want, and that's more than most people do; for half the time when folks get their own way, they ain't satisfied. I'll tell you another story to illustrate that.

"In course you've heard tell of Van Buren, you know he was made President of our almighty republic. Well, the Irish all went in up to the handle for him, for in a general way they all go one way, which gives them great influence at elections. When it was over, says Peter Mulkahy one day (at New York) to another Irishman, one Paddy Blake,—

"'Paddy,' sais he, 'we've gained the day, and got our man in; Van Buren is President. Hurrah! for old Ireland! we're the boys that did it.'

"'In is it he is!' sais Pat; 'the devil he is; then I'm again him now, for I'm agin all governments.'

"'Hullo!' sais I, "what in natur' is all that cheerin' ashore there?"

"'Why,'" sais Bluenose, "our party has got the victory, and our nomination has succeeded. We've carried the day."

"'Well, that's a great matter,'" sais I, "ain't it? You'll have better times now to Nova Scotia, won't you?"

"'Well,'" sais he (and he did look ashamed that's a fact), "I won't say as the Irishman did that I'm again him; but I'll tell you what I'll do—from this day out I'm agin all politics, that's a fact."

"'That's right,'" sais I, "give me your hand; stand up to your lick-log like a man, be they *consarvatives* or *liberals*, for they are all tarred with the same stick. They differ in name like maize and corn, but it's the identical same grain. If you don't find yourself better off in the long run, my name ain't Sam Slick, that's all. Liberty is a very good thing for slaves to work out, but free men should find somethin' else to talk about. Talk never put a crop in the ground, and if that ain't tilled, thistles and weeds supply its place. *The wages of idleness is poverty. To find hidden gold is to find temptation and sin, but that that's earned has no alloy in it.* These are nateral truths, Mr Bluenose, put them into your pipe and smoke them, on your way home to Sable River, and see how you like the flavour of them."

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOOSE VAN DAM.

WHETHER I really was unwell when I left home, or only consaited I was, as I said before, I do not know; but it is certain that these short sea-trips, change of air and scene, and the excitement of meetin' old friends agin, has done me a great deal of sarvice. Down to Lunenburg, the Dutch people use ox-carts, and always travel in one track, and it cuts up the road so that the ruts are hob-deep amost.

The dull straightforrard course in life, without varyin' the track, furrows the mud up the same way. We must leave the highway sometimes, and take to the by-roads, or lanes, or forest-paths. The air is different, the scenery devarsified, the parfume of the firs and pines smell fragrant, and the birds sing more at their ease. The quiet of the country calms the nervous system, gives us somethin' new to think of, as well as to see, and the population is different, and so is their parsuits. Gunnin' is excitin', and leads to exercise, and so does fishin'; and huntin' gives a grand appetite, and puts a feller in first-rate condition. Well then, talk to new people is pleasant; you get new ideas from them, and it brings out new ones from you.

I have larnt a good deal from my own talk. Often when I have been advisin' a man, or funnin' of him, new reasons or new illustrations have sprung up of their own accord, that I never thought of before. It has made my opinions stronger, or given me cause to change them in some particulars. I am not certain whether a man, if he could be sure not to be overheard, was to think aloud, but what it would be beneficial to him. It would take off the dreaminess of thinkin' and its castle-buildin', and give reality to his reasons, and life to his humour. *Musins ain't profitable in a gineral way*, for they are like the dews of night—early sunrise dries them right up. *Sayin' is doin'*. *Musin' is dreamin'*. What we say, we remember; what we dream, can't be wrote down and sworn to, that's a fact.

Well, arter one of these summer-runs at grass, we return to the business of life new men, and we are better able to work, and like it better for the change agin.

Dr Sobieski, a surgeon to Slickville, who was a Pole—I don't mean a poor stick, but a German Polander—a very clever man, only he warn't very easy to understand, for he had forgot his own language, and hadn't larned English right. The boys used to call him "Old Tellmidger," because when they teazed him, he always pronounced those four words in one—"To h—ll with you!" Sometimes they used to call him "Old Sober-isky," for he was an awful fellow to drink. When folks talked to him about bein' such a toper, "Ah!" he used to say, "my poor country is robbed and plundered so, we have an old sayin', 'Only what I drink is mine,' and I likes to own as much as I can." Well, "Old Tellmidger" was the first to open my eyes to the value of change of air.

"You can't see the air," said he, "Mr Slick; and if you want to analyze it, you can't catch it—what you call nab him."

"It can catch you tho'," sais I, "when it's twenty below zero, and shave you in no time, quick as wink." Oh, how he used to hate a joke! for he didn't clearly onderstand it, and it used to put him out in his gibberish. He had great spikes of teeth, fit to nail down a two-inch plank amost, and he'd show them as spiteful as a bull-dog, and give 'em a grit, as if he was a filin' of 'em, and say:

"What for teyvil you do dat—Tellmidger!"

"Well, go on, Dr Sober-isky," I'd say.

"Well, you can't see the air, nor analyze it, nor taste it."

"You can sme'l it tho' sometimes," I'd say. And then he'd stop, stamp on the ground, and grit again awful mad. But I'd say, "I beg pardon; I won't interrupt you agin, Dr Sober-esky. Pray go on."

"Tellmidger Sober-esky!" he'd say.

Well, if you was to interrupt him a thousand times, he'd always begin at the beginnin' agin, if he had to go a hundred yards back.

"You can't see de air, or analyze it, or taste it; all you know is, it is what you call mystery, *ignota*, wonder, von grand puzzle. You can't explain de *modus operandi*," (for he could talk Latin as easy as he could drink); "but you watch it, an' see the effects, and leave the causes to be explored hereafter. Now you will send your child," (I was agoin' to say I hadn't got none, but I knew how mad it would make him; so I let him go on). "You will send your child into

de next street, that has got hoopin'-cough so bad, it coughs its boots upamost, and he will get well straightway—de air is changed. What make change of air in two street joinin' on to each oder, both on de same hill, and same level, and de same wind blow over both, we cannot say. De fact is sartain; de cause unknown. To be healthy, you must change air, change diet, and change drink."

"Aye," said I, "and change doctors too." He fixed his eyes on me, and glared like a tiger; but before he got out that ugly word of his, "you are perfectly right, Doctor," sais I; "there is great truth in what you say. You are a close observer," and poor Old Soberesky was right. Onct when I was to Windsor, I had a dreadful cold in my head; I could hardly see out of my eyes, and my two nostrils felt as large and as ugly as two broken panes of glass in a winder stopped up with old hats. I fairly felt no how all over. Well, I just happened to think of "Old Tellmidger's Theory of Change of Air," ordered Old Clay into the waggon, streaked it off over the mountain, and up to Kentville in no time; and the next mornin' felt like a new man. Change of air has operated like a charm on me this time. I sartainly feel as I used to did, when I kept travellin' over Nova Scotia all the time. I actilly consait I am better lookin' too than I was. I never looked in my glass so often as I have since I left Sophy; but I raily do kinder think it has improved my daugertype, jist enough, perhaps, to be takin'. A sickly face is repulsive, a delicate one is interestin'. I wish I had left somethin' behind me at Collingwood's, besides my heart, for an excuse to go back for it. There would be plenty of time, while the vessel is at Port Midway, wouldn't there? or I could overtake her at Petite Rivière. Is there anythin' I could invent?

"By your leave, Mr Slick," said the pilot, "I want to let go the mainsail, for we are forgin' too far ahead rather." (I guess *I am*, thinks I to myself.) "Let go the anchor. If we make as good a trade here as we did at Port Jolly, we shall do a considerable business, I guess. It's a pity we couldn't have stopped at Liverpool though too, for there are more folks there; but they have a custom-house, and it wouldn't be safe to venture there; and besides, country harbours for our trade is better than towns. There, the people have to go to the marchant; here, we carry the store to them. It makes all the difference in the world that. Ah!

here come the boats off. Well, then, I guess I'll go ashore and see my old friend, Goose Van Dam. He lives in the white house on the hill. If I am wanted you can send for me."

Speakin' of Van Dam reminds me of what I have said afore in my journals, that I don't believe there is a man or woman in the world hardly but what has some peg or another for pride to hang his hat on. Even in the States, folks cock up their chins, and talk of great folks to England they are connected with. All the rael heirs of all the grand titles in the kingdom are to be found in the great cities there. There is many a duke with his arms in a homespun coat, has a coat of arms in a book, and only wants the means to get justice done and have his title. Father always said he was the rail undoubted Prince Schlick, and sister Sall will believe to her dyin' day that, now the old man is gone, I am the rail Simon Pure. Well, it's a cheap bit of pride, and costs nothin' but a little stretch of fancy; and when folks say what they actilly believe, why there can't be much of an ontruth in it.

But pride has always a sore spot somewhere, that the more you cover it the redder it looks, and the tenderer it gets. Sally is terribly scared to hear of a wooden clock, and nothin' makes her so mad as for folks to call me "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker." She sais it's very rude to call a gentleman Sam, for shortness; they might as well say Sambo at oncet. And when she writes to me, she always addresses the letter to the "Honourable Samuel Slick, late of the Embassy to the Court of St James's, but now at Halifax, Nova Scotia;" and puts in the corner, "care of the United States' Consul." Poor thing! it pleases her for the postmaster to Slickville to see such a letter. She says, she likes to let some folks know who some folks are, and tosses up her pretty little mug, when she hands in the letter, with an air as much as to say, "That's my brother with that handle as long as a corn broom to his name."

I do raily believe that if one of them young chaps in the commissariat that sarves out soap, coals, and candles to Halifax was to go to Onion county, he'd marry the richest gall in it, for his title beats all natur', considerin' his rank, which is only one notch above a clerk, and his pay, which don't afford new clothes till they're wanted—deputy-assistant-commissary-general! Oh! Sally, if I had such a handle as that, it would upset such a little word as Slick after it right off. It

couldn't stand straight and hold it up. Thinkin' of young commissaries, reminds me agin of what I oncet heard of two old coves, heads of that department, for there is an official pride, and a pride of doin' things by rule.

When I was to Gibraltar, there was an old commissary-general who was on his last legs, for the king's stores never sarve out new ones, and he had to set about his last accounts, pretty hard accounts too to pass sometimes, showin' a balance ginerally agin a man in the long run, notwithstanding all the credits he can set down. Well, you can't put them old coons out of their way, do what you will. Things must be done jist so, have jist so many black lines, and red lines, and columns, and headings, and totals, and counter-signs. Well, this old man when he was all done, sent for the governor to see him, and take leave of him.

"Governor," said he, "I am a very fortunate man."

"How so?" said the General. "I am delighted to hear it. How so?"

"I have had a bishop with me in my last illness. It's a great comfort to treat with heads of departments, ain't it?"

"You are sure all's right then?"

"No—mis—mis—take—in—the—vou—vou—vouchers," and he opened his eyes and mouth wide, and kicked the bucket right off.

I heard the Governor tell that story himself one day, when he lunched on board of old Ironsides, as we call the 'Constitution' frigate. He enjoyed it very much, and said he knew another just exactly like it. The chaplain called on one of these issuer-generals of good things, who was travellin' the last road, rather faster than he knowed of himself, and advised him to prepare for a gineral give out of the machinery. He said he hoped he would excuse him, but he really felt it to be his duty to talk seriously to him.

"Well, Sir," said he, "I will excuse you upon this one occasion, as I have no doubt you mean well, and are unacquainted with official etiquette, altho' your ignorance greatly surprises me. You can hold yourself in readiness, Sir, when required. In the mean time you must know, my medical man has not reported to me that I am in danger; when he does, Sir, it will be time enough to hear what you have to say. Good mornin', Sir, I won't detain you."

While these things were passin' in my mind, I reached Van Dam's house.

“Is Goose to home?” said I, addressin’ myself to his handsome young wife.

“Pray, Sir, who do you call Goose?” said she, slightly colourin’, and bridlin’ up a considerable sum.

“Why, Goose Van Dam, to be sure,” sais I. “Who else should I call by that are everlastin’ handsome name?”

“You are very free and easy, Sir,” said she.

“It’s a way I have among friends,” sais I, sittin’ down coolly in a chair.

“You had better keep it then,” she replied, “till you are among ’em. What might your business be?” said she, quite short.

“Well, don’t you be a goose, then, at any rate, I replied, “and fly off the handle for nothin’ that way. You was always skittish, Kate. Do you recollect the night you held the lantern to me down to the Five Houses, the time I dug up the French captin, and got his belt of doubloons off his skeliton, and you got skeerd, and dropt the light, and left me in the dark, in the grave there? Warn’t that a proper lark? Lord, how often I have larfed over that, when I have thought of it since. Oh! them was the times for light heels and light hearts.”

“Well, I am a goose, that’s a fact, Mr Slick,” said she; “for I ought to have know’d you at once. But, Mr Slick,” said she, risin’ and tappin’ me on the shoulder, “don’t mention that are story to Van, that’s a good soul; for though he is the best-tempered man agoin’, he is of a very jealous turn, and he mightn’t jist altogether like it. No one knows it but you and me, and perhaps we might have been better employed. But here he is himself.”

Goose was like most of those of Dutch descent on that coast, a very large powerful man. He was tall and bony, though not stout or corpulent, and stooped a little, which might perhaps be occasioned by the weight of his enormous fists, each of which looked as heavy to carry as a six-and-thirty-pound shot. His countenance was open and jolly, but there was that about his mouth that gave you the idea of a man, who if he got a notion in his head onct, would defy all the world to get it out. He had an awkward trick, when he spoke to you, of tuggin’ at his shirt-collar, in a way that caused you to rejoice he had a coat and waistcoat on, or that garment would have been in danger of goin’ over his head at last. He had the air of a man who was well to do in the

world, and his house and establishment bespoke thrift, order, and comfort.

"How are you, old fellow?" said I. "I was jist a tellin' your wife how green she must have been to have married a man with such an all-fired name as Goose."

"Well," said he, tryin' to larf, though it went agin his grain, "she knew I was no fool, if I was a goose. But, Mr Slick, I have been so bothered ever since I was a boy with that name, that I have had half a mind to quit the country and change it. It was an old family-name among us, when we lived at Albany, afore the revolution. There has always been a goose in the family."

"So I should think," said I. But seein' I was distressin' the flock, I added,— "I should like to know what good family in New York State there ain't one in?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said he. "But confound it, it's enough to drive a feller mad, amost! When I was a youngster, other boys called out,

" 'Goosey, goosey gander,
Whither do you wander?'

or they would stand on one leg, as if they was a watchin' of the nest, and quarke, and call my little sisters 'goslins!' Many a time I have set them a larfin' the other side of their mouths, I know. If a father and mother want you to honour them accordin' to catechism they shouldn't give a child such a name as 'Goose!'"

"You mustn't talk nonsense," said I; "you might as well drop the 'dam' at the end of your name, cause it sounds profane. 'Goose' is good Dutch, and so is 'dam,' too. Some of our first-chop folks are connected with that family. The great Van Horne, of Albany, was a Goose."

"Why, you don't say so!" said he.

"But I do say so," said I; "and it's generally allowed the King of Holland, that give up his crown, was a Goose."

"Do you hear that, Kate?" said the pacified man. "I always told you I came of a good family, and now I hope you believe it."

"Seein' is believin'," said she. "Now ask if dinner is ready. Why, Mr Slick," said she, as soon as he was gone, "what a droll man you be! But mind and keep dark about the dubbloons. Oh! what a touss folks made about diggin' up that Frenchman! They actilly offered a reward of fifty

pounds to find out who it was ; and I never changed the old gold till last summer, when I was in Boston. Do you think there was any harm in it ? ”

“ Well, I don’t know,” said I, “ for I never thought about the harm ; but there is one thing I’ll promise you—”

“ What’s that ? ” said she.

“ Why, if ever you are a widder, I’ll never dig up Goose, that’s a fact. Mind, you’re bespoke.”

“ Pooh ! ” said she, larfin’, “ don’t talk nonsense. Let’s go to dinner.”

A good, plain, substantial meal it was, too ; jist what it ought to be, and what it is, in every substantial farmer’s house in the country.

“ Mr Slick,” said the good-natured host, “ there was a droll thing occurred the other day down to Five Houses.”

“ There have been a good many droll things happened there,” said I, a winkin’ to his wife.

“ I shouldn’t wonder,” said he. “ You must tell me some of them ; for there is nothin’ I like so much as a good story.” Kate smiled at that, passed her hand over her face, and managed to let her fore-finger rest on her lips as a signal. “ Did you know the Snare galls ? ” said he.

“ A large family, the Snare galls ! ” said I laughin’.

“ You may say *that*, Mr Slick ! ” said his wife, enterin’ into the joke with spirit.

“ I shouldn’t wonder,” said Goose, lookin’ puzzled. “ Well, Kitty Snare married Conrad Shupe. You knew Conrad Shupe ; he was the son of Old Crouse Shupe, that lived down to Bernardi’s Point. Bernardi was an Italian, and used to sell lookin’-glasses and pictures to Halifax, and then went and settled to the Point.”

“ Well, you will never get to the point,” said his wife.

“ I shouldn’t wonder,” said Goose ; “ for its worth two thousand pounds, and more money, on account of the seaweed. I have always set my heart on the Point.”

“ You’ll get hold of it some o’ these days,” said I.

“ I shouldn’t wonder,” said he ; “ for Lawyer Lybolt sais it will come to the hammer yet.”

“ Well, you are a ninny-hammer,” said she, roarin’ with laughter. “ Let me tell the story, for it will take you all day.”

“ I shouldn’t wonder,” said he ; “ for when I gets to the

Point, it puts everythin' else out of my head. It's the greatest point on the coast for sea-weed; there is lashions of it, after a southerly gale. The sheep—"

"Mr Slick," she said, "there ain't much point in the story; and what little there is, he has taken off."

"All the teams in the township wouldn't clear off that Point," he replied.

"Shupe," she went on to say, "ain't like my husband, the best-tempered man in the world, but jist the revarse—a great cross-grained, crabbit, sour-crou Dutchman; and he don't use his wife well at all. He makes her work harder than any hired help, and won't allow the men folks to wait on her at all."

"He wants to get to the Point, too, Mr Slick," said Goose; "that's the reason he saves all so close."

"The other day, Van and I went over there to see them," she continued, "and she asked us to stay to dine; and when dinner was ready, she blew the conch-shell, and up come Conrad and the men folks, and down we sat. I thought I should have died a larfin' to see his face, when he had done sayin' an overly long grace, opened his eyes, and looked down at the table. There was a raw fillet of veal, and a raw codfish, and raw potatoes, and corn, and peas, and beans, jist as they came from the garden. Didn't he stare, that's all?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Goose.

"Do be quiet," said his wife, impatiently. "First he stared at the table, and then at his wife, and then at Van, and then at me, and I tee-heed right out; I couldn't hold in no longer; I had a pain in my side for a week arterwards.

"'Potz tauzend!—thousand devils!' said he, 'what is the meanin' of all this? The Lord sends provisions, but the devil sends cooks.'

"'I wish he would send me one then,' said his wife, 'for there is neither wood nor water in the house. I can't cook without them; and what's more, never will cook with them either, after this; so there now.'

"It sarved him right, didn't it?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Van Dam. "For I've had a mnd to sarve him right too, often and often; for he always calls me Goose afore folks, because he knows I don't like it."

Sais I, "My good friend, give over talkin' nonsense about

your name. Instead of bein' ashamed, you have reason to be proud of it. A goose too, so far from being a foolish bird, is a very wise one. A flock of geese saved Rome onct."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Master Van, "for a flock of wild ones saved La Haive Island onct. They got overloaded with sleet and wet snow, and lighted on the clearin' one spring, and was caught there, and actilly saved the folks from starvation."

"Well," sais I, "out of gratitude to these birds, the Italians erected a college for 'em at Rome, and called it the 'Proper Gander' College."

"What! geese in a college? Mr Slick, I shouldn't wonder now if that arn't one of your good stories."

"Geese in a college!" sais I; "to be sure, they have them in every college in the world. They always call the head Don an old goose, on account of his red nose and his down bed. Very polite birds too are geese. You never see a flock yet enter a door, even if it was eight foot high, but every one on 'em bows his head."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if that's a fact," said he, "for I've observed it myself."

"Oh! Mr Slick," said his wife, who enjoyed this banter and nonsense, "what a man you be. You havn't altered a bit."

"What!" said he, suddenly, as if some onpleasant suspicion had entered into his mind, "did you ever see my wife before?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said I, a mockin' of him; "for I nave seen everybody amost." But I recollected her speakin' of his bein' jealous. So sais I to her, "Was your name Oxley before you was married?"

"No," sais she.

"Was it Zink?"

"No."

"Well, it must have been Wolf, then?"

"No, it warn't Wolf or Fox either."

"Was it Zwickler?"

"No," said she; "I was a Hawbolt."

"A Hawbolt," sais I. "Was you a Hawbolt of Country Harbour, to the eastward of Halifax, or a Hawbolt of La Haive?"

"From La Haive," said she. "And when you came in, I actilly didn't know you at first from Adam."

"Well," said I, "I knew I had seen you somewhere, this side of the grave, too."

"The grave! what grave?" said Van Dam.

Kate looked frightened to death; her lips opened, as if for breath, her colour faded, and she contracted her brows, as she looked at me, to intreat caution.

"Why, grave, a vessel to be sure," said I; "there was one on the beach when I was there, and they was a-gravin' of her."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Goose, who now appeared satisfied with the explanation.

"But this is dry work talkin'," said I, "Goose, "and it's awful hot; that's a good feller, draw a little fresh water from the well."

"Yes," said his wife, "and ain't there a little brandy in the closet?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said he. "See if there ain't."

As soon as he absented himself, she drew a long breath.

"Oh! Mr Slick," said she, "how could you scare me so? If he was onct to get hold of that story, I should never hear the last of it, he is so jealous."

"I see he is," said I, "and I havn't time now to explain all to you; but I will to-morrow; in the mean time, turn to, and pretend to be jealous of him. You'll cure him in no time. Try him. I will give you an opportunity when he returns."

"I am afraid," she said.

"I tell you try him this once, and see how he likes it. It is a rule in life. If a critter makes a charge agin you, turn the table on him; accuse him, and let him defend himself. It will give him plenty to do. It's a plaguy sight easier to make a charge than to explain one away."

When he returned with the water, I lit a cigar, and went on with the conversation just where we laid it down.

"I wonder you don't recollect gravin' that vessel, Goose," said I, "for I mind you put the mop into the hot tar, and daubed young Metzler with it for teasing you about Tereza Hebb."

"Tereza, who?" said his wife.

"Tereza Hebb," said I, "that he was a-courtin' of at that time."

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

"What, Tereza Hebb?"

"Yes, Tereza Hebb. You had better pretend now you don't recollect. Ah, Goose!" said I, "you're a sly fellow."

"Well, upon my word," said his wife, "this is a pretty spot of work! Why, Goose, ain't you ashamed of yourself? Tereza Hebb! the bold, forrard, impudent hussy! She was here no longer ago nor last week. If ever I catch her inside this house agin! And when she found Goose was to Halifax, Treza—as he calls her so lovin'ly—wouldn't stay with poor me. I'll give her a piece of my mind. Goose, why didn't you tell me of this before? Oh dear! how deceitful some men are! Tereza Hebb, eh? Why, I never heard of this till this blessed moment!"

"Nor I neither, dear," said he, "so don't take on that way, Kate, love."

"Oh! love me no loves!" said she. "I wish I was in the grave!"

And seein' he was a-holdin' down of his head, she gave me a wink at that word "grave," as much as to say, there would be a plaguy sight more fun there than foolin' this way.

"Why, Kate, dear," said her husband, "how can you talk so? it's only one of Mr Slick's good stories."

"Oh! I dare say you think it a good story. I don't wonder you call it so. Tereza Hebb; I wish you had married her. Well, I want to know—Mr Slick, do tell me all about it; let me know the worst."

"No," said I, "I won't. I am sorry I mentioned it, but I thought everybody knew it. Come, let us change the conversation. Now," said I, "Van Dam, I'll tell you a story about a goose that happened to Halifax when Prince Edward was there. I had it from an old gentleman that was in the 7th Fusileers at the time."

"Tereza Hebb!" said Kate; "why it ain't possible."

"Pooh!" said I; "I believe you are jealous."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Goose.

"Wonder!" said she, and I touched her foot under the table to be quiet.

The worst of advisein' a woman is, they overdo things, and carry 'em too far, and spoil all; so I jist joggled her foot.

"The 7th Fusileers," said I, "was stationed to Halifax when the Prince was here; and the mess-man kept an everlastin' large poultry-yard. He used to buy a whole flock of geese at a time, fat 'em and kill 'em as he wanted them. Well,

in one of these flocks there was a feller that was onder stand-ard-height, as they call it in the army; and when all was killed but him he was turned over to the next flock, till he should be fit for the table. But whether he didn't like these strange birds, or they didn't like him, or he didn't call on the new-comers and leave his card, and they took offence, or what not, I don't know. At all events they lived apart, like officers and soldiers; and he made up to the mess-man, and always followed him about the yard everywhere, and he fed it himself. At last the man grew fond of the bird."

"Oh! in course," said Kate; "he is not the first man that grew fond of an under-sized bird; but go on, Mr Hebb—I mean Slick."

"Do be quiet," says I; "for every word of this story is true. And he said it shouldn't be killed. It soon became a general pet in the regiment; everybody fed it, and coaxed it, and made much of it. Well, at last it took up it's beat with the sentry at the barrack-gate, and used to march up and down with him, and hundreds of people used to go to see this extraordinary goose. Well, there came another regiment about that time to Halifax; and the Prince ordered two companies into the south barracks where the 7th were quartered, for there warn't room in the north ones; and lo and behold! when these soldiers were on guard, the goose used to look at their uniforms, turn round, and off to the poultry-yard, until some of the men of the 7th were on duty, when he regularly marched backwards and forwards with them. No money could have bought that bird. All foreigners and strangers used to go there to see him; and the Prince took Louis Philippe, who was at Halifax at that time, to see this great attachment between the bird and the regiment.

"Well, one night—a very cold night—the sentry seein' the coast was clear, put down his musket in the box, and cut across the street to a grog-shop to get a glass of rum; but the moment the man quit his beat, the goose, thinkin' there was somethin' wrong, ran after him, squeekin' and squealin' like anythin', and kicked up an awful bobbery. So to rid himself of it, he seized the goose, and wrung his neck till he killed him. The noise brought out some of the neighbours, and the feller was found out, and the way he was flogged was a caution to sinners, that's a fact."

"That was a faithful goose," said Kate; "it wouldn't go after strange uniforms, or keep company with them; but stuck

to its family, and lost it's life in their service. To think that I should ever take Tereza Hebb's leavings. Oh, Mr Van Dam!"

"Kitty, dear," said the great loon, almost blubberin', "there ain't a word of truth in it; and, Mr Slick," said he, showin' me his great sledge-hammer of a fist, "I insist upon knowin' who told you that story."

"Certainly," said I, "and dig it into him if it's false, till he sings out for mercy."

"That's just what I will do," said he.

"Well, then," said I, "givin' him the name of a dead man, you'll have to dig him up first, for he is a gone goose. It was Conrad Ernst, and suppose the whole is buried in the grave with him. Come, shake hands and make up; for jealousy is the meanest, and lowest, and most dispiseable thing in natur'. I scorn a jealous man or woman as I do a nigger."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Goose, and they kissed and were reconciled.

"Well," said I, "Mr Van Dam, if you weren't such an awful jealous pair, I would like to have that smack passed round; but as it's too good for me, I'll try this instead (takin' a tumbler of punch). Here's your good health! long life to both of you! May there always be a goose in the family!"

Sophy dear, said I to myself, when I turned in, you needn't be afeerd of me, I ain't a goose, and I won't be jealous. First, I know I won't have no cause, and second, I consait I am a man no sensible gall like you could help lovin'; and third, if any critter came poachin' about my presarves, as the English landlords say, I rather guess he'd larn I can find food for crows, as well as phesants. But will *you* be jealous, that's the question? I ain't so sure about that. I'm a man that's fond of talkin' to women naterally, and I can't give up all the world for you, and more nor that, I won't. You'll be all in all to me, but still there is the world left after all. We must onderstand this. If I don't look at other women, I can't compare you with them, and say, how much handsomer you are than this one, or how much more sensible you are than that one, and so on. *We must lay down some rule about jealousy. What shall it be? Suppose we take the rule about the press. Be free, but not personal; free, but decent; free, but not treasonable to each other; free, but not licentious; free niggers, but not freebooters.* There must be some rule, that's a fact.

If you don't like that one, let's take the committee rule, each of us shall have an equal voice. If we can't agree we will adjourn, report progress, and ask leave to sit again, and if we still differ, I will give the castin' vote as chairman. Take your choice, dear, of either of these rules, for I wouldn't dictate to you for the world. And now that we understand each other, good-night, dear ; God bless you !

CHAPTER XXIV.

A HOT DAY.

ON the followin' mornin' the household were up and movin' at a very early hour. A hasty breakfast was prepared for Goose, who was obliged to attend an auction on the other side of the river, and did not expect to return until the evenin'. I walked down to the beach with him, assisted him to push off his punt, and begged him to return as early as he could, as it was probable it was the last time I should ever be in that part of the country again.

There was every indication of a very hot day, and as I pointed to the mist ascendin' from the high grounds in slow and sluggish wreaths, I said, "Goose, this day is goin' to be a sneezer, I guess."

"I shouldn't wonder," he said ; for not troublin' his head about matters that didn't immediately consarn him, he was seldom surprised at anythin'.

My prognostications were fully verified ; it was a day of intense heat. As far as the eye could reach eastward, the sea lay like an ocean of melted silver. Not a rimple nor dimple nor motion was perceptible on it. It was two or three hundred yards from the house, so that you could see its bosom heave ; for in a gineral way it undulates even in sleep as a female's does, and I've an idea that the rote on the beach is the breathin' that swells it, when restin' in slumber that way. It shone like a lookin'-glass in the sun, it wasn't easy to look at it. The beach is fine white sand, what's called house sand, and that is a brighter, clearer white than the sea, and dazzles and sparkles more. You could actilly

see heat there, for it seemed as if there was fire underneath. Down the little valley, the stream seemed as if it tried not to make a noise as it took the smoothest course to the sea, and lingered under the spruce boughs, as if it would give anythin' to go to sleep there.

Everythin' was still. There was not a breath of air. Even Kate sat quiet, and didn't talk. The vessels in the offin' were motionless, and their tall slender yeller masts looked like rays of light, not descendin', but ascendin'. The cows stood still in the brook, a ruminatin' on things in general, and hot days in particular. The birds hid themselves in the trees, pantin' with the heat, and the very insects thought it was too much trouble to buzz; but a nasty senseless locust set up a monotonous song, the only one it can sing, the chorus of which sounds amazinly like, "Ain't this a grand day for locusts?" If I'd a had my gun there, I would have shot it, for I was listnin' to two sounds I do dearly love. It was poor old Minister first taught me their beauty. He used to say, "Sam, there are two sounds I dearly love: the ocean's surfy, slow, deep, mellow voice, full of mystery and awe, moanin' over the dead it holds in its bosom, or lullin' them to unbroken slumbers in the chambers of its vasty depths; and the silvery tone of the windin' brook, as it rejoices on its way to the parent sea. I love them. I love to be alone with them, and to listen to them. Thank God for all His mercies, the capacity for enjoyin' nature, only He that gives can take away. No bankruptcy reaches that, no fire destroys it, no tempest can make shipwreck of it. It grows and increases with us till we see beauty even in abstractions."

So do I love them too, as well as Minister. And I love Kate for not talkin' just now. Confound that locust, I say, there is no more music in him than a boilin' tea-kettle.

Well, jist opposite, in the work-shed, is a man pretendin' to work, but it's all pretence, for he's sittin' down on a pile of shavins, with a spoke-shave in his hands, a dressin' of a piece of ash that is held in a wooden vice. If that ain't the perfection of lazy whitlin', then I want to know! for he uses both hands to the knife, and don't want to hold the stick. Now and then he gets up, stretches himself straight, to see that none of him has got unglued with the heat, then lifts one leg up in the air, and then the other, preparin' for his patent foot-bath, and then goes to the well, winds up

a bucket of cold water, and puts half of it in one boot, and half in the other, draws a long breath, as if it felt good to have water-tights on, and returns churnin', squish-squash, as he goes back to whittle. Underneath the ox-cart the big black dog is stretched out at full length, and his great red tongue lollin' out of his head, almost as long as his tail. He is too lazy to go to the brook and take a swim, it's too much exertion in the middle of the day for a stout gentleman like him, who has no summer clothes, and has to wear his winter jacket.

Now and then he puts up his paw indolently to brush off the flies from his naked nose; but before the huge foot descends, the flies are off; and as soon as it's withdrawn, back they light to torment the unoffendin' soul again. At last, he loses all patience—and it's very hard to be bothered when you want to go to sleep—opens his mouth, rips out a short oath, makes a grab at them, and kills a dozen of them right off at one snap. But outside of the black dog—not in the shade of the ox-cart, nor under the great beech-tree, but in the full glare of the sun, with his head uncovered and pillowed in a mould of sand that fits it beautifully, and face upturned, not only in full defiance of sun and flies, but in the enjoyment of both—lies black Scipio. What a look of placid happiness is on his face! grateful to the Giver of all good things, especially of hot days, and at peace with himself and all mankind. He is just what a Christian ought to be, particularly a black one. I have often thought of that landscape at Petite Rivière as it lay stretched out afore me on that everlastin' hot day.

Once I tried to sketch it, but it was too extensive. The sea-board view was boundless. The vessels, like them in Dutch paintins of calms, tho' true to life, wanted life. They were straight up and down—stiff and ongraceful. The valley and the groups I got detached, but not together. Some things are pretty to look at, but won't make a pictur'.

“Mr Slick,” said Kate.

“What, dear,” said I.

“Come and set near me at this window that I may smell your cigar, for it is so hot that I feel faint.”

“No sooner said than done,” said I. “But hush!” and I put my hand on her arm; “hush! What is that? Did you hear that loud, clear, shrill scream?”

"Oh, Mr Slick!" said she, "do tell me what that is! That was nothing human! How pierein' it was!"

"Human!" said I; "I guess not. Seein' you and me together, p'raps that are French officer, whose belt of gold we dug up at Five Houses, has blowed a whistle at us, as much as to say, 'Much good may it do to you.'"

"Oh, my sakes!" said she, "I wish I had never touched it!"

"Or perhaps it is to warn Goose that I have got nearer to his pretty little wife just now than he would approve."

"Pooh!" said she.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," said I, imitatin' of him to the life.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" said she.

"Well, I do," said I; "that's a fact. At least, I can't say I don't. I try to believe in them."

"Try!" said she. "Why, how very odd!"

"Yes," said I, "it's the most delightful thing in the world to believe in them. When I die I hope I may be permitted to be one."

"Well I never in all my born days!" said she.

"Dancin' in the sunbeam when it's cool, or in the shady groves when it's warm. No bones to ache, no flesh to pine away, no heart to grieve—all shadowy form, all calm pleasure. How beautiful the world must look, and all that's in it! and the mysteries of the deep revealed, and dead French captains with belts of doubloons round them in the grave!"

"Oh, Mr Slick!" said she, "now that spoils all. Oh! go on as you did. That's grand about there being kind of fairies. I like that. Moonlight must be their holiday time, musn't it?"

"Yes," said I. "But then I'm afeered it must be dull music, for there is no love, you know, no hope, no fear, no heat, no cold. A kind of sameness is fairy life, too. Put your arm round a neat little article of a female fairy and there's nothin' to squeeze. Look up into her face, and there is no eyes, only expression—no mouth, nothin' but a smile; for if there was, there would be tooth-ache. If you go to kiss her, your head goes right thro' her head, and her head thro' yourn. There are no lips. In the long run, p'raps we had better be contented as we be. A livin', solid, corn-fed gail, arter all, may be better than a shadowy, vapory, cold fairy."

“Then why is it you try to believe in them, and want to be one?”

“Because I want to believe, if I can, that them that loved us in this world are about us and around us, watchin’ over us, and guardin’ us, both asleep and awake, and intercedin’ for us.”

“Ah, now you talk sense,” said she. “That’s a pretty thought. Oh! it’s a shame for a man who can talk as well as you can to mix up so much nonsense with it. Oh! that’s a beautiful idea of fairies!”

Here again the same shriek was heard louder, because nearer than before. It was certainly a startlin’ sound—it was so very thrillin’.

“Mr Slick,” said she, “I am frightened! What in the world can it be?”

But I didn’t know, and couldn’t exactly guess. But as I never allow myself to be nonplussed, sais I,—

“It will make you laugh at your own fears when you do know, and see what it is.”

A man should never say he don’t know if he can cut round a corner any way in the world. Men who have the greatest reputation for larnin’ more nor half the time get the name by pretendin’. A little smatterin’, like a drop or two of essence, goes a great way. It’s easy to carry, got the right flavour, and no one knows how small a quantity you’ve got of it. When I was to London, I met a man, who said he knew thirty languages, and he used to write poetry, and pretended they were translations of languages of the dead, or them that were livin’ the Lord knows where. Old Polyglot I used to call him. I shall never forget the rise I took out of him onct, and how I made our Minister stare. He was dinin’ at the Embassy, and said he,—

“Mr Slick, how strange it is an American seldom speaks any language but his own.”

Those Britishers have always some fault to find with us, and think nobody knows anythin’ but themselves.

“Well,” sais I, “that’s a univarsal one amost. Our two great nations have spread it nearly all over the world, but how many do you understand?”

“I’m ashamed to say,” said he, pretendin’ to look very modest, and talkin’ confidential like, “I only know thirty.”

“Thirty!” sais I, “why that’s a vast number for one little tongue to manage, and lick into shape too, ain’t it?”

What a wonderful thing the head is, to hold such a library. It always seems to me to be like an Indian-rubber bag, however full it is, there is always room for a little more. I should be almost scared to stuff mine that way, for fear it would squeeze some things out of t'other eend; and when you went to look for 'em you'd find, as a feller does who has a thievin' servant, that they were gone, and all the rest of the servants would swear they never saw 'em, they must have been lost or broken afore they came. Thirty languages! why do tell?"

Well, he looked like one of the pyramids, which every time you see it, seems to stretch up a little higher.

"Thirty!" sais I, "well you beat me. I'm a man that never brags or boasts, or sais much, being a silent man, in a general way, and likin' to hear better than talkin'; but you beat me all holler. I am willin' to admit my deficiency, I can only understand twenty-five."

"Twenty-five!" said he. "Mr Slick, give me your hand. I believe you and I may justly boast of havin' made greater progress than any two men now livin'."

"Well," sais I, "I never boast. The more I larn, the more it appears to me I have to larn. But between you and me, I can go from one eend of the continent of America to the other (and so can anybody that is fool enough to try it, but I didn't say so). I have been a great deal among the Indians. Can you speak the Micmac?"

"No," said he.

"What not the Micmac?" sais I; "it's what the Nova Scotia Indians talk. It's a most a beautiful language, but they use terrible long words. You see they have plenty of leisure to talk, as they don't work, and are never in a hurry, so they take their time. Now we call a male fowl a cock, for shortness, they call him keequweequchnabao. The only thing that's short is countin', for that must be done quick, as na-oockt, one; tah-boo, two; and so on. Not know Micmac?" sais I, "well, it's a pity, for it's the most perfect Indian language there is. Well, there is the Abeniqui, that is the New Brunswick nation."

"No."

"Why how singular," sais I. "Nor the Red Indians?" (I didn't tell him they were extinct).

"No."

"Nor the Chectaw? Iroquois? Snakes? Floridas?"

"No," said he, "I don't understand any of them."

"Well, north of the Great Slave Lake is another family, divided into the Copper Indians, the Hare Indians, and the Dogribs; away off south, is another division of nations, such as the Gallibeers, Puelchees, and Toupees. The Indian languages are the most beautiful in the known world. They are Indian-rubber ones, they stretch out. It's done by gumification, addin' on extra syllables."

"Agglutination, we call it," said he, correctin' me.

"I know you do," said I, "and most probably it's the proper word in your everlastin' long list of languages, for the folks that spoke them it's likely knew what glue was. Our Indians only know gums. Indeed there ain't any glue made in America, except at Charleston and New Orleans, and that is the best in the world, for instead of the skins of animals, it's made out of nigger-hides, especially old niggers, who are biled down for the purpose. That's the meanin' of our old sayin', 'it sticks like grim death to a dead nigger.' Uncle Tom told me it was a positive fact."

"How shockin'," said he.

"Oh yes," said I, lookin' innocent, "it's shockin' good glue. Now gummin' on syllables makes one word express a whole sentence, the only thing is they are shockin' long, long enough for the stringer of a bridge amost."

"Do they write?" said he.

"Oh yes, they write, and always have from the earliest ages, but it's more marks than letters. Unfortunately they always make them in blood, as you might suppose, but the colour and meanin' of that fades out in time."

"I never heard that before," he said; "how singular!"

"But the most curious inquiry, and most interestin', far beyond Polar discoveries, and all that nonsense," said I, "is, what language Adam and Eve spoke? I have a theory on that, I think it is what the Carribs speak; for they lived like the Carribs, who still wear fig-leaved aprons, and that word 'car' is dear or sweet, and 'rib' is a woman or wife. It's a wonderful illustration of Eve's formation, and it's a plausible theory at any rate."

"No, Sir," said he, lookin' as wise as I did, "it was Hebrew, I think."

Here Minister rose, and we joined the ladies; and Old Polyglot told Embassador I was a man of extraordinary attainments, but of still greater modesty, for he had actually

to draw me out, I was so silent. He remarked that I might be said to speak every language but my own, I was so reserved.

Pretend you know, and half the time, if it ain't as good as knowin', it will sarve the same purpose. *Many a feller looks fat, who is only swelled*, as the Germans say. But to get back to Mrs Van Dam.

"Mr Slick, do you think that's a ghost?"

"I know it ain't," sais I, "for ghosts are only vapours, and the sun's so hot, it would evaporate it right up, make it hiss like a drop of water on a hot stove. Ghosts never walk by day."

"Oh, Mr Slick!" she said, "don't talk that way. You don't know what you are a sayin' of."

"Well," sais I, "sposin' it was a ghost, it mighten frighten you so much arter all. I'll tell you a story," sais I.

"Do," sais she, "it's a great privilege to hear you talk. Come, what is it?"

"Well," sais I, "there was an Irish clergyman to Nova Scotia some years ago; I overhauled him on the Halifax road at the head of the basin. He was one of the kindest-hearted old men I ever knew; a rael pleasant feller, and no nonsense about him.

"Hallo, Slick!" said he, "I want to have a trade with you. Come and stop with me to-night, and I'll exchange Irish stories with you for Yankee ones."

"Only too proud," sais I, "parson." So we drove on to his quarters, and hauled up for a protracted meetin' that night, for I knowed when he got a talkin' he'd run on like my clock for twenty-four hours on a stretch. When we got comfortably settled down, sais he,—

"Come, I'll lead off, and you must follow suit. In my parish in Ireland there was a broth of a boy, called Paddy McQuade. The divil a row but he was foremost in, or a fight with the sodiers but he got his head broke, or did that same friendly act for some one else. Well, the priest could make no hand of him at all, at all, and he used to warn him, he would be sure to go, when he died, to a certain place, that ain't fit to be spoke of in genteel company, but it was all to no use. Every time he came to confession, he had the same long list to go over. He was drunk, or he took a shot at a polisheman, or pysoned the landlord's dogs, or somethin' or another; and he seemed to get worse instead of better.

“ ‘Pat,’ said the priest, ‘ I warn you for the last time, you’ll certainly go to the bottomless pit.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh! Father John,’ said he, ‘ don’t be always arter botherin’ me about the bottomless pit; many a place has a worse name than it deserves, and it is the case with that self-same one. I’ve been there, and a dismal-lookin’ place enough it is, too; but the entertainment ain’t bad, if you have only plenty money in your pockets. How I got there, or how I got out, is more than I can tell, unless it was your riverence treated me to a visit to scare me. Well, there was no day there, no sun, no moon, nor stars, but all was as dark and as black as the haunted bog, where the heretics, that was burned in the barn, was buried. One fine night I wakes up there, and the black divils were movin’ about, and the fire burnin’ out of their head like gas-pipes to light ’em. The top of the mornin’ to you, sais I, to one of them, that looked like a dacent sort of imp of darkness. There’s no mornin’ here, sais he, only one thunderin’ long night. Where am I? said I. In the bottomless pit, said he. Ah! blood and ounds, sais I, Father John always told me I’d get here, but I never believed him, and here I am at last. Bad luck to it! I never thought it would come to this. I thought he was only tryin’ to frighten me. Sais I, Have you anythin’ to eat or drink? Lashins of it, says he, if you’ve only money in your pocket. Well, I made a dacent meal enough, considerin’ all things, and took a taste of the cratur’, and went to sleep to forget my misfortins: and what do you think, Father John, they found arter all? I warn’t bad enough for them, for they jest turned me out, and laid me under the fence fornenst Tim Maloney’s; and when I waked up I peeped over the wall to see if the coast was clear, and off home as fast as my legs could carry me.’ ”

“ Well, the priest thought he had delirium tremens, and just turned him out; but when he came to inquire about it, he found they had picked him up drunk, and let him down into a minin’-shaft out of a bit of a spree, and when he came to, they intoxicated him again, and hauded him up in the tub. So don’t be frightened, dear, if it is a ghost, I’m not afeard of them.”

“ What a strange story, Mr Slick; do you believe it? ”

“ Well,” sais I, “ I give it to you as the parson told it to me; but Irish stories can’t all be taken for facts. Some folks tell stories, as if they happened in their own knowledge, and

tell 'em so often, they believe them themselves at last. Whether it really took place in his parish, or he made it out of whole cloth, or read it, I don't know; I give it to you just as I got it. But jist look out here, Kate; look at that are nigger."

At that moment a young, good-lookin' black man made his appearance in the road. He had a pair of blue cloth trowsers on, a white deeply-frilled shirt, with high stiff starched collars, and wore a black satin stock. His hat was rakishly placed on the side of his head, the wool of which was curled, as if it had just come from a carding-mill. In one hand he carried his coat and waistcoat, and with the other swung a little yellow rattan, with an air of great self-satisfaction.

When he came to where the old nigger was asleep, baskin' in the sun, he paused a moment, stooped down, and uttered that terrific scream, which was an imitation of that which the Loon gives when divin' from fright. Mrs Van Dam gave a screech herself almost as shrill, and springin' up fell over on my breast and shoulders. Fact is, I was scared too, not at the black feller's yell, but at the situation we two was in; for it wasn't just the place for another man's wife, and that a jealous man too, that's a fact. So sais I,—

"Kate, here's Goose; be quick."

It brought her to in a minute.

"Oh, dear!" she said; "how faint I am!" and I got up, and handed her a glass of water.

"Hadn't you better go and lie down, and compose yourself, dear?"

"No," said she; "I'm better now. I'm glad I know at last what that sound was. Your talk about fairies, and that fellow's screamin', nearly set me crazy."

"What de debbil do you mean, Cæsar?" said the old man, "by makin' dat are onmeanin', misintelligible noise, you ignorant, misbroughten-up nigger?"

"Oh, Uncle Scipio! I didn't mean no manner of remaginable harm, only a little fun, I do ressure you, Sar."

"Which way is you goin', Cæsar, boy?" said the old man, apparently satisfied with the apology, "all dress out so pitticular fine, so airy in de day?"

"Goin' to Halifax, uncle, to de great ablutin meetin' ob de people ob color."

"Much you knows about ablutin, don't you, Cæsar? Now what does ablutin mean?"

"It means a great tea-party and ball for free colored people, to be sure," said the beau, with a disdainful toss of his head. "We is to hab de military band to play for us; for de gubbernor is a great ablutionist."

"Ki," said Scipio, "de gubbernor, only tink o' dat. Yah! yah! yah! Is de gubbernor a colored gentleman, Cæsar?"

"Oh! Uncle Scip, you knows better nor dat, what nonsense!"

"What de debil has massa gubbernor or you eider to do with ablution. Better if both on you minded your own business. Neider of you knows nuffin of what you is a-talkin' of. Come, Cæsar, tell me, boy, is you goin' to dine with massa gubbernor?"

"Why, Uncle Scip, I believe you is crazy—me! why no."

"Not dine with de gubbernor! Yah! yah! yah! Well, dat do beat all."

"Why, uncle, I's only a nigger, you know."

"What o' dat? Gubbernor is ablutionist. Let him mancipate hissself fust of his pride; and if you and he is equal, make you equal in fact. Dat is what I calls ablution in airnest. Didn't Admiral Warren steal me from my good old massa on de Chesapeake, and from my dear missus, and my warm house, and fetch me down here to starve in dis intensible cold country. Is dat ablution? Yes, yes, I is an old fool; but I knows de British took us *from* our 'Merican massas, but dey didn't take us *up* to demselves. Now look here, Cæsar, for you is a smart man, considerin' how your edication was so shamefull neglected, nebber havin' been mong gentlemen, but only Dutch sour-crousts, up de ribber da, who is most as ignorant as deir oxen. Yes! you is an understandin' man, and good-lookin' nigger too, considerin' de almighty hard work you has to do; and dat is to carry de ox-whip all day. Yah! yah! yah! Well, Cæsar, boy, I'll tell you what ablution is. In winter you know da is a foot of snow on de ground."

"In course," said Cæsar, lookin' very wise, "I knows it."

"Well den massa gubbernor, who is ablutionist, sends for his hoss, and sais, 'You bin good hoss, bery faithful, bery trusty; I gib you bery good character. Now I mancipate you; you free nigga now.' Well de hoss cock up his ear, hold up his head, stick up his tail, and kick up his heels like de debil. Well de medder is all covered wid snow and dere's nuffin to eat dere; and off he goes to de farmer's barnyard; and farmer he set de dogs on him. Den he take to

de woods ; but he don't understand browsin', for he was broughten up 'mong gentlemen, and he got no straw for bed, and no rug to keep off cold, and he wants to be took back agin. He don't like ablution in cold country. He rader work for sometin' to eat in winter, dan be free and starve. Dat is all massa gubbernor knows 'bout ablution. Help me up now, Cæsar, boy, dat is a good feller," and he gave him his left hand ; and claspin' it fast, as he rose to his feet, he knocked the dandy's hat off with the right fist, and nearly demolished the crown of it, and then suddenly wheelin' him round, give him two or three good, sound, solid kicks. "Dare," said he, lettin' him go, "you is emancipated—you is free nigga now ; dat is ablution. Clar off, you pork and cabbage nigga you. Take dat for de onarthly scream you woke me up wid, and frightened de lady to de winder da. So make tracks now, and go dine wid massa gubbernor. Yah ! yah ! yah !"

"Do you feel better now?" sais I, "Kate, I told you I had no doubt, when you diskivered what that noise was you would laugh at your own fears."

"Oh, yes!" she said, "but I must say I was awfully scared at first. That fellow jist got what he wanted, a good kickin'. I hope it will cure him of makin' such unairthly noises. Those free Yankee niggers are curses to the country. We should have no poor rates if it wasn't for them."

"It sarves colonists right," sais I, "they talk of emancipatin' our slaves, why don't they emancipate themselves."

"Oh," said Mrs Van Dam, "I was awfully scared by the nigger."

"Well," sais I, "if you was frightened, you weren't half so much as I was, when you kinder fainted on my shoulder that way. Oh dear! Goose flashed across my mind jist then, and his great big fists, and I felt a buzzin' kind of noise in my ears, and the jumpin' tooth-ache came, and I saw the sparks flyin' out of my eyes ; if he had a come in, he'd a chawed we right up, I do suppose, afore I'd had time to explain. What a pity it is he should be so jealous, for there is no happiness where that is."

"I know it to my sorrow," she said.

"Well, then, do you just try the receipt I gave you yesterday," said I. "Put him on the defensive at once. He knows how little cause you have, and will soon begin to see how little room there is for his fears either. I told him

so this mornin'. 'Goose,' said I, 'don't be foolish; I see you are a little jealous.'

"'I shouldn't wonder,' said he, 'if I was.'

"'Well, I'll tell you how it will eventuate,' sais I; 'you've got as nice a little wife as there is in the provinces, and there's no harm in her; but if you treat her suspiciously, you will put harm into her head in no time, and she'll get jealous of you, and mind what I tell you, a jealous woman is the devil; and besides,' sais I, 'Goose,' and I gave her a wink, "'when you consider what a handsome feller you are, you ought to be ashamed.'

"'Well,' said he, 'I shouldn't wonder. It shan't happen agin, Mr Slick.'

"'Well, you have done me a rael kindness,' she said, 'and I never shall forget you.'

"'At the same time,' sais I, 'it's nateral for him to be jealous too.'

"'How so?'" said she, a colourin' up.

"'Any man,' sais I, 'that has such an everlastin' handsome wife—'

"'Phoo,'" sais she, risin' up, 'don't talk nonsense, I must go and see after dinner,' and she pinched my ear as she passed, and said, "any woman that marries you will have good reason to be jealous, I know; for I never saw such a flirtin', gossipin', flatterin' sort of a man coquette in my life. I believe in my heart it's nothin' but the fear of Goose that kept you in order to-day.'

"'I shouldn't wonder,'" said I.

"'Nor I either,'" said she, "for there's many a true word said in jest."

CHAPTER XXV.

OUR COLONIES AND SAILORS.

LATE in the afternoon, a light sea-breeze sprung up, and cooled the heated air of the narrow valley of Petite Rivière. Lightin' a cigar, I strolled down to the beach to await the return of Van Dam.

There was a large oak tree a little above the landwash, and underneath it was a pile of deals that had been sawed at the mill near the bridge at the main road. Mountin' this for a seat, I sat down in the shade, and was off in a day-dream about Jordan and Sophy in little less than half no time.

I was soon so deep in these thoughts, that I did not hear the approach of a sailor, who now stood before me, and touchin' his hat, said,—

“No offence, Sir, I hope, for I wouldn't offend you for the world. Can you tell me the best road to take to St John, New Brunswick? I have had the misfortune to be shipwrecked, and want to get back to England. St John is one of ‘our colonies,’ ain't it?”

“Yes,” said I, for it would have been a long lockrum to have told him who I was; “but sit down here, and tell me about your shipwreck.” *Our colonies.* Come, that's pretty well. Every Englishman, from a member of Parliament that addresses you by letter, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Upper Canada, and a governor that has nothin' to do now but sign his name to papers, and talks of his measures, who has no measure but what he left at his tailor's in London, down to Jack Tar, says “our colonies,” and thinks he is part owner of these possessions, and looks down on the poor outlandish provincials with a condescendin' air of superiority.

Well, the colonists look upon all these wiseacres with the same feelins of pity as men who are not only thick-headed and wrong-headed, but simple people who don't know what they are talking about. *Such folks with such feelins ain't likely to benefit each other much.* The organization is wrong. They are two people, but not one. It shouldn't be *England and her colonies*, but they should be *intregral parts of one great whole*—all counties of Great Britain. There should be no taxes on colonial produce, and the colonies should not be allowed to tax British manufactures. All should pass free, as from one town to another in England; the whole of it one vast home-market, from Hong-Kong to Labrador

They should be represented in Parliament, help to pass English laws, and show them what laws they wanted themselves. All distinction should be blotted out for ever. It should be no more a bar to a man's promotion as it is now that he lived beyond seas, than livin' the other side of the channel: it should be our navy, our army, our nation. That's a great word; but the English keep it to themselves, and

colonists have no nationality : they are like our free niggers ; they are emancipated, but they hante the same social position as the whites. The fetters are off, but the caste, as they call it to India, still remains. *Colonists are the pariahs of the Empire.* They have no place, no station, no rank. Honours don't reach them ; coronations are blank days to them ; no brevets go across the water except to the English officers who are *on foreign service in our colonies.* No knighthood is known there—no stars, no aristocracy, no nobility. They are a mixed race : they have no blood ; they are cocktails.

John Bull, you are a fool ; you haven't even the sense of the Onslow blockhead : he said he knew he was a fool, but his brother was a plaguey sight bigger one, and he didn't know it. Blot the word colonics out altogether, incorporate 'em all with England, body and breeches—one people, one country, one Parliament. Strike off half the Irish Brigade, and give their seats to colonists, who, if they are "Blue-noses," ain't potato-headed, at any rate.

Ah, Stanley ! you are a young man, but they say you're a chip of the old block : if so, you are just the boy to go ahead. Now hoist that flag, make a party to rally round it, and go in up to the handle on that ticket, and you'll immortalize yourself. Colonists won't stay long as they are : do you lead the way in the right direction. But all this is their look-out, and not mine. When it's too late, they will find out their mistake, or my name ain't Sam Slick, that's all.

Jack was in stature below the Nova Scotian standard. He was a short, strong-built, but clumsy man, with a thorough English face—broad, open, and jolly, but not over-wise. He had on a pair of white canvas trowsers and a check shirt, and carried a wallet on his shoulders. Poor fellow ! sailor-like—the hot day, and the hospitality of the people, had been too much for him, and he had been imbibin'.

"Tell us your story, Jack. Sit down here."

"Thank you kindly, Sir ; I hope I don't intrude ; I wouldn't offend you for the world. I come from a place called Bristol, Sir. Perhaps you may have heard of it, Sir,—it's in England. Well, I was one of the crew on board the new ship, the 'Demerary,' and was hired to bring her down the river. Well, Sir, what does they do, but cast her away, afore she ever got down, instead of havin'g two little tugs to her, one on each side, they puts only one in front to tow her ; and she swung round, catched right across, and stuck fast.

She was ogged in the middle, ogged in the bow, ogged in the stern, and ogged all over. It's a fact, Sir, I assure you; not a word of a lie in it. It's not likely you ever heard of her, Sir, livin' out in '*our colonies*;' but you may ax any one that do know, Sir, and they'll tell you it's a true story that."

"Do you smoke, Jack?" sais I; "because, if you do, smoke away. I like to see a man enjoy his pipe."

"Thank you kindly, Sir."

While he was lightin' his pipe, I couldn't help thinkin' that this country and its farm-houses resemble each other amazinly in one particular. Every sizeable house has a room in it that ain't used; not that it's a bad room, it's often as good as any other, if it ain't the best. It ain't that they can't furnish it, for they could do it easily. You can't give any reason for it, but so it is. Well, this is the lumber-room. Odds and ends are shoved in there; things that's good enough, but ain't wanted; things that's broke, and sot away to be mended, or that's broke so bad, they'd only do to mend others with; things that ain't fit for their original use, but will some day answer capitally for somethin' they weren't intended for; not worth much as a heap, but a very convenient heap of lumber to have.

Well, now, every county has a nice little harbour, or big harbour, as the case may be; but it is one that ain't used, and the village there don't grow,—nobody can tell why, it's as good as others, and better than many that have large thrivin' towns; but so it is. And here are odds and ends of people stowed away. There don't appear to be no place for 'em; but they will answer, if opportunity occurs. Critters not fitted for their original business, but that will do capitally some day or another for somethin' else. If they ain't fit to go alone, they are just what's wanted to yoke with another. Many of them people you don't expect to find in such a place, and so on. Jack is one of these sort of folks,—he is an able-bodied seaman, not fitted for the fisheries, but will do famously on board of a large ship.

"Go on, Jack."

"Well then, Sir, I was sent out with a crew to Prince Edward's Island, to fetch home a new ship just built there, loaded with deals. P'raps you may have heard of that place, Sir? it's one of '*our colonies*.' Well, Sir, we set sail, and we was caught in an awful gale near St Paul's Island, Sir, on the north end of Cape Breton—I don't suppose you ever

heard of that place, it's another of '*our colonies*'—and we was wracked there. Two men was drowned a-gettin' on shore—fact, Sir, I assure you; not a word of a lie in it—and the captain and I was the last to leave, and we landed safe. I only saved, Sir, what I've got on, and what's in this little pack; and all I have in my pocket is three shillings. No, I hav'n't, I tell a lie, I have only two shillings and sixpence; for I stood treat to a Dutchman, just as I left the tavern there, of a glass a piece; and what do you think he did, Sir?—I'm blamed if he didn't call me a donkey, Sir! Fact, I assure you, Sir; not a word of a lie in it. Oh no! I'm not that sort of a man at all. Sais I, 'Friend,' handin' him the glass, 'here's luck!'

“Well,' says he, 'donkey.'

“Sais I, 'Friend, I hope there's no offence. I wouldn't offend you for the world,' and I slipped off my wallet, and laid it down, and squared off. Sais I, 'P'raps you'll make good your words. If I am a donkey, I'm an English one at any rate!'

“Well,' said the skipper of the house, 'avast haulin' there! donkey is Dutch for I thank you.'

“Oh!' sais I, 'I ax pardon, that alters the case. But why didn't he speak English?'

“So I took up my pack and walked on. But they do speak dreadful lingo in '*our colonies*,' don't they, Sir? Did you ever hear Garlic, Sir! Oh, Sir! when I was wracked at Cape North, they all spoke Garlic! I must tell you about that. I hope I don't intrude, Sir, and make too free? I wouldn't offend you, Sir, for the world. Well, Sir, when captain and me got ashore, says I, 'Which course shall we steer, Sir?'

“Any course you like,' said he. 'The voyage is come to an end.'

“Well then,' said I, 'I'll steer to our British Council, and he'll take care of me, and find me a passage home.'

“There is no Council here,' said he. 'You are in one of '*our own colonies*' now.'

“Well,' sais I, 'will the authorities do it?'

“No,' sais he, 'you must fish for yourself;' and he gave me some money, and we parted. Oh, Sir!" said Jack, serious'y, "if you go to sea, pray the Lord to cast you away anywhere it do seem good to Him, so long as it tante in '*one of our colonies*.' Everywhere else a poor sailor is taken care

off, and sent home (they must do it, do you see, for it's English law); but in '*our colonies*' they say you're at home already, though how they make out Cape North is Bristol, I don't know. I was wracked once at Tangiers. Well the *Council* behaved handsome to us. He was a fine gentleman that. He paid our bills until a vessel offered for England; but that is a Christian country.

"Another time I was cast away at Monty Viddy. We went ashore in awful weather, and the *Council* did the same thing. Oh, Sir! steer clear of '*our colonies*,' give them a wide berth whatever you do, as they are the worst places in the world to be wracked in. Well, says I, 'if there is no *Council* to look out for I, the Lord will, until He getteth me a passage;' so I took the first road I saw, and follered it, for I knew, in course, Sir, a road must lead somewhere.

"Well, it was almost dark when I comes to a house, and I knocked at the door, and I heard a ooman say someut, but I couldn't make it out; so I lifts the latch, and walks in. Well, there was seven women there; six of of them had spinnin'-wheels, and the old un was cookingk at the fire.

"'Mother,' sais I, 'I hope I don't intrude. I wouldn't offend you for the world; but, do you see, I've been ship-wracked hard by here. Could you give a poor sailor a mouthful of sumut to eat?'

"But she answered me in Garlic, so I was told arterwards, for I never heard it afore. It warn't French, or Portuguese, or Spanish, I knew, for I had heard them folks talk; but it was Garlic. Well, the girls all stopt, took a look at me, and then they began to jabber away in Garlic too. Well, the old ooman put a chair for me, and made signs for me to take off my pack, and then she took a great long iron bar, and lifted off the cover of a bake-pan that had four or five fowls in it, and put in a lump of butter as big as my fists, and shut it up again, and covered it all over with live coals. Oh! the smell made me very hungry. Sais I, 'Mother, that smells nice.' But she larfed, and shook her head. Well, I turned to the galls, sais I, 'Can't any of you speak English?' But they all answered at onct in Garlick, and what they said I couldn't tell. So I gets up, and does this. I puts up my right hand this way, as if I was holdin' of a bottle by the neck, and holds up the other as if it had a glass in it, and then pretended to pour out slow, put it up to my mouth, tossed it off, and smacked my lips. Sais I, 'Mother, that's

English for a glass of rum.' Oh! how they all larfed! They all knew what I meant, in course, and the old ooman took the hint, went to a closet, brought out a jug bottle and a glass, and sat it down. So I fills it, and offers it to her.

"'After you, Marm,' sais I, makin' a bow. 'I couldn't think of takin' it first.'

"Well, she took it off, as if she knowd it better than she did English; and then I filled one, and says,—

"'I thank you kindly, Marm; and if ever you are cast away, I hope it won't be in one of '*our colonies*,' where there is no British Council. My sarvice to you,' and I made a scrape of my hind leg, and tossed off the whisky. Capital stuff it is too, when you're shipwacked, and drenched, and cold.

"Well, as I stood by the chimney, the whisky within and the fire without fetched the steam out of my wet clothes like a cloud. 'Look here, gals,' sais I, a-pointin' to it, 'how that gets up the steam.' And they larfed like anythin'. They'd soon larn English if a feller had time to teach them, don't you think so, Sir?" and he haw-hawed as merrily as if his troubles were as light as his pack.

"Just then, Sir, in comes a critter that was dressed like a man about the upper part of its body and arms, and like a woman about its lower half, havin' a jacket above and a short petticoat below. But it had a beard and a pair of yaller hairy legs, it was rigged like a hemophrodite brig, but it called itself '*her*,' it spoke a little broken English, but understood all I said, and it put it into Garlic for them, and it stopped their laughin', for they said 'Oh! oh! oh!' and the old ooman threw up both hands, and the galls looked as if it would not take much to make 'em take pity on me and larn me Garlic. I could see by the way the strange critter went about the house and ordered things, that he was the old ooman's fancy man. Trowsers was scarce there, I suppose, and that's the reason he wore a petticoat, seein' that there are no tailors in those woods.

"Well, the spinnin'-wheels was set a one side and the table set out, and we had a royal meal, and arterwards I made a motion like dancin', and the old boy gets out a fiddle, and we had a merry night of it.

"Well, at last clothes was brought out, and four of the galls turned in in one corner of the room. The other two slept with the old ooman in a little berth off, and the master

mounted guard over me, while I took a stretch for it on the hearth. Fact, I assure you, Sir, not a word of a lie in it. Oh, no! I'm not that sort of a man at all, Sir. Well, in the mornin' four of the galls mounted their wheels on their shoulders, and I found from master's broken English I was to go with them; so I slung my pack on, and takes up my hat, and I puts my hand in my pocket and pulls out some silver. 'Thank you kindly, Sir,' said I, 'but I can afford to pay my way,' and holdin' out my open hand, sais I, 'Will you just take whatever your charge is, Sir?'

"Well, he got in a dreadful passion. He clapt both his hands behind him, cocked out his chin, and let go Garlic like a steam-engine; and his wife got red in the face, and scolded like anythin'. 'Na-ah, na-ah, na-ah,' says they.

"Well, I puts the silver back. Sais I, 'I beg your pardon, I didn't mean to intrude, I wouldn't offend you for the world.' And I bowed and scraped, and then held out my empty fin, and shook hands with them both; and the old ooman spoke some kind words I know, for though it was Garlic it sounded soft, as much as to say, 'Safe home to you, remember me to your mother.'

"Well, we took up marchin' order—the galls first in course, then Morphredite Brig, then me; but as I got to the door, I turned and made the motion of the bottle to the old ooman, and she called back her husband and brought it out, and he filled a glass, made a speech, and down with it. Then he poured out one for me, and I just dropt one knee down, and handed it to the old lady. 'Couldn't think of it, Marm,' sais I, 'afore you,' and she tossed it off without winkin', and looked rael pleased. And then my turn came, and after a volley of thanks, down it went, when he filled it again.

"Well, thinks I, I ain't proud, and though you wouldn't touch my silver, I won't go get mad. I'll just set you a better example, and that drop followed the other, and I felt good. Sais I, 'They ought to make you British Council here, for you're the only one can talk English, pays all the bills, and shows the road home. If I see the Governor, I'll make so bold as to tell him so.'

"Well, his wife wanted to know what pleased him so much, and he told her; and we shook hands again and parted. When we got to the gate, Mophrodite Brig came to an anchor, pointed up the road, and then pointed off to the right, as if directin' them; and me, and the four galls, and

four spinnin'-wheels, took a fresh departure, and steered eastward. Very kind people, them; I shall never forget them, though they were Garlic. Well, the galls had all the talk to themselves, and it was dull music. I tried 'em all, but it was no go; it was all Garlic. Well in course I convoyed the last of the fleet, though she could sail as fast as any one of 'em, and she began to larn English fast; she only wanted a little trainin'.

"'Let me carry your wheel for you, dear,' sais I, and I held out my hands for it. 'Pon my word she understood every word of that, and gave me the wheel to sling over my shoulder; then she went up to the others, and pointed to me and the wheel, and they stopt, put down their wheels, and nearly killed themselves a laughin'.

"Well, arter awhile I see the galls ready for makin' sail again, and I just passed my right arm round the waist of my little Garlic friend, and lifted her up off' of the ground, and marched on. She laughed, and struggled, and kicked out like a haddock that is just hooked; and the other galls enjoyed it first-rate.

"Arter awhile I stopt, put out my lips, and bent my head towards her, and told her that was English for a kiss; but she put up her hands to push my head back; she didn't onderstand it.

"Well, arter a little while I stopped and tried it again. It seemed then as if she had some idea what I meant, but warn't snre; but the third time she held still, and I gave her an English kiss, and she gave me one in Garlic in return, and I sot her down. Oh! that gall was very quick at larnin', and she looked as if it was the same in both languages, only it sounded different in Garlic.

"Well, Sir, it was pretty much the same travellin' next day, only I hadn't the galls no longer, and here and there there was a little more English. At last I came to the great Bras d'Or Lake, and got a cast in a boat to the other side; and, what do you think?—npon my honour it's a fact, Sir—not a word of a lie in it—the *people were all French!* thick as hops. A great big chapel, with a cross on it as large as the foretopsail-yard of a seventy-four. The first fellow I met had shoes on like a leather mitten, a droll-lookin' little man with a pipe in his mouth.

"'Hullo! shipmate,' says I, 'where does the British Council live?'

“He shook his head and walked on, and said nothin’.

“ ‘You miserable, yaller-skinned French rascal!’ said I, ‘if you don’t give me a civil answer I’ll horse you up over the first man’s back I meet, and flog you like a school-boy!—for it would take six such fellers as you to make a man!’

“He understood all I said; for he stopped and swore broken English at me, and called me everythin’ you can think. Well, I gave chase out of fun; and the way he ran to the house, and yelped like a dog that is hit with a stone, was as good as a play! Well, I roared out a-larfin’, and turned and got into the road again. Well, I asked two or three, and they spoke very civil, but very broken, and said they didn’t know what I meant. At last, I met a man travellin’ in a nice *phee-aton*, and I axed him.

“ ‘Oh!’ said he, ‘there is no Consul here. This is a British province.’

“ ‘British!’ says I; ‘then what the devil are these French fellows doin’ here, if it’s one of *our colonies*? Why don’t they clear them out?’

“ ‘They are descended from those who were here when we conquered it,’ says he; ‘they’re British subjects.’

“ ‘If they are,’ said I, ‘they ought to be made to speak English. And if I might be so bold, Sir—I wouldn’t offend you for the world—but who are all them outlandish people up at Cape North? I’m blowed if it ain’t worth while to call this one of *our colonies*, when you’re the only man in three days’ journey can speak good English!’

“ ‘Why,’ says he, ‘those people speak Garlic, and are Highlanders.’

“ ‘Highlanders! Oh yes! to be sure,’ says I, ‘I ought to have known that. But I never knew that they didn’t speak English, and that their language was Garlic. They are the same as we are—like as two peas—only they don’t act alike, dress alike, talk alike, or look alike. I thought tho’ that little spinnin’-wheel kissed just like one of our English galls do!’

“ ‘Jack,’ says he, ‘you’re a merry fellow. Nobody would think you had only just escaped with your life from a shipwreck! Here’s a dollar for you. Work your way on board of some of those vessels at St Peter’s to Halifax, and the merchants there will tell you what to do. Good-bye!’

Thank you kindly, Sir,’ said I. ‘But I hope I’ll never

be cast away in one of *our colonies* agin, where there is no British Council, and nothing but Garlic and French.'

"Well, Sir, the first vessel I saw was 'Captain Parks,' of this place, and I arrived here last night, and here it's all Dutch."

There was no mistakin' that man for an English sailor—jolly, thoughtless, and brave. But I couldn't help thinkin' how flatterin' it must be to colonists, when such a feller as that calls their country "*ours*," as if he was one of the joint owners! And yet he has as much right to talk so, as any member of Parliament has who blothers in the House of Commons about them, as if he had made them his study for years, and yet never saw them. There's many a man boasts of havin' known the Duke, who only saw him in the street; and many a man knows all about the colonies, who has only seen them on a map. Like a Colonial Secretary, who ordered all American prisoners to be kept for safety at the fortress of Louisburg, which had been blown up and destroyed fifty years before by English engineers, at the national expense.

The British Government always runs to extremes—it either governs too much or too little, holds too tight a rein or takes the bridle off altogether. The true superintendin' duty is like that of the tame eliphant. When I was to Calcutta, I went up to Meerat with a British officer; and when we came to a haltin'-station, what do you think we saw? An eliphant in charge of the children. The family was at work in the fields at some distance, and this great monstrous matron was left to look after their nursery. There was certain bounds that the youngsters was not to pass. Inside of the limits they might amuse themselves as they liked, and were not interfered with. If any of them broke limits, the eliphant took 'em up with its trunk and sot 'em back; and if they played tricks and tried to go beyond the mark often, they got a shake to remind 'em it warn't safe to attempt it.

England might take an excellent lesson from the eliphant in managin' her refractory children. She is big enough and strong enough to do it, and ugly enough to frighten 'em without hurtin' them.

"I hope I don't intrude, Sir," said Jack, puttin' on his pack and preparin' for a march. "Which way did you say I must steer?"

"To Annopolis," said I, "where there is a steamer in which you can work your way to St John. From that there

are constant opportunities for England, and sailors are in great request. But you must inquire your road, or you may have to sleep out all the night in the woods."

"Oh, Sir!" said he, "this time of the year to a man like me, who has paced the deck at night in all weathers, that's no great hardship."

"Here's somethin' to help you on the way."

"Thank you kindly, Sir."

"But stop," said I, "I am waitin' for a friend here who lives in that house yonder. Hold on until he comes, and he will give you your supper and a night's lodgin'. It's too late to take the road to-night."

"Thank you, Sir," said he, resumin' his seat. "Oh, Sir! a man who goes to all parts of the world seeth strange things now and agin, don't he? Was you ever in New South Wales, Sir?"

"No, never."

"Well, perhaps you've heard tell of it. It's another of 'our colonies.' I have been there in a man-of-war; though, mind you, Sir, it warn't judges sent me there. I'm not that sort of a man at all. Perhaps you've heard *we* send *our convicts* to *our 'colony there;*' and it's a bounty on breakin' the law, Sir, for they are better off there than at home—fact, I assure you—I have seen it myself. A block, Sir, at one end of the fore-yard-arm, with a hemp neckcloth and a clear run aft, Sir, would save a deal of trouble. No, Sir, I didn't go out that way, but in Her Majesty's ship the 'Billyruffian' (Bellerophon). She was christened Billy, Sir, after King William—God bless him!—who was a sailor to the back-bone like me, and a ruffian to frighten the Frenchman and Yankees."

"Easy scared the Yankees, ain't they?" said I.

"Well, Sir, they fight well, but they are like the Irish."

"How is that?" said I; for there is nothin' like hearin' what folks have to say. *It's only your friends and your enemies that tell you of your faults.*

"Well, Sir, if three Irishmen get hold of you they fight like devils, one to box you, and two to see fair play, by joinin' him and knockin' you down. And when the Yankees have a ship of heavier metal, and more guns than you, there's no denyin' of it, they do fight like men."

I drew a long puff, took out my cigar, and spit out on the grass. Thinks I, you're a bigger fool than I took you

to be; but arter all you ain't a bit bigger one than your countrymen generally are.

“ You see, Sir, the ‘ Constitution ’ frigate—p'raps you may have heard of her? Well, she was a sixty-four in disguise of a frigate. She was like a razeed, Sir. P'raps you may have heard of a razeed, though I don't suppose, living in ‘ *our colonies*, ’ you ever see one. It's a seventy-four cut down, Sir, as if a razor cut off the upper deck. They are powerful vessels, Sir, and sail like the wind. Our admirals do nothin', Sir, but build vessels, and then alter them. Some they cuts in two and lengthens, others they razeed, and then shifts the masts, first here, and then there, alter the rig, and so on. It amuses the old gentlemen, and costs nothin', for there is always plenty of workmen in the dockyards. Some they sell for whalers, because their bulwarks is too thick; others because their sterns are too round, and some because they are too sharp; and some they breaks up to see how much longer they will last, but it's all good for trade. Well, Sir, the ‘ Constitution ’ was like a razeed. The ‘ Gerry-arr ’ frigate was no match for her. But stop a bit, if the ‘ Billyruffian ’ had a fallen in with her, she'd a handled her pretty, I can tell you.”

“ But you was talkin' of *your convicts and colonies*, ” sais I.

“ Oh yes, Sir, ” said he; “ there's a place out there called Swan River, Sir; p'raps you've heard of it? There is good anchorage ground among the islands there. Well, Sir, the captain gave us leave to have a run ashore, and we had the greatest fun you ever see, Sir. We started a kangaroo; p'raps you've heard of a kangaroo? It's a razeed giraffe, Sir. A giraffe is all fore-legs, neck, and head, and has hardly any hind-legs; it is as steep as the roof of a house, you can't ride it at all, you slip right off over the tail. Well, Sir, the Lords of the Admiralty in old times there, afore the flood, razeed them, and invented the kangeroos. They are all hind-legs, and scarcely any fore ones at all; you can't ride them either, the saddle slips right over their heads. That's just the way they botches our ships, Sir, running from one extreme to the other. Well, Sir, we started a kangaroo, and gave chase to it, overhauled it, and captured it, after a desperate struggle. They have a tail like a marlin'-spike, Sir, only it's blunt at the end, and the way they strike with that is like a flail. I got a blow from it, Sir, savin' your presence, that nearly knocked my dead lights in. When we first seed

it, Sir, it was sittin' on a livin' three-legged stool, fact, Sir, I assure you, not a word of a lie in it, I am not that sort of a man at all, oh no! Sir. It sat up on it's hind-legs, and clapped out its tail stiff against the ground, and that made a nateral stool, and then it took its young ones on its knees and kissed them, and opened a bag it had under its belly, like an India-rubber travellin'-bag, and stowed them carefully away, and then off as hard as it could jump. For its size, perhaps, there is nothing in the world can jump with it, except it's a Portugese flea. Well, we overhauled it, Sir, for them three passengers stowed away in the hold was too much for it.

" 'Well,' sais Bill Hodgens, who was full of the devil, Sir, savin' your presence! says Bill, 'boys, let's give it a chance for its life.'

" Well, we looked round, and there was a black swan in the river—black as ink, Sir; fact, I assure you; not a word of a lie in it. I never see one before or since. Well, Sir, we off clothes, and into the water arter it; and at last we tired it out, and caught it."

" You ought to have taken that black nigger swan to England," sais I, to preach up the 'mancipation of their white brother swans, that are held in slavery there."

" What's that? " said he. " I don't understand."

" Nothin' ," sais I. " Go on."

" Well, Sir, what do you think we did? Says Bill Hodgens, ' Let's belay the swan on the kangaroo, with a slack of a fathom of rope, and let them run for it.'

" No sooner said than done, Sir. Away went the kangaroo, with the swan a towin' of it, like a tug-steamer. When they went down-hill, over went kangaroo, heels over head, ever so often; its fore legs was too short. On the plain, it went like the wind; and up-hill the swan pulled like an engine; and that was the last that we saw of them. Fact, I assure you, Sir; not a word of a lie in it. Oh! no, Sir; I'm not that sort of a man at all, Sir."

" Here's the boat," I said; and I rose up, and went to the beach.

" Throw us the painter, Captain," said Jack; and as soon as he caught it, he said, " Hold on, Sir; " and pullin' it over his shoulder, he drew the boat up on the beach. " Where shall I belay it, Sir? " said he.

“Fasten this killock to it,” which he threw to him with as much ease as a biscuit, “and stick it in the sand,” said my friend.

“How are you, Goose?” said I. “I have been waitin’ here some time for you.”

“Beg your pardon, Sir, said Jack; “but were you ever in Batavia?”

“No,” said Goose, lookin’ puzzled.

“Because, hearin’ your name Goose, reminds me the Dutch Governor’s name was Goose Van Dam.”

“I shouldn’t wonder,” said Goose.

“Fact, I assure you, Sir. I saw him come on board our ship, the ‘Billyruffian.’ His Mightiness Goose Van Dam—p’raps you’ve heard of him—he was a Dutchman, Sir; though why they call them Dutchmen, when they come from Holland, I don’t know.”

This was one of those remarkable coincidences in life, that sometimes happen; which, if inserted in a book, would be said to be too improbable to believe. He was rewarded by a hearty welcome.

“Jack, was there a *Counsel* there?” said I.

“Indeed, there was, Sir. I’d a thousand times rather be shipwrecked there, than out here in one of ‘*Our Colonies.*’”

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PIC-NIC AT LA HAIVE.

EARLY the followin’ mornin’ I was summoned by the pilot to go on board, as the wind was favourable for La Haive. Almost the first person I saw was poor Jack. Recollectin’ that the nearest road to Annapolis was from that place, and not from Petite Rivière, I gave him a cast there on board the “Black Hawk,” and this saved him a walk of seven or eight miles.

La Haive is one of the most beautiful rivers in this country, extendin’ from the Atlantic nearly across the province into the county of Annapolis, inhabited on either side by a hardy and thrivin’ population. At its entrance are several

extensive and valuable islands, formin' admirable shelters for vessels of the largest class. Tradition says that in old times they were the resort of pirates, and dreamers have still visions of buried treasures and hidden caskets of Spanish gold.

The real riches however are in the deep, and the fisheries yield them with less labour and risk. As we rounded the point that opens a view of the river, I was glad to observe a very large collection of persons of both sexes in holiday attire assembled apparently for some festive occasion. This part of the harbour had evidently been selected for the convenience of those who dwelt on the adjacent shore as well as on the banks of the river, and the green in front of the small cluster of houses was covered with numerous little family groups.

It is impossible in minglin' with the people of this coast, who are descended from the Germans and loyalists, and have by intermarriage founded, as it were, a new stock of the human family, not to be struck with their personal appearance. The men are the finest specimens of the Nova Scotian race, and the women are singularly handsome. This remark is applicable to the whole population of the southern shore, includin' Lunenburg and Chester; at the latter place the females are not to be surpassed in beauty by those of any part of the world that I have ever seen. Even Jack said, "We have handsome galls in our colonies, Sir, their eyes are enough to make you wink."

After saunterin' a little about among the crowd, I entered a small tavern to light my cigar, and took a seat at the window to regard this movin' scene. If there is a thing I like, it is to see folks enjoyin' themselves. In all ages there have been feasts as well as fasts in the world, and we wouldn't have had so many senses, and so much relish for pleasure, if it was wrong to apply them to their nateral uses. If the duty of life was to call out "Woe, woe," for everlastinly, I guess that duty wouldn't have been rendered so hard by a critter bein' endowed with laughin' faculties. Birds sing, colts race, fish leap, lambs sport, dogs give up barkin' and play roley poley on the grass, and even calves twist up their tails like a slip noose, and kick up their heels while they can, afore they get too stiff. Why shouldn't we do so too?

If the lily of the field has a beautiful white dress on, though there is nothin' in the quiet valley where she lives to admire it but the bullfrog, why shouldn't a gall in the lone settlement wear one too, though there is so few to see it?

And if that ugly old maid, the sunflower, can hang its head and coquette with its great black eye and yellow lashes while it follows the sun, who is so high above it, and does no more than smile graciously on it, why shouldn't one of these handsome galls look up admirin' to me too, as much as to say, "I don't mind if you ain't a fancy man, for I have good looks enough for both of us." And if the doves bill and coo and are happy, why shouldn't we fall in love and have mates too? Oh! but it is a sin to dance, and a sin to sing, and a sin to go to concerts, and a sin to joke, and a sin to wear fine clothes, and there is a sin in everythin'.

Do you know the reason, you pious old sinner? Well, I'll tell you. You see a sin in all these things, because your own heart is full of sin. Your conscience squints, it looks two ways at once. You pretend to see harm one way where it ain't, and yell as if you was a-goin' to be stung by a snake; but the other eye sees it in airnest, in a sly corner, and you don't say a word, mun's the order of the day then. *Lookin' the wrong way puts people on the wrong scent. Oh! there is nothin' like a squintin' conscience, you may depend.* What do you lay up money for, if you don't want none of those things? Are you a-goin' to buy snares for the devil to noose your children with, you goney? Well, that is a nice young man there, his hair is brushed down smooth, his shirt bosom is as plain as a white board fence. He don't go to balls, nor taverns, nor tandem clubs, nor to messes, but attends high teas at Dorcas meetins, and gives tracts to starvin' people with famishin' children,—a model young man. Why don't you let him marry your daughter?

"My daughter, Louisa?"

"Yes, your Louisa."

"What, that fellow?"

"Oh! no, not that fellow, but that pious, excellent young man."

"Why he is as mean as Job's turkey, and as poor as a church-mouse, that has nothin' but hymn-books to feed on."

"Oh! then gold is good?"

"Good! to be sure it is! you can't get on without it."

"Yes! but all the enjoyment that gold buys is wicked, so where is the good of it, but to make an image of it to worship?"

You old sinner, the devil tempts you to hoard up for the fun of temptin' your children to squander; for he has a

delight in takin' a rise out of such fellows as you be. I see how the game will eend. He will bag the whole brood of you some of these fine days, body and soul. *Yes, yes! when the fox turns preacher, the geese had better not go to night meetins.*

"Yes, enjoy yourselves, my pretty girls, and when you begin to dance, I'll astonish your weak narves with the last Paris touch, won't I, Lucy Randall?"

"Why, Mr Slick, is that you?"

"Yes, Miss, what's left of me, at least." I always say that to fish for what I always get.

"Why, Mr Slick, I never saw you look better in my life."

It sounds good to an old bachelor like me, especially now as I want to persuade myself I do for Sophy's sake.

"But, Lucy," sais I, a-whisperin' to her, and I returned the compliment, for galls like to hear it too. They know how handsome they be as well as you do, but they ain't so sure the men think so.

"Oh," said she, "Mr Slick, now you're a-takin' me off."

And away she ran, but not before she had promised to dance the next set with me. Is there any harm in that, old cock-your-mouth? How did you court your wife? The whites of the eyes, when turned up the way you do, ain't very enticin'. You must have listened to the insinivation of the devil then, and tried to look killin', or courted, as cats do, by starlight. But what are all the folks lookin' at, starin' down the road that way? Why, as I'm a livin' sinner, that fellow is a show, that's a fact. He was a tall bony man, with a slight stoop in his shoulders. He wore a Kossuth hat of the largest kind, ornamented with a silver buckle in front as big as a curtain-band, a blue frock-coat, lined throughout with fine black silk velvet, a satin waistcoat, covered with gold chains, and loose white drill trowsers, gathered in at the waist in large plaits, and surmounted by a red sash; but the most remarkable thing about him was his beard, which extended nearly to his waist. He walked slowly through the crowd, accosted people as familiarly as if he had known them all his life, and flourished a large gold-headed cane. His eyes were small, black, restless, and piercin'. I saw as he came near the house that he was a Yankee, and I felt streaked enough, I tell you, for it is such fellers as that that lowers our great nation, and are taken as specimens of Yankees, and not as exceptions. I drew back from the winder, for I didn't

want him to see me. *Blushin', for others is the next thing to takin' a kickin' for them.* It ain't pleasant. But there was no escape—in he came.

“Mr Slick, I presume?” said he. “I heerd you was here, Sir, and I called to pay my respects to you. I am Mr Phinny,” said he, “of Springfield, Massachusetts. Perhaps you recollect the trip we had down the Sound in the steamer, when the sailors, paid off from the frigate to Bostin harbour, were on board, and wanted to lynch their officers, who happened to be there. I am in the daugertype line,” he said, “here, and was a-showin' them my advertisement,” touching his beard, eyein' his dress, and slyly winkin' at me. “Will you be on board to-night?”

“Yes,” sais I.

“Then I'll call and see you there. I must return now, and go to work. I shall make a good thing of it here to-day. Simple people these. Critters that can eat sourcraut can swaller anythin'. Good mornin'.”

And he returned as he came, followed by every eye.

“Who is that?” was the general inquiry.

“The man who takes your pictur,” was the ready answer.

His object was gained. He was notorious. His fame was spread far and near. I was glad to be released from him.

How strange it is, as sure as you ain't shaved the ladies get in to see you. If you have a poor dinner, a critter that is dainty says, “I don't mind if I go and take pot-luck with you to-day.” If you are among grand people, a poor relation dressed in his poorest, that has nothin' to brag of but you, shoves right in, and sais, “Sam, how are you? How is Sall? Are you in the clock line yet?” Or if you are among foreigners, actin' up to the character of our great nation, a critter from down east, half-trapper, half-logger, with a touch of the river-rat, dressed like an ourang-outang, whose mother made his clothes to save a tailor's bill, cuts in and takes a hand in the conversation, so as to make you feel as small as the little end of nothin' whittled down to a point, while all the rest of the company are splittin' with laughter ready to bust. And shows his wit by pattin' a pet Spaniel dog of some gentleman on the head, and suddenly, when he has coaxed him to look up, puttin' his eyes out, and half-chokin' him with a shower of tobacoo-juice. “Why don't you chaw, doggy? Well, I want to know;” and then brays out a laugh as loud as a donkey's.

Phinny was one of them onexpected drift-logs, that was floatin' about in the eddy here, just where you didn't want to see him. It disconsarted me, so I strolled up stream, and stretched out in the grass under the shade of some spruces, and fell into a musin' fit. How is that we are so like England as a whole, and differ so in parts, sais I to myself. Jack is a sailor, such as you see in England, but not in the States. Blackbeard Phinny is a travellin' black-leg, such as you see in the States, but not in England; but so it is, and it ain't confined to those two specimens. Brag in its way is common to both.

Jack talks of "*our colonies*" as if he owned them all, and Daugertype talks of "*our great nation*" as if he was the biggest and best part of it. Now we are two great nations, that's a fact—the greatest, by a long chalk, of any in the world—speak the same language, have the same religion, and our constitutions don't differ no great. We ought to draw closer than we do. We are big enough, equal enough, and strong enough not to be jealous of each other. United we are more nor a match for all the other nations put together, and can defy their fleets, armies, and millions. Single, we couldn't stand against all, and if one was to fall, where would the other be? Mournin' over the grave that covers a relative whose place can never be filled. It is authors of silly books, editors of silly papers, and demagogues of silly parties that help to estrange us. I wish there was a gibbet high enough and strong enough to hang up all these enemies of mankind on.

I have studied both nations, and love them both; and after addin' all that is to be counted on one side, and subtractin' all that is to be deducted on the other, I ain't candidly and fairly sartified which is the greatest of the two nations. But, on the whole, I think we are, take it altogether. The sum may be stated in this way: England is great in wealth, in population, in larnin', in energy, in manufactories, and in her possessions; but then her weakness is in her size. I knew a man onct who was so tall he didn't know when his feet was cold, they were so far off from his heart. That is the case with England and her distant colonies. She don't know the state of feelin' there, and sore spots are allowed to mortify until amputation is necessary. Giants ain't formidable folks in a general way. Their joints are loose, their bodies are too heavy, their motions unwieldy—they knock their

heads agin doors, and can't stow away their legs in coaches or under tables, their backs ain't fit for daily work, and light-built fellers can dance round them, and insult them, without danger of bein' caught.

Now foreign possessions, like full-grown children, are expensive. In time of peace, colonies help trade; but in time of war, how are they to be defended? *There must be incorporation or separation—united you stand, divided you fall.* Now we have our country, as father used to say of his farm, all in a ring-fence. Every climate at home. We raise the northern pine and the southern sugar-cane, the potato and the pine-apple, the grape and the winter fruit, bear-skins and cotton. We have two oceans, and the coast on each is easily defended. Rivers, lakes, canals, railways, and telegraphs intersect and connect the whole. We can supply ourselves with everythin' we want—we have a world of our own. John Bull himself wouldn't deny this. If we ain't greater than England, we are as great; if we don't grow faster, we grow as fast. We have nothin' to envy, and Englishman are on too good tarms with themselves to envy any one. Our duty and our interest is to unite as one, and humauize, Christianize, and civilize the whole world.

But I forget all about Lucy Randall. I must go and look for her.

"Oh, Lucy!" sais I, "how glad I am to see you. When do you intend to stop growin'?"

"Me!" said she. "Why, I am twenty-two years old, I have done growin' these six years past. Why, what a strange question."

"Growin' handsome," sais I. "Every time I see you the handsomer you grow."

"Oh! now, Mr Slick," she said, "you are takin' me off."

"No, Lucy," sais I, "I ain't the lucky man that is to take you off, it's somebody else."

She coloured up, and said hastily,—“Who told you that?”

The fact is, her own blushes told me I hadn't guessed far wrong, as plain as anythin'.

"Oh! never mind," sais I, "I can keep a secret; is it so?"

"People say so," she said. "Have you been married since you was here, Mr Slick?"

"Sit down here, and I will tell you," sais I. "The fact

is, I have been too busy to think of it, but now I am agoin' to settle down; and if I could find a young lady that wouldn't object to a man who had been a clockmaker, and is a Yankee-doodle into the bargain, I think I would knock under and ask for marcy; but they are easier talked of than found."

Now what I am goin' to set down, Squire, is a fact, but I know you will put it all to the credit of my vanity, and say it's one of my boasts, for you are always a sayin' that I con-sait people admire me and my books and all that, more nor any one else does; but it's no such a thing, it's my knowledge of human natur' that enables me to read folks' thoughts like print. Put me in a court, and I'll tell you if a witness is lyin' or not; show me a jury, and I'll tell you who is for the plaintiff and who for the defendant, and who don't understand a word that's said. The face, like a shop-front, was intended to show the sort of wares that's inside. It's a beautiful study; and the only reason it ain't taught in schools is, that boys would find out what fools their masters be. What I am a goin' to tell you is a fact. Lucy just gave me a sort of absent look, her eyes was on me, but she was a speculatin' on herself; she said nothin' for a space, and then drew a long, easy breath, as much as to say, What a grand chance that would be for me.

"I don't mind tellin' you, Lucy," sais I, "but don't mention it to any one. I am safe with you, seein' you are agoin' to be married yourself."

"Me!" said she. "Why, who onder the sun told you that story?"

"Why you said so just now yourself."

"No I didn't," said she. "I said people said so, and so they do, for they are always a settin' down one to somebody or another. It's a pity they wouldn't mind their own business. There ain't no truth in it, I ain't engaged. The way married folks live ain't no great temptation to marry, is it?"

"Well, it ain't," sais I, "that's a fact. I feel kind of skeered myself when I turn it over in my mind."

"I am only twenty-two," said she, "and have plenty of time to decide on it yet, don't you think so? What in the world is Eunice Snare coming over here for?" she said, with evident annoyance. "Come, let us go where the dancers are, I can't abide that girl. I never could discover what folks see in her to call her handsome. But who is that gentleman, Mr Slick?"

"That is our captain," sais I. "He is as fine a feller as ever lived; let me introduce him to you."

Lucy was puzzled. She didn't want to leave a man that was in sarch of a wife, and still less to leave him with Eunice Snare. But she was pleased with her new acquaintance, and accepted him as a partner for the dance. Oh, Lucy! sais I to myself, you are a little bit of a jilt, you know you are. And Sam, sais I, did you ever see a miller a hoverin' round a candle? he is apt to get his wings singed afore he is done, ain't he? What would Sophy say if she was here?

"How are you, Mr Slick?" said Peter Fink, a goney, who lived to Bridge-Port, at Upper La Haive. "I am glad to see you. You're just the man I wanted to see. How is times to California?"

"Grand," sais I.

"Well, I'm goin' there," sais he.

"That's right. It's a noble place, lots of gold there; all you've got to do is to find it," sais I, "and you can't help doin' that, if you don't miss it."

"What sort of a place is San Francisco?"

"Grand; it's only been burned down ten times in five years, and now it's ten times as large as it was at fust."

"Hot, ain't it?"

"Well no, not particularly, especially at the diggins. Folks froze to death there this last winter in the snow-storms, and them that weren't froze died of starvation; but it was their own fault, they forgot that gold wouldn't buy food where there ain't none to sell. A sensible man like you would make your fortin there."

"What shall I take out?"

"Oh! a small kit will do. A rifle, a brace of Colt's revolver pistols, and a bowie-knife, is all you want for arms. A pair of heavy water-proof boots to keep your feet dry, a broad-brimmed hat to keep your head cool, a set of light fingers, and a pair of scales of the right sort to weigh gold! for sixteen ounces of that only weighs ten of lead at the diggins. The only objection is, *there is no security where there is a Committee of Safety*. A feller is hanged on suspicion there sometimes, but then it's only brazen-faced fellows that suffer. Golden locks—and your hair is as yaller as a carrot—will save your life anywhere."

"Well," sais he, "after all it's better nor farmin', ain't it? It's sickly tho', they tell me."

“ Oh no ! nothin’ to speak of. There is the bullet-fever to be sure ; but if you keep out of its way it won’t hurt you.”

“ But what do you think of Australia ? ”

“ No go,” said I ; “ a man can make a fortune of a million or two there in no time ; but when he comes back, if he goes to England (which he would in course, for no man with such a lot of money as that would come back to La Haive) folks button up their pockets, and edge off. Judges give him a knowin’ wink, as if they had seen him afore, and policemen swear they knew him of old about town ; and as like as not he will be took up for some one else, for many a handsomer fellow than you be has been strung up before now. It’s no great credit to be a colonist at any time ; but Botany Bay ! Oh ! it’s the devil ! It ain’t much to say you are a bishop there, for folks laugh and say the greater the sinner the greater the saint. You can’t even boast of your acquaintance—no matter if they are great people. You won’t raise yourself by sayin’ you played cards with Smith O’Brien ; and, by turnin’ up the Knave of Clubs, won a nugget of ore that was as heavy as himself, and he hadn’t weight enough to stretch a rope ; but still it is a great thing if you are invited among grand people, and dine off of silver, to be able to say my gridiron and my tea-kettle are gold—real pure gold—yellow as saffron, and no alloy.”

“ I see,” said Blue-nose, “ you don’t think much of either of them. What locality do you recommend, for this is no place for a smart man ; it was made of a Saturday night when it was late, and the job was only half done ; and it appears to me all the ballast of the ark was throw’d out here,” and he looked pleased, as if he said somethin’ clever.

“ Rockyfornia,” said I, “ is the country for me.”

“ Rockyfornia ! ” said he ; “ I never heerd of it.”

“ You wouldn’t know it,” said I, “ if I was to tell you, for you don’t onderstand geography ; it ain’t taught in the school to Bridge-Port ; and if I was to show you the map, you wouldn’t be a bit the wiser. That’s the place for rich deposits ; it beats Melburn and Pacific murder fields of gold all holler.”

“ Do tell,” said he, “ where is it ? ”

“ I knew,” said I, “ a party of men go there onct, and afore twelve o’clock one day clear two thousand pounds, and

in the evenin' two thousand more. What do you think of that, my old boy?" sais I, clappin' of him on the shoulder.

"Where was that? Do, for goodness gracious sake, tell me?"

"Well," sais, "I will if you can keep a secret, for there ain't but few people as knows it. Will you promise me?"

"I'll swear to it," sais he.

"Oh! then I won't believe you at all," sais I. "Voluntary oaths ain't bindin'. I'll affarm, well that's an equivocat' oath. Father used to say no man affarms but a critter that likes to lie his own way; he lifts up his hand and sais,— 'Take that for an oath; it's on oath to you, but it ain't to me, for I shut down three fingers, and who cares for the minority? But, accordin' to my opinion, and I have no prejudices, affarmin' is just as good as swearin' when the truth ain't a-goin' to be told."

"Well, I'll kiss the book."

"What in natur is the use in you kissin' a book you can't read?"

"Well, on my honour."

"Honour! what's that? An honourable man pays his grog debts, and cheats his tradesman."

"Well, I hope I may die if I do."

"Well, you'll die at any rate, whether you do or whether you don't. Even Old Mathusalem had to die at last; and it's my opinion he must have been blind, and deaf, and stupid, like an old dog, many a day afore he did go, and was in every one's way."

"Well, what security can I give you?"

"I'll trust you like a man," sais I; "I'll take you at your word."

"Thank you, Sir. Your confidence ain't misplaced, I do assure you."

"Where is this wonderful country?—a poor despicable one," said I, "called Nova Scotia. I saw a thousand barrels of macarel drawn in one seine, and they were worth two pounds a barrel. Now go to school, and learn multiplication-table, and see how much that haul was worth."

"Oh, yes," said he, "but you hæve to catch them, clean them, salt them, and barrel them, and then take them to market, before you touch your pay. But strike the pickaxe into the ground and out with a nugget worth twenty or thirty pounds—ain't that what we call short metre to singin'-school?"

“ Well it ain’t a much shorter sum than t’other one,” said I. “ First, you have got to dig, and then you have to bale out the hole, and then it eaves in, and buries the pickaxe, shovel, and basket ; and then you go and buy others, and at it agin ; and arter a while, ague comes, that shakes the bedstead down, like dyin’ convulsions ; first, it most roasts you, then it most freezes you, and at last you hit the nugget as big as a piece of chalk, and you put it into your pack, buy a pair of pistols, powder and ball, and a long knife, to defend it, and tramp down to town, walkin’ all night and winkin’ all day, and faintin’ amost all the time ; and when you go to sell it, one-third is quartz, one-third dirt, and one-third the real auriferous deposit, scattered about in little particles of gold, as big as currant-seeds, in a substance called matrix. Instead of a farm, it will only purchase a night’s lodgin’, and a new pair of shoes to walk back in. Oh ! go to the diggins, by all means. It is a lottery, to be sure ; but you may draw a prize. The only thing is, that when you come to count the cost, you are apt to look blank yourself ; but one blank to a prize ain’t much out of the way, as lotteries go.”

“ Mr Slick,” said he, “ do you think me a fool to talk to me that way ? ”

“ No,” said I, “ I don’t think so at all ; I know it.”

“ Well, then,” said he, “ I’ll teach you better manners ; ” and really them fellers that have Dutch blood in them like fightin’ rather better than arguin’ ; and Master Pete Fink was in rael airnest, so he began to square off.

Thinks I, Sam, you have pushed this a little too far ; and if you don’t mind your stops, you’ll have to lick him, which will do neither of you any good, and will lower your position in society. So I stept back a little, and just then saw old Sorrow, the black cook and fidler. “ Ki ! ” said I, and the nigger saw at once what I wanted, and came up double quick. “ Mr Pete,” said I, “ I warn’t brought up to fightin’ and wranglin’, as mother used to say,

“ ‘ Little children, never let
Your angry passions rise,
Your little hands were never meant
To tear each other’s eyes.’ ”

Oh, how ravin’ mad that made him ! He fairly hopped agin. *Pokin’ is worse than hittin’ any time ; no one can stand it hardly.*

“ Here is a ’mancipated nigger,” said I, “ which you poor

despicable Colonists ain't. We look down upon you, and so do the British : and you don't respect yourselves. You are neither chalk nor cheese ; but this coloured gentleman will butt, goudge, fight, or kick shins with you, whichever you please. Sorrow, make this man sing ' Oh be joyful ! ' " and I strolled on, and left them.

Lucy was flirtin' with my friend, the captin ; and Eunice Snare said that he had put Captain Hooft Hoogstraten's nose out of joint, and wondered when he returned from the West Indies what he would think of the way she was behavin'.

" Haven't we had a pleasant day ? " said she. " Who do you think is the prettiest girl here ? come tell me now. I ain't fishin' for compliments, so don't say me for perliteness, for ' praise to the face is open disgrace, ' but just say now any other. Which do you think is the handsomest young lady ? "

" There is nobody handsome, " said I, " where you are, Eunice. "

" Phoo ! " said she, " how stupid you are ; are you as active as you used to be, Mr Slick, when you could jump over three horses standin' side by side ? "

" Suppose we have a race. "

And off we went as hard as we could clip. I noticed we was behind a screen of spruces that concealed us from view, and therefore didn't mind ; and away we went up the windin' road like wink. At last she gave in, and sat down on a wind-fall-log fairly beat out. Oh, she panted like a hunted hare. Well, in course I sat down alongside of her, and had to support her with my arm, and her voice was almost entirely gone, and we had to talk in signs with our lips instead of our voices. It was a long time afore she came to, and she had to rest her head on my shoulder, when " Eunice, Eunice, " was shouted out as clear as a whistle. It gave her a convulsive fit amost. She pressed me so close, and then sprang up as short as a steel-trap.

" That is Lucy Randall's voice, " said she, " ain't it provokin' ? Come, let us return, Mr Slick. Oh, Lucy dear ! " said she, determined to have the first word. " We have been lookin' for you everywhere. Mr Slick said he was sure he saw you come this way ; but I said, I thought the captin had rowed you to the island. "

What that meant I don't know, but it disconsarted the young lady, who was no match for her rival. She merely said,—

"Snares are oftener set in shady places than in public thoroughfares."

But this little skirmish ended immediately, and the two beautiful girls were on the best possible terms with each other in less than no time. It's a charmin' thing to see how lovin' young ladies are to each other when men are by. I wonder if they are so when they are by themselves. After a hand is played out you have to shuffle the cards, cut, change places, and take a new deal; and Lucy and I was partners again.

"What do you think of Miss Snare?" said she. "Some folks" (layin' great stress upon the *some*, as if they were plaguey few) "actilly do say she is very handsome."

"Well, she warn't behind the door when beauty was given out, that's a fact."

"She is not the girl," said she, "to be behind the door at no time," and she looked wicked. "The babes in the woods lost their way, didn't they?" and she laughed like anythin'.

"Well," sais I, "you are apt to lose your way, and go round and round in the woods when you are too busy, talkin', to mind the turnins. Supposin' I row you over to the island; come let's see what sort of a place that is. They say Captain Hooft Hoogstraten is goin' to build there."

"What story is that?" said she, and she stopt a minit and coloured up, as she looked inquirinly into my face. "What story is that Eunice has been tellin' you of me? I should like to hear it, for I don't know what it means."

"Nor I either," said I, "I only heard you a sparrin' a little, and that's the jibe she gave you. You heard as much as I did. When I walk with young ladies I generally talk to them of themselves and not of others. I wouldn't let any one speak agin you, Lucy; if they did, they would only lower themselves. It's nateral if she did feel kinder jealous of you; two splendiferous galls, like you two, are like two candles."

"How is that?" said she.

"Why, one will light a whole room as clear as day; fetch the second in, and it takes half the power of the other off, and don't make things much brighter arter all."

"That's no reason why one should be blowed out," said she.

"No, dear; but if one should go out of itself, you ain't left in the dark."

"Oh! that would scare a body dreadfully, wouldn't it?" said she, and she larfed as if the idea was not so very frightful

arter all. "So you like two strings to your bow, do you?" she said.

"I haven't one yet," said I, "I wish I had. Now you have three; there is Mr Hooft Hoogstraten,—what a thunderin' hard name he has got."

"Neither he nor his name is anythin' to me," and she spoke with an angry air; but I went on.

"There is Hoogstraten, or whatever it is, and the captain, and me; and you are so hard to please, you want to keep us all."

"What flirts all you men are," said she. "But oh, my sakes! ain't that tree lovely? just one mass of flowers. Hold me up please, Mr Slick, till I get a branch off of that apple-tree. Oh dear! how sweet it smells."

Well, I took her in my arms and lifted her up, but she was a long time a choosin' of a wreath, and that one she put round my hat, and then she gathered some sprigs for a nose-gay.

"Don't hold me so high, please. There, smell that, ain't it beautiful? I hope I ain't a showin' of my ankles."

"Lucy, how my heart beats," said I, and it did too, it thundered like a sledge-hammer; I actilly thought it would have tore my waistcoat buttons off. "Don't you hear it go bump, bump, bump, Lucy? I wonder if it ever busts like a biler; for holdin such a gall as you be, Lucy, in one's arms ain't safe, it is as much as one's—"

"Don't be silly," said she, larfin', "or I'll get right down this minit. No," she said, "I don't hear it beat; I don't believe you've got any heart at all."

"There," said I, bringin' her a little farther forward, "don't you hear it now? Listen."

"No," said she, "it's nothin' but your watch tickin'," and she larfed like anythin'; "I thought so."

"You haven't got no heart at all, have you?" said I.

"It never has been tried yet," said she. "I hardly know whether I have one or not."

"Oh! then you don't know whether it is in the right place or not."

"Yes it is," said she, a pullin' of my whiskers; "yes, it is just in the right place, just where it ought to be," and she put my hand on it; "where else would you have it, dear, but where it is? But, hush!" said she; "I saw Eunice Snare just now; she is a comin' round the turn there. Set me

down quick, please. Ain't it provokin' that gall fairly harnts me. I hope she didn't see me in your arms."

"I'll lift *her* up to the tree too," sais I, "if you like; and then—"

"Oh no!" said she, "it ain't worth while. I don't care what she says or thinks one snap of my finger," and advancin' rapidly, held out the nosegay, and presented it to the captin.

"Ah!" sais I, gazin' sadly over her shoulder, "here comes Sorrow!"

"Sorrow!" said both the young ladies at onct.

"Yes, Sorrow," sais I; "don't you see him?" and as they turned round, they both exclaimed,—

"Why, it's only a nigger!"

"Yes, but his name is Sorrow, and he is the bearer of bad news, I know."

"Captin," said the darkie messenger, "Massa Pilot say, Please, come on board, Sar! tide is all right fer crossin' de bar, if der is de leastest mossal of wind in de world."

"Well that is provokin'!" said Lucy.

"Well I do declare, that is too bad!" said Eunice.

Thinks I to myself, "Ah, sorrow," as dear old Minister used to say, and he was a book of poetry himself, he was full of wise saws, "Ah, sorrow, how close you tread on the heels of enjoyment! The rose has its thorn, the peach its worm; and decay lies concealed in the chalice of the flower. All earthly things are doomed to pass away. The feast ceases; the day expires; the night wears out at last; joys depart when most enjoyed. The cord snaps in twain, and is parted for ever. Life is not a dream, 'tis but a gleam. The sunny spot of the mornin' is the shady side of the evenin'. We have no abidin' place; we must move with the changin' scene, or it leaves and forgets us."

How well I remember his very words, poor dear old man!

How mysterious it is, he used to say, that in the midst of gaiety, serious thoughts, like unbidden guests, should intrude where they are neither expected nor wanted. All however are not affected alike. The hearse and the mourner pass unobserved in the crowd, one contains a dead body and the other an aching heart, while all around is noise, frivolity, or business. Poor old soul, nobody talked like him I do believe. "Yes, it is a sudden partin', but it is better that it

is so, Lucy," thought I, "for we haven't had time to be quite foolish, and the knowledge of that makes even nonsense agreeable."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE wind came in slight puffs and died away, sportin' about here and there, just rufflin' the surface in places, but not heavy enough to raise a ripple. The sailors called those spots cats'-paws. It continued in this way until the tide had ebbed so far as to obstruct our passage over the bar, and we were compelled to remain where we were until the mornin'. While walkin' up and down the deck with the captin, talkin' over the events of the day, we observed a boat put off, and steer for the "Black Hawk." There was no mistakin' the man in the stern; it was Phinny, the daugertype-man.

"Who in the world is that feller?" said the captin.

"A countryman of ourn," I said.

"And no great credit to us either, I should think," he replied. "It takes a great many strange fellows to make a world; but I wish ours would stay at home, and not make us ridiculous abroad. No sensible man ever dressed that way, and no honest man would like to publish himself a rogue. What does he want?"

"I'll soon find that out," said I; "for tho' I wouldn't care to be seen talkin' to him ashore, I should like to draw him out now we are alone, for he is a character. *Such critters look well in a pictur', tho' there is nothin' to admire in themselves.*"

He handed up a small carpet-bag and his gold-headed cane, and mounted the deck with surprisin' agility.

"How are you, gentle-men?" said he. "What port do you hail from, Captin?" And without waitin' for a reply went on rapidly from one question to another. "Walked into the Bluenoses to-day, Mr Slick, to the tune of four-hundred dollars, between sales of prints and daugertype. Can you set me ashore bymeby, or shall I make this Dytcher

wait for me? I'de rather he should go. *Fellows who have no tongues are often all eyes and ears.*"

"All right," said the captin.

"Now, gentle-men," said Phinny, "suppose we go below?" The captin larfed at his free-and-easy manner, but continued pacin' the deck, while Mr Phinny and myself descended to the cabin. "Which is your state-room, Mr Slick?" said he, and takin' his carpet-bag in his hand, he entered and closed the door after him.

I returned to the deck, and advised Cutler to swaller his disgust, and come and hear the feller talk. What was our astonishment at findin' another person there, as unlike the one who came on board as it was possible for any two people in the world to be! The enormous black beard and whiskers were gone; the velvet coat was exchanged for a common jacket; and the gold chains and satin waistcoat were superseded by a warm, grey, homespun vest.

"Do you know me now, Slick?" said he; for a feller that don't respect locks don't mind handles, in a general way. "Do you mind Jaamin Phinny, or Jawin' Phinny, as they used to call me?"

"Yes," said I, with a strong revoltin' feelin' of dislike, mixed up with great curiosity, for he was a noted bird—a bold, darin', onprincipled feller.

"Have you got anythin' to drink?" he said.

"Yes. What will you have?"

"Anythin' you please," he said; "for I am a citizen of the whole universal United States world. Drink water in Maine, champagne in New York, cider in Pennsylvania, and everything in New Orleans, from whiskey down to red-ink—that they call claret. I ain't no ways partikilar: like 'em all but water, as I do the women—all but the old ones. I say, did you see that Snare gall? ain't she a sneezer—a regelar ring-tailed roarer? I have half a mind to marry that heifer, tho' wives are bothersome critters when you have too many of them. I have three on hand jist now, and they talk as savage as meat-axes sometimes about States prison. You can't reform 'em, the only way is to *cloriform* them."

"Oh, Lucy!" thinks I, "I am glad you are safe, at any rate. But still I wish Hoogstraten would make haste back from the West Indies; for the devil is among you, a-roamin' about, seekin' whom he may devour. As for Eunice, she can take care of herself: galls that romp like her know how to

fend off better than gentler ones like you, Lucy. And besides, there are two things Phinny don't know—one is that all natur' has its instincts for self-preservation, and *wolves can't allure, they only skare their prey*; and another is an old farm saw we used to have to Slickville. *It ain't the noisiest cart that's the easiest upsot always*. If he goes to handle Eunice rough, she'll clapper-claw his false beard off in no time; for she is as springy as a catamount. These country galls are all vartuous, and their arts are only what's common to the sex in general. *Innocence is always unsuspecting, and is apt to be a little grain too free and easy*. If Phinny mistakes that for boldness, the Dutch boys will make La Haive too hot for him, I know."

I saw Cutler was gettin' impatient, and I was afraid he would lose his temper with the feller. He didn't know what I do—that there is *an hypocrisy in vice as well as religion*. It's the pride of some folks—like Jaamin—to make you think they surpass all in their line, as it is among others to make you believe they are saints. The one tries to frighten you into the road he wants you to travel, and the other to seduce you into confidence. Both masks are furnished by the devil.

"I had no notion, Mr Phinny," said I, "that that was a false beard you wore! What is your object in wearin' it?"

"Object!" said he, "why to advertise myself, to be sure. 'Who is that man with the beard?' 'The man that takes daugertypes.' Folks won't stop to read your *hand*-bills, but they must look at your *chin*-bill. They can't help it no-how they can fix it. And then there is another object: it ain't always pleasant to be known, especially if the police are after you; and a disguise may save you a sore throat some day. I'll tell you how I got it. Last year I was to New Orleans a sarvin' of my master as faithful as ever any man did—"

"Your master?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "my master the devil. Well, one night I got into amost an all-fired row. I never could keep out of them to save my life; they seem kinder nateral to me. I guess there must have been a row in the house when I was born, for I can't recollect the fust I was in, I began so airy. Well, one night I heered an awful noise in a gamblin'-house there. Everybody was talkin' at onct, swearin' at onct, and hittin' at onct. It sounded so beautiful and enticin' I couldn't

go by, and I just up stairs and dashed right into it like wink. They had been playin' for one of the most angeliferous slave-galls I ever seed. She was all but white, a plagney sight more near white than any Spanish, or Portugeese, or Eyetalien gall you ever laid eyes on ; in fact there was nothin' black about her but her hair. A Frenchman owned her, and now claimed her back on his single resarved throw. The gall stood on a chair in full view, a perfect pictur' of Southern beauty, dressed to the greatest advantage, well educated, and a prize fit for President Tyler to win. I worked my way up to where she was, and sais I,—

“ ‘ Are them your sale papers ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Yes,’ sais she ; ‘ all prepared, except the blank for the winner's name.’ ”

“ ‘ Put them in your pocket,’ sais I, ‘ dear. Now is there any way to escape ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Back door,’ said she, pointin' to one behind her. ”

“ ‘ All right,’ sais I ! ‘ don't be skeered. I'll die for you, but I'll have you.’ ”

“ The fight was now general, every feller in the room was at it, for they said the owner was a cheatin' of them. The French and furriners were on one side, the City and River boys on the other ; and as the first was armed, they was gettin' rather the better of it, when I ups with a chair, breaks a leg of it off, and lays about right and left, till I came to the owner of the gall, when I made a pass at his sword-arm that brought the blade out of it flyin'. I saw him fcelin' for a pistol with the other hand, when I calls out, ‘ Quick, boys, out with the lights for your life, lose no time ! ’ And as they went out, away he goes too, neck and crop out of the winder, and the gall and I slipt thro' the door, down the back stairs into the street, drove off home, insarted my name in the blank of the bill of sale, and she was mine. The knave of clubs is a great card, Slick. Oh ! she was a doll, and got very fond of me ; she stuck as close to me as the bark on a hickory-log. She kicked up a horrible row when I sold her again, most as bad as the one I got her in ; and I must say I was sorry to part with her too, but I wanted the money, and she fetched a large sum.”

“ Good Heavens ! ” said Cutler, “ how dreadful ! ” And springin' suddenly to his feet, left the cabin instantly.

Phinny looked over his shoulder at him with a most diabolical expression of countenance.

“What the devil is the matter with that feller?” said he. “Have you any galley nippers here, Slick? That critter reared up as if he was stung by one.”

“Perhaps it was a gallus nipper,” said I, “that scared him.”

He turned the same dreadful savage look on me, and stared hard; but it would take a better or a wuss chap than him to make me wink. All he saw was a smile, so at last he repeated the words “Gallus nipper!” calm and slowly.

“It may be so,” said he. “We are born, but we ain’t dead; and you and I may be exalted yet above the common herd if we get our due.” And he poured out a tumbler of raw brandy, and tipped it off like water, and proceeded,—“The way that Frenchman flew out of the winder when the lights was put out, was just exactly like the motion of a bat. He fell on the pavement as a sack of grain does that slips out of the slings. It’s the way to make vegetable marrow when you’re in a hurry. Throw a pumpkin up in the air, and it will come down squash. Well, New Orleans, arter a while, began to get too hot for me, for I never could keep cool anywhere; so one fine mornin’ I found myself a goin’ up the Mississippi first rate. When we arrived opposite Vixburg, a gambler came on board with that very identical beard on you saw me wear, and the way he fleeced the river people was cautionary. Seein’ me there lookin’ pretty stupid drunk, for I pretended to be hardly able to stand, he challenged me to try my luck, and I fairly cleaned him out, broke him all to smash like a shut-up bank. I bagged three thousand dollars, and staggered off as if nothin’ above partikular had happened. As for him, he looked like a feller who, when it rains mush, has got no spoon. There was a young cotton-trader on board at the time whose life I had saved onet in a mass meetin’ row about Cuba, for party spirit ran high, you know, at New Orleans just then. So sais I,—

“‘Friend, what do you think I had best do to avoid that critter? for he would think no more of dirkin’ me than stickin’ a suckin’ pig!’

“‘Go to bed,’ said he, ‘and I will go with you, and we will concoct a plan.’

“No sooner said than done. He turned into the off-side of a berth, and took charge of my money, and I took out the pocket-book, and folded up a newspaper and put it in it, and stowed it all away in my pocket, and then emptied out a car-

pet-bag, and stuffed some of the bed-clothes in it, and locked it, and sot down, pretendin' to be two screwy to talk sense. Presently in comes the gambler-man, but without his beard, but that made no difference. I had watched his eye, too keen to be deceived, and he slipt into the berth on the other side of the state-room, and pretended to go to sleep.

“‘Do come to bed, Mr Starrat,’ said cotton-trader to me (for we had agreed upon a false name); ‘give me your hand, and I will try to help you in.’

“‘Can’t,’ sais I; ‘I’m too drunk; if I lift my leg up, I shall fall, as sure as fate. I want three legs to-night—and besides, who the devil are you? I won three thousand dollars to-night, and there it is,’ takin’ out my pocket-book and slappin’ it with my hand, ‘and a thousand dollars of my own with it to keep it company, like two in a bed.’

“‘Well, give it to me,’ said he, ‘and I will take care of it for you.’

“‘Yes,’ sais I, ‘friend; but if I am sewed up, I ain’t green. The fact is, I never play in luck when I am sober.’ But after a great deal of palaver, sais I, ‘I’ll tell you what I’ll do; I’ll lock it up in the carpet-bag, and if you get the key out of my trowsers pocket without wakin’ me, you are a cleverer feller than I take you to be.’

“So I opens the bag, rams the pocket-book well down, and then locks all up safe, and arter many false dodges, gets into bed, and offs into a fox sleep in no time. About an hour afore day, the bell rang, there was a movin’ on deck, and we was at a landin’-place. Gambler crawls out o’ bed cautiously, and as silent as a cat, whips up the carpet-bag, and offs ashore like a shot; and away we went up stream agin, puffin’ and blowin’ as if the engine was wrathly. Just at the first dawn of day, we gets out and goes on deck, and found, sure enough, a man answerin’ to gambler, only he had no beard, had gone ashore with a travellin’-bag in his hand. He fell right into the trap.

“New Orleans, Slick, is a better College for educatin’ and finishin’ a feller off than Vixburg, arter all. There are more professors and more science in it. Well, as soon as we touched on the other shore, I landed, took the stage, and cut across the country to Albany, to get out of the critter’s beat, for he was a feller that would dog you like a blood-hound. In his bed, I found that beard, which was all he left in exchange for that are valuable pocket-book. If he

was a good scholar, I guess it wouldn't take him long to count his money. Since then, I have been up and down, and all thro' our great nation; but it's gettin' to be too small a lot for me to feed in without bein' put into pound as a stray critter. So I changed ground for new pastures, and have done first-rate in these provinces.

"The daugertype line would just suit you, Slick. It's a grand business to study human natur' in. The greatest shine I ever cut was in Canada. It beat the rise I took out of the gambler all holler. I sold five hundred bishops and two thousand priests there. It was a first-rate stroke of business. I'll tell you how it was—(this is super-superior brandy of yourn, Slick; it's a sin to spile it with water, and a man should never sin for nothin'; it makes it too cheap; it is positively a cordial.) I couldn't do nothin' with the French to Canada at first. They were too careful of their money. They wouldn't come near me, nor even look at me. So what does I do, but go to the bishop, and asks him to do me the honour to sit to me, that I might have a likeness of him to present to my honoured and respected friend, the Bishop of New Orleans, who was one of the best men that ever lived, and if his life was spared, would convert the whole city—which was greatly needed, for it was an awful wicked place—and begged him to let me duplicate it for himself, as a mark of my veneration for the head of the only true Church on the face of the universal airth.

"I coaxed him into it, and gave him his copy; but he behaved handsum, and insisted on payin' for it. The other I put into the winder. The people were delighted with it, and I multiplied them, and sold five hundred at a great advance on the common price—for the last was in course always the only one left on hand—and wherever I went, I gave one to the priest of the parish, and then he sot for me, and I sold him in turn by the dozens, and so on all thro' the piece. A livin' Bishop is worth a hundred dead saints any time. There is a way of doin' everythin' if you only know how to go about it."

"Mr Phinny," said Sorrow, who just then opened the cabin-door, "Captin sais boat is ready, Sar."

"Slick," said Phinny, who understood the hint, "your skipper is not an overly civil man: for two cents, I'd chuck him into the boat, and wallop him, till he rowed me ashore himself. I hate such mealy-mouthed, no soul, cantin' fellers

He puts me in mind of a captin I onct sailed with from Charleston to Cuba. He used to call me in to prayers every night at nine o'clock ; and when that was over, he'd say, ' Come now, Phinny, let's have a chat about the galls.' Broad-cloth chaps, like your skipper, ain't fit for the fisheries, that's a fact. He is out of place, and looks ridiculous, like a man with a pair of canvas trousers, an old slouched hat, and a bran new, go-to-meetin' coat on."

Havin' delivered himself of this abuse, he turned to and put on his advertisin' dress as he called it. The long beard, velvet-lined coat, satin waistcoat, and gold chains, were all in their old places ; and takin' his carpet-bag and heavy cane, he ascended the deck.

" Is toder gentleman gowin'," said Sorrow, " dat was in de cabin ? "

" Oh, I forgot him," said Phinny, winkin' to me. " Call him, that's a good fellow."

In a few minutes, the poor nigger came back, dreadfully frightened; his wool standin' out straight, his teeth chatterin', and his body tremblin' all over. " He no dare, Sar. I sarch ebberywhere, and no see him ; and call ebberywhere, and he no answer."

" He must be the devil, then," said Phinny, who sprang into the boat and pushed off.

Sorrow followed him with his eyes a moment or two in silence, and then said, " By Golly ! I tink you is de debbil youself ; for I'll take my Bible disposition, I see two people down dare in de cabin. Oh, dear ! how stupid dis nigger is ! I wish I had de sensibility to look at his foot. Oh ! he is de debbil, and nuffin' else."

" You are right, Sorrow," said I. " He *is* a devil that." When the poor nigger was preparin' the cabin for supper, he went on talkin' aloud to himself.

" What a damnable ting rum and brandy be, when debils is so amasin' fond of 'em. By golly, but he ab emptied both bottles. He so used to fire, he no mind dat, no more nor a bucket do a drop. What ridikilous onhansom disgustin' tings dem long beards be ! How in de world do he eat his soup wid dat great long mop hangin' down his front, de way hosses hab de tails put on behind. Sartin it is a debblish fashion dat."

" That fellow," said the captain, who now came below, " may well be called a regular devil."

“Ki,” said Sorrow. “Now I is certain of de fac, dis here nigga, Massa, made de self-same argument to Massa Slick. But de oder debil in de carpet-bag was de wusser of de two. As I am a Christian sinner, I heard him with my own blessed ears say, ‘Come now, Funny’—dat is de name he gave to Massa Slick—‘Come now, Funny,’ said he, ‘let’s go to prayers fust, and den talk ob de galls.’ De onsarcumsised, ondegenerate, diabolical willains. I is grad we is quit of ’em.”

“Supper, Sorrow,” said the captain; “and when that is ready, see that the men have theirs. We are behind time to-night.”

“Sorrow,” sais I, a-lookin’ serious, “what’s that behind you?”

“Oh! Lord ab massy on dis nigger,” said he, jumpin’ up and showin’ two white rings round his eyes like a wall-eyed hoss. “What is it, Massa? I is so awful frightened, I can’t look!”

“It’s only your own shadder,” said I. “Come, move quick now. Didn’t you hear the captin?”

“I is most afeered to go forrard to-night, dat are a fac,” he said; “but dere is de mate now; he will be more wusser frightened still dan I be.”

“Tell him the devil is goin’ to sue him, Sorrow,” sais I.

“Yah! yah! yah!” was the reply of the nigger. “I go tell him de debbil is a lawyer, wid his constable in his bag, yah! yah! yah!” and the laugh composed his narves.

In the mornin’ there was a light breeze outside; but we were becalmed by the high lands of La Haive, and waited impatiently for it to reach us.

“Pilot,” sais I, “come and sit down here. “Was you ever at Canseau, where the great shore macarel-fishery is?”

“Often and often, Sir,” said he. “Oh! them’s the Nova Scotia gold-diggings, if the folks only knowd it; at least, that’s my logic. I’ll tell you how it is, Sir. To carry on the fishery, there must be a smooth beach to draw the seine on, and a place for huts, stores, hovels, and shops, and so on. The fishery is nothin’ without the landin’ place, and the shore lots of no value without the fishery. The great thing is to own the land; and if a sensible man owned that, it would be a fortin to him, and his children arter him in all time to come. I’ll give you an idea how it’s worked, and of the value of the catch and the soil too, for the man that has the estate may be said to own the fishery too. I only wish I was able for it; but I

ain't rich enough to buy Canseau, or Fox Island, or Crow Harbour, or any o' them garrison towns or dockyards of the macarel.

"*You* could purchase any or all of them, Mr Slick, for you are well to do in the world, and are an onderstandin' man, and could carry on the business in spite of treaties, men-of-war, Blue-nose laws, and all. It only wants a little study. Laws ain't like fine bait-nets, so small squids can't go thro' them, but they are open enough for hake or cod; and bigger fish break 'em to pieces, and laugh at 'em—that's my logic. Well, we'll say I own the land there; and it wouldn't be the fust lie that has been told about me, if folks did so. All natur' lies here. The fog lies along the coast; the weather lies so you can't depend on it; the tides get on a spree sometimes, and run up the gut of Canseau a whole week on a stretch, and pretend they go up and down twice a-day; the newspapers lie so, the moment you see a thing in 'em put it down at once as false; the men lie a-bed, and vow they are goin' a-head; women take a great shindy to your money, lie like the devil, and say it's you and not your pocket they are in love with. Everythin' lies but rates, and they come round when they promise; but they ain't above takin' an oath either that you are twice as well off as you be, if you don't happen to be on their side; that's my logic at any rate. Well, we'll say I own it. Confound the thing; I can't get beyond that. It's like Esra Foreman's eyes.

"The doctor ordered him to bathe them in brandy and water, but he never could get it higher than his mouth; he was sure to spill it down there. Well, we'll say I own it, and that I follered their wretched systum down there. If so I'd build a lot of poor log-huts twenty feet square, and let them to a crew of six men each—only see what a rent of fish that is! and a few long sheds of stores, and let them enormous high. Well, fishin'-season comes, and black, white, and grey flock down to my land—which is filled like a hive—all makin' honey for me. Well, then comes a man with eight hands and a large boat, with a seine in it. When they see the fish strikin' in along shore, they pay out one hundred and fifty or two hundred fathom of seine from the boat, havin' fust made one eend of the net fast ashore. Well, eight men can't haul such a seine as that, so he goes to the shore, and sais,— 'Come and haul the net in, and then dip away, like good fe lows, and you shall have half of all your dip.' All that

pays heavy toll to me. I actilly saw thirteen hundred barrels took at one haul; at eight dollars each, that is worth two thousand six hundred pounds. Sposin' now, Mr Slick, you and I owned the place, and conducted it proper, wouldn't we beat Australia and California all to rags?

"Sposen' we had our own people there, instead of tag-rag and bobtail, owned the seines, nets, and dipp-scoops, salt, barrels, and all that, where would we be? As it is, what is it? Nothin' but confusion, noise, and scramble. Get a deputation to sarve a writ there, and you'll soon find out what it is. What they call to England free-trade and no protection, but main strength. If you and I owned it, it wouldn't do to be too strict either. Strictness is a game two can play at. Gulls and galls don't go near them, there are too many guns and men for 'em together, tho' both on 'em have watery mouths when the season comes. I knew a feller there onct, who lived about the handiest to the fisheries, that lost his wife. Well, he went to the next house, and borrowed a sheet to lay her out with, and bein' short o' these things, he buried her in it. Well, what does the old woman he got it of do, but ask him for the sheet, if she had done with it, and bothered him so every time she saw him, he said he would pay her, or give her one every bit as good. He was so mad at last, he went and dug his wife up, took her in his arms, walked into the house one night, and lay'd her on the table.

"Says he, 'Good woman, I am obliged to you for the loan of the sheet, there it is. When you have taken it off, put my old lady back agin into the grave, will you?' and he left her there.

"If there warn't a hullaballo there then, there ain't no eel in Tusket. That comes o' bein' too strict. Give and take, live and let live, that's the word. You can't do without me, for you hante got no pilot, and I can't do without you, for I want your cash, and flour, and pork."

"Exactly," sais I, "Eldad. *If there is no hook, the chain is no good; but the chain is always grumblin' agin the hook, though all the strain is on it.* Every critter has his place and his purpose."

"If that's the case," said he, "I should like to know what place and use Jawin' Phinny's is?"

"You oughtn't to ask that," sais I, "for you are a fisherman, and ought to know better. What use is the shark, the thrasher, and sea-monsters? There must be human sharks,

thrashers, and land-monsters too. If a feller can't be coaxed to go strait ahead, he may be frightened into it. That villain would scare you into mindin' your p's and q's, I know. We don't understand those things. *There are finger-posts to show you the road, and gibbets to warn you off the common, when you leave the turnpike. Storms make oaks take deeper root. Vice makes virtue look well to its anchors. It's only allurin' sin that's dangerous.** Scriptur' don't warn us agin wolves, except when they have sheep's-clothin' on. But I ain't a preacher, and one man don't make a congregation, any more than one link makes a chain. Well, then the seine, and in-shore fisheries," sais I, "is worth ten times as much as what we make ten times more out of!"

"Why, to be sure it is; but you are a riggin' of me now, Mr Slick."

"It would take a clever feller to rig you, Eldad," sais I. "You are an understandin' man, and talk sense. I have been talkin' to you man-fashion, strait up and down, because I take you to be a man, that when you speak about the fisheries, knows what you are a talkin' about."

"Well," said he, "I do, that's a fact. I warn't born yesterday," and he looked good all over.

Squire, you laugh at me about this. Now, just look here. See how the critter swallowed that. It was a piece of truth—the rael thing, and no soft sawder, but he liked it, jumped at it, and swallowed it. I say again it was a fact; the man did know what he was a talkin' about; but there was a hook in it for all that, and I had him in hand like a trout. Tell you what, fishers of men, and that's a high vocation—such as parsons, lawyers, doctors, politicians, presidents, kings, and so on (I say nothin' about women, 'cause they beat 'em all); but all these fishers of men ought to know the right bait to use. What the plague does Lord John Russell know about reform in colleges? *There should be a professor of bait in every college.* It's a science. His Lordship has one or two baits, as our coasters have of smelts and clams. He has free trade, extension of franchise, and admission of Jews to Parliament, and has used 'em till people won't bite no longer. He is obliged to jig them as our folks do macarel, when they won't rise to the line. Ashley has the low church, and factory children bait. Morpeth has baths for washin' coal-

* Horace was of the same opinion:

"Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile."

heavers' faces. Both these men have changed their names since I was to England, and hang me if I know their new ones. The English nobility have as many *aliases* as an Old Bailey convict. O'Connell had the Irish bait; Hume, the economy; and Cobden the Peace Society bait. But the grand mistake they all make is this—each feller sticks to his own, in season and out of season, and expects all sorts and sizes to take it. He ought to know every variety of them, and select them for the occasion, as a fisherman does his flies and his worms. The devil is the only man of education, and the only accomplished gentleman in this line, and he applies it all to bad purposes. That feller can tempt all created critters to evil. Why shouldn't we tempt 'em to good? You say this is trick; I say it's knowledge. You say it's cunnin'; I say it's consummate skill. You say it's artifice; I say it's high art. How is it that a super-superior cook has more pay than a captain in the navy or a major in the army? Simply because he is master of bait, and can tempt all the oddest and rarest fish to your net. He can tickle the palate of all ranks, from a nabob, with his lack of rupees, down to a chap like poor Hook, who had a lack of everythin' but wit. It ain't the duke who commands good company to his table, for I know one that can't tell sherry from madeira, but it's his bait-master-general, his cook. Ah! Prince Albert, if you want to immortalize yourself, found a bait professorship at Cambridge; and if you doubt me, ask Cardinal Wiseman if I don't know what I am talking about; for he is a sensible man, and up to snuff; and the way he hooked Newman and a lot of other chaps, whose mouths were bigger than their eyes, is a caution to sinners. But I must get back to Eldad and the fisheries.

"Eldad," said I, "what is the difference between a Sable Island bloater and other macarel?"

"I'll tell you," said he, "providin' you promise me, if you write a book of your travels, you will set it down."

"Certainly," said I.

"Then you promise me?"

"To be sure I do," said I. "What I say I mean, and what I mean I do. That's my rule."

"Well then," said he, "I will tell you how they are so much bigger and fatter. They feed on the onburied dead there. Every storm washes up drowned bodies, and they float, for they are as soft as jelly, and full of air, and the macarel eat

them, and grow, and thrive, as doctors and lawyers do, who are fond of the same food. All these feed on the dead, and are fat and unwholesome."

"I never knew anythin' so shockin'," I said; "I shall never touch or even look at a Sable Island bloater agin without disgust."

"I hope not," said he, risin' with much excitement, "nor any other human bein'. I hope that article is done for, and out of market. The truth is, it's a long lane that has no turn in it. The last load I brought from there, I got so chiseled in the sale of it by that outfittin' firm of 'Salt and Sienes,' that I vowed vengeance agin 'em, and the time has now come for satisfaction. When you print that story, see whether they will be able to sell bloaters to Boston any more. Honesty is the best policy; they won't gain much by havin' cheated me. But here is the breeze; we must weigh anchor," and in a few minutes we were slowly sailin' out of the harbour. We had hardly cleared the river, when it failed us again, and the vessel lay motionless on the water. "Here is a shoal of macarel," said he; "would you like to see how we manage?"

"Well I would," said I, "that's a fact;" but the captain objected stoutly.

"We are within the treaty limits," said he. That is a solemn compact atween our governments, and we ought to abide by our engagements."

"Sho!" said I; "who cares for dead-letter treaties! Fish was made for food, and if the folks here won't take 'em, why I see nothin' to prevent us. It ain't their property; it's common stock for all the world, and first come first served is the rule."

"It's law," said he, "and that's enough for me."

I didn't tell him he had been violatin' law all along the coast, by sellin' things without enterin' of them at the Custom House and payin' the duties, for he warn't used to it, and didn't think of it.

"Cutler," said I, "our ambassador used to say there was two sorts of wrong—moral wrong, and legal wrong; that the first couldn't be done on no account, but legal wrong could, because it was mere statute regulation; only if you are caught you must pay the penalty."

"Yes," said he, "that is just about on a par with political honesty. I can have no hand in it. I am little more than a passenger here, engaged by you. The responsibility rests with you.

If you think proper to fish, do so, but excuse me." And he went below.

"Well, well," sais I, "I'll save you harmless, let what will happen."

In a few minutes the bait was got ready, the lines fastened to the taffrail, salt and cut food thrown over to make the fish rise well to the surface, and we went at it in airnest. It's amazin' how quick they was taken. Splittin' and saltin' is done in no time. The splitter is provided with a blunt-pointed knife, like a shoemaker's in shape, and gauged with a leather thong, so as to leave about two inches of the blade exposed. With this he splits the fish down the back, from the nose to the root of the tail, and actilly splits a hundred in three minutes, or as fast as two men can hand them to him. If he is a smart hand, as the mate was, he keeps three gibbers a-goin' as fast as they can for their life.

The gibber covers his left hand with a mitten, to enable him to have a good grip, and to protect him agin the bones of the fish, and with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand extracts the gills and garbage. The mackarel is then thrown into a tub and washed, and arter that, salted at the rate of a bushel of salt to a cask. I had heard the process so often described, I knew it well enough, but I never saw it before; and I must say, I was astonished at the rapidity with which it was done.

"Well," sais I, "Eldad, that's quick work we are makin' of it here, ain't it? It's quite excitin' when you see it for the fust time."

He was then stretched out at full length on the stern, and was nearly all covered over with a watch-cloak; but he rose deliberately, and put away his spy-glass on the binnacle. "Yes," said he, "and we are goin' to have quick work mad' with us too; and I guess you will find that very excitin' when you are nabbed for the first time."

"How is that?" sais I.

"Well," said he, "sit down here, Sir, with your back to the men, so as not to draw attention. Do you see that are square-rigged vessel that's a fetchin' of the breeze down with her, while we lay here like a log? She is a British man-of-war; I know her well; she is the 'Spitfire,' Captain Stoker. I was the pilot on board of her last summer in the Bay of Fundy, and he hates the Yankees like pyson. He'll be down

on us afore we know where we be, and snap us up as a duck does a June-bug."

"Can't we dodge among the islands?" said I.

"His boats will cut us off."

"Go into shoal water up the river."

"Wus and wus! that way he is sure to nab us."

"Well, can't we show him our heels?"

"With this breeze that is a comin', he has the heels of us."

"Well," said I, "Pilot, this is a bad box, and no mistake; but I have got out of many a wus fix afore now, by keepin' a cool head and a steady hand. Face him; don't let him run arter us. Let us give him chase."

"I'll bother him, see if I don't. He won't know what to make of that bold move. It will take him all aback, wus than a shift of wind."

"I'll tell you now, though I never mentioned it afore, and don't want it spoke of to anybody. I am an officer of high rank in our Government, and have my commission with me. Let him touch us if he dare. Put her about; the breeze is here now, and beat up to him." The order was executed in a moment. "Mate," said I, "do you see that are vessel there?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, she is a man-of-war. There is a warrant out arter us. Clear up the deck and swab it as dry as a bone."

"We shall be sued," said he, "had up in the Admiralty, and smashed in costs. I know'd that would be the eend of it all along."

"Go forward, you coward," said I, "immediately, and do your work, or I'll appoint another officer in your place. This is no time for drivellin', you blockhead. Send the second mate here. Mr Bent," said I, "where can we hide these wet lines?"

"I can stow them away," said he, "in the studdin'-sail."

"Exactly," said I. "Do it at once. Get the fish-barrels headed in and loaded with ballast-stones, ready for sinkin', and make all clean and snug."

"Aye, aye, Sir."

"Eldad, beat the schooner so as to lose all you get amost. All we want is to gain time."

I then went below, and explained all to the captin. He

began immediately to protest against resistance, as we were unlawfully employed; when I said, "Cutler, I will take all responsibility; I must assume command here for a little while;" and I went to the desk, took out the case containin' my commission, letters, &c., and said, "Read them over. Now, Eldad," sais I, as I returned, dressed up in my embassy official coat, "explain to me the navigation. Is that all open, bold, plain-sailin' between that island and the main?"

"No, Sir, there is a long shoal sand-bar, stretchin' off to the nor'-west. I guess it was onct high land. The channel is between that and the shore."

"Jist so. How is it about the islands?"

"Deep enough for a seventy-four."

"Exactly," sais I. "I have two courses before me,—to entice him on to that bar and then slip thro' the islands, and dodge him and his guns, or to hail him, and go on board boldly. But I prefer the first, for there is more fun in it. Don't go one inch beyond the bar, but beat between that and the island, it will make him think the channel is there; and if his pilot is a Bay-of-Fundy man, I know they ain't much acquainted with this part of the South coast. Is all right, Mr Bent?"

"All right, Sir."

"See the decks are covered over with some of the house-sand we took in at Petite Rivière; it will absorb any moisture left by the swabs; and when I pass the word, let it be swept off. Mate, hoist the pennant, and place the flag where a commodore's ought to be."

"She is nearing us fast, Mr Slick," said the pilot.

"Yes; but it is time she sheered off to the left, ain't it?" sais I.

"Well, it is," said he. "'Bout ship, there. Hold up well for the passage between the islands now."

"Pilot," sais I, "if he clears the bar, lay the 'Black Hawk' to, and I'll board him, show him my commission, and advise him to be cautious how he interferes with our fishin' crafts, unless he wants to bring on a war; talk big in a soft way, and all that. If I don't confustrigate him, it's a pity, that's all. Mr Bent, get the gig ready; see the davits are all clear; and do you and four picked hands stand by to jump in at onct. We must lead off fust in this game if we want to win. Move quick."

"Aye, aye, Sir."

"Eldad! Yellow Jack is a trump card; ain't he?"

"Guess he is," said he. "But your father spoiled a good captin in the navy, to make a wooden clockmaker of you, that's a fact."

"This is an awkward scrape, and there is no two ways about it. But what in the world does the Britisher mean? Ain't he got a chart on board? He'll be ashore in a minit, as sure as fate. There he is! I thought so, hard and fast; it's a wonder his masts didn't go. Ease off the mainsail a bit—there she goes! Now's our time, in the confusion, for a run. Lay down flat, men, in case he fires. We are all safe now, I believe."

Just as I spoke the words, bang went a gun, and a shot skipped by our stern so close as to throw the spray on us.

"A miss is as good as a mile," said Eldad.

"Crowd on all sail now, my men, out with the studdin' sails—be quick there; steer straight for that headland, and that will keep the island between us and the 'Spitfire.' Cutler," said I, and he was on deck in a minit, "we are safe now, and I surrender my command to you."

"Where is the man-of-war?" said he, lookin' round.

"On the sand-bar, on the other side of the island," I replied. "I guess they are goin' to grave her, or perhaps survey the channel, for their chart don't seem no good," and I gave him a wink, but he didn't smile.

"Mr Slick," said he, "that commission puts it out of your power to act the boy, and play tricks that way. You are the last man that ought to compromise the government."

"Cutler," said I, "you are as correct as a boot-jack, and I respect your scruples. I admit it was a thoughtless frolic, and it shan't happen again."

"That's right," said he, "I knew you were only doin' of it out of fun, but there are times when we must not commit ourselves. If any cruiser interferes with us in our lawful pursuits, I will resist to the death, but I never will draw blood in defendin' a wrong act." Cutler was right; *if we begin to do wrong in fun we are apt to eend by doin' wrong in airnist.*

"Well, Eldad," said I, "what do you think of that dodge, eh? I am afeard," said I, winkin' to him, for the mate was within hearin', "I am afeard we shall all be took up, tried in court, and ruinated in damages, for decoyin' that vessel ashore."

“Oh, Mr Slick!” he replied, “let me be,” and he hung his head and walked forard. “Well, Mr Slick,” said Eldad, “you are the man for my money, arter all. You talk the most sense and the most nonsense of any person I ever see. You play with the galls, take rises out of the men, tell stories by the hour, and seem made on purpose for rollickin’. On the other hand, no danger scares you, and no difficulty stops you. No other man would have got out of that are scrape but yourself. Not content with that, you have turned the tables on Captain Stoker, and put him into a most a beautiful of a frizzle of a fix.”

“Well,” sais I, “don’t say no more for goodness gracious sake, for I have a friend who, when he reads it, will say it’s all my vanity. Come, let’s go below and liquor; but I must say myself, Eldad, that was a reel ‘*narrow escape.*’”

THE END.

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON & BUNGAY.









PS
8415
A4S4
1859

Haliburton, Thomas Chandler
Sam Slick's wise saws and
modern instances [New ed.]

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

Not wanted in RBSC

5/7/78

34-

